

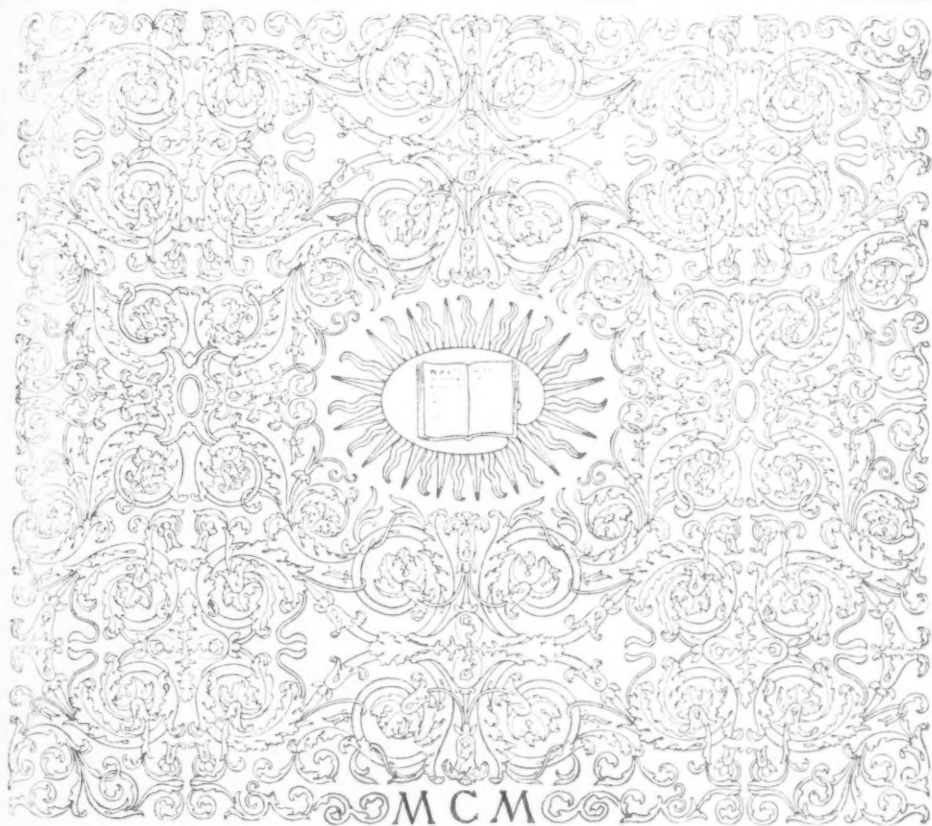
"THE HELMET OF NAVARRE"

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SEPTEMBER, 1900.

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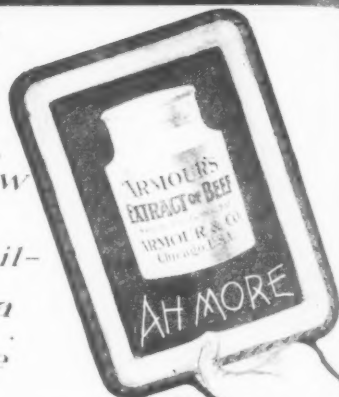


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EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. II.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. FROM THE PAINTING BY CECILIA BEAUX.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF.



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LX.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 5.



AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

II: THEATERS, PANORAMAS, AND OTHER SPECTACLES.¹

BY JEAN SCHOPFER.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

SURELY if an international exposition is interesting in what it reveals concerning the latest technical inventions for manufacturing locomotives and reaping-machines, it is no less interesting in what it shows of how our fellow-beings amuse themselves—of the tastes that are planted deepest in the hearts of the masses, of the distractions which afford men relief from a trying existence.

The amusements of the Exposition satisfy three principal tastes of to-day: the taste for spectacular sights, including the theater; the taste for traveling, for leaving, if only in thought, the place where one belongs; and, finally, the taste for intelligent diversion. The first has always existed, the second is somewhat more characteristic of modern man, the third is wholly our own. I shall pass in review the different attractions which satisfy each of these tastes in the Exposition of 1900.

We may be sure that from the earliest times men divided themselves into spectators and actors, and that they indulged in the

pleasure of representing heroic deeds. Almost immediately there were two kinds of spectacles, those which appealed merely to the eye and those which appealed to the eye and to the ear. The former consisted of dances; the latter, strictly speaking, constituted the theater. A month ago I described the Palace of the Dance, and the innumerable cafés where dancing is the principal diversion. Now let us consider the theatrical entertainments of the Exposition.

The theaters are arranged along the Rue de Paris, so named because of the diversions it offers. But it goes without saying that the theaters of the Exposition are not of the same sort as the permanent theaters of the city, and that there is neither opera, Comédie Française, nor vaudeville. They can give only brief, light performances which, lasting an hour at the most, do not fatigue the audience.

During the last ten years a kind of entertainment has found vogue in Paris which seems destined to excel at the Exposition. It is the tavern or café like those of Montmartre, where rhymesters and musicians

¹ See "Amusements of the Paris Exposition. I: The Palace of the Dance," in the preceding number of THE CENTURY, by the same writer and artist.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

JAVANESE DANCERS ("LE TOUR DU MONDE").

gather of an evening to show one another their verses and sing their latest songs. Such was the origin of the *cabarets artistiques*, now risen to the dignity of theaters. The middle classes flocked to hear these artists, who soon profited by this fact to form organizations and to advertise themselves; they earned both money and success. Absolute liberty to say and do what pleased their fancy was in a measure the reason of their success. Their songs were inspired by the topics of the day, and were written almost while events were taking place. With wit and kindness they were able to make a public divided against itself listen to verses which ridiculed alternately one or another of the parties then at swords' points—and laughter disarms.

The minstrel poets have come down from the hill of Montmartre to the Rue de Paris, where may be found the Théâtre des Auteurs Gris, the Grand Guignol, the Maison du Rire, and the Roulette. At these theaters short pieces are played, and political songs are sung that make fun of the government, whatever it may be, for clever minds are

always to be found on the opposing side. One-act plays by modern authors are given, and also some reproductions of old plays from the repertoire of the Théâtre de la Foire. These performances are all better suited to Frenchmen than to foreigners. At the time of my visit I took with me a friend from New England; but I saw that the players were incomprehensible to him. They wore their hearts on their sleeves, so to speak; life for them was merely outward and informal. So, Miss Wilkins's somber heroes, who prefer to be unhappy and to make miserable those who love them rather than change their minds about anything they have once decided upon, or which they consider duty, would be incomprehensible to those French players. I fear that the theaters of the Rue de Paris will scarcely be appreciated by the Anglo-Saxon audiences, with the exception, perhaps, of certain learned university professors who are said still to enjoy the broadly comic parts of Shakspeare.

To revive my New England friend I took him to the Bonshommes Guillaume, where, in

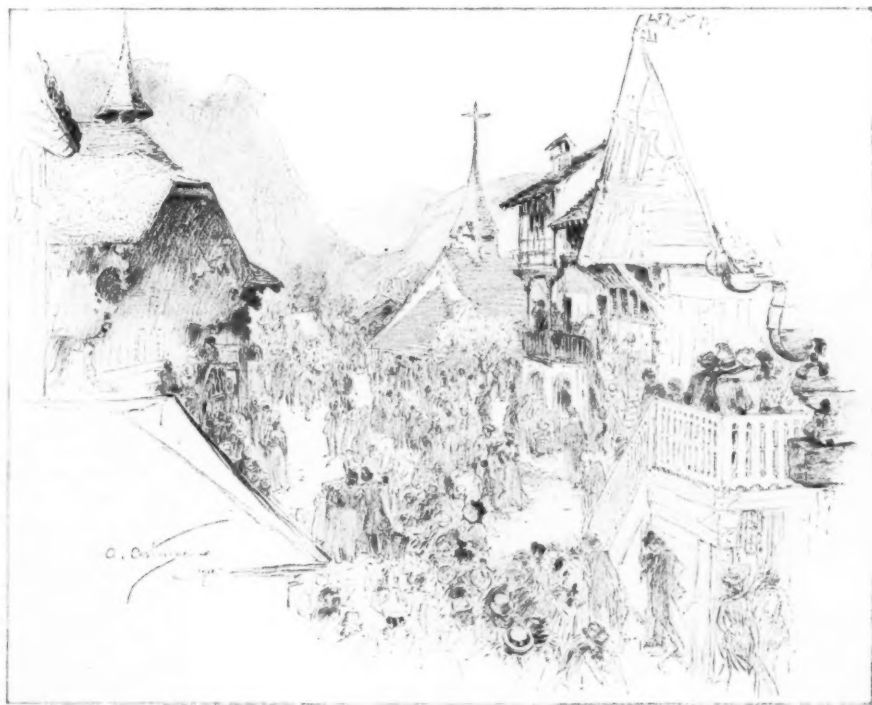
a hall decorated with broadly treated frescos, upon a miniature stage with sumptuous scenery, a troop of marionettes perform. One sees a fashionable evening party, with couples waltzing frantically about in the background to the sound of a Gipsy orchestra, while in the foreground a trifling comedy is enacted. Then comes a mimic ball of the "Quat 'Z' Arts," in imitation of the splendid pageant organized by the students of the École des Beaux Arts. Thanks to the Bonshommes Guillaume, this ball, which is not a family affair, has been made suitable for the visitors to the Exposition. Thus we went through the different theaters, concluding, after all, that it is the dancing at the Exposition which, more than anything else, satisfies the taste for diversion.

But the Rue de Paris is charming. In front of the theaters there are open-air terraces where members of the theatrical troupes make their flowery discourses, punctuated by resounding blows upon the big bass drums and by clashing of cymbals. Pierrots, harlequins, columbines, clowns, and buffoons do their best to attract the public by fling-

ing their witticisms broadcast among the crowds. There is a flourish of trumpets, and under the thick foliage of the trees, pierced by an occasional ray of sunlight, is seen a kaleidoscope of colors, delightful to the eye. Virtually the real spectacle is outside in the street.

Next to a taste for the theater, which dates from all time, comes the stronger and more modern taste for traveling. Formerly people spent their lives forever under the same sky, in a narrow setting, and each day their eyes were satisfied to contemplate familiar objects. Now we have a fever for seeing the world, for getting near all sorts of civilizations differing from our own. Let us consider what the Exposition offers to satisfy this curiosity.

First there are the panoramas: the Tour du Monde, the Transatlantic, the Sahara, the Alpine Club, and many others which present glimpses of foreign lands to the masses. Panoramas have been greatly perfected; they no longer consist merely of linen backgrounds. Now the foregrounds are genuine; trees are planted in them, houses are



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.
A CORNER OF THE SWISS VILLAGE.

built in plaster and inhabited by veritable natives. The effect is enchanting. In a previous number I told about the Tour du Monde and the smiling little Japanese women, who have for neighbors on one side the Chinese, on the other the Spanish, and opposite them the Javanese and the Cingalese. In the foreground of the Transatlantic panorama, which represents Algiers, there is a collection of houses on the side of a steep hill; Arabs are seen living on the terraces; there are mats spread out and chairs placed about; water cools in the alcarrazas, and in the clear, even light from lamps that are hidden behind shutters the natives are occupied with their daily tasks. At sunset the muezzin is heard from the top of a minaret. There are also panoramas of the Sahara, of the journey of Commandant Marchand across Africa, and of Madagascar.

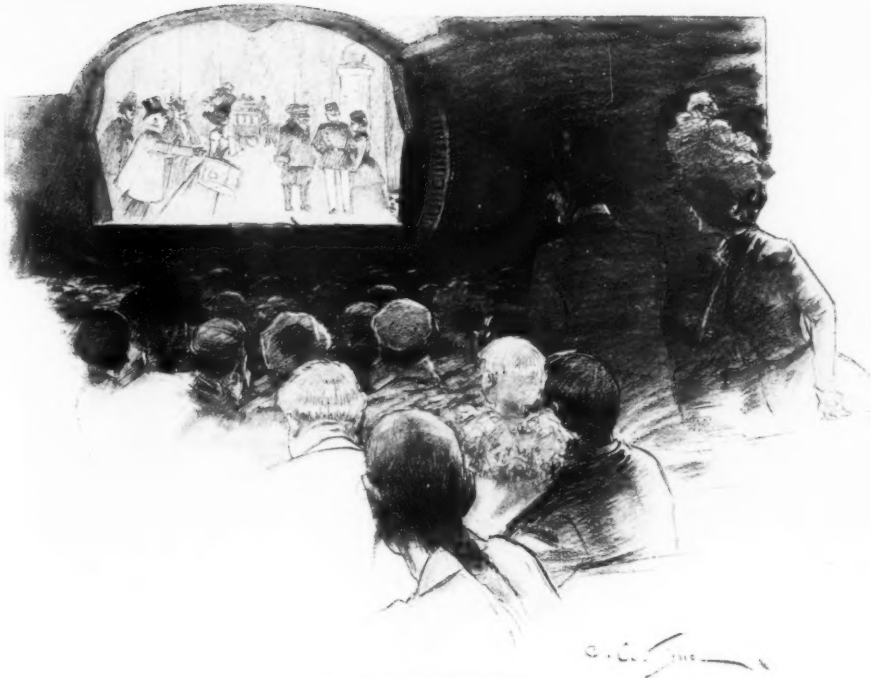
The ingenuity of artists and engineers

does not stop there; they have given us moving panoramas. Here is the Trans-Siberian, for example. One gets into veritable cars of the great International Express Company, the name of which they bear in Chinese and Russian letters. By the side of the train landscapes unfold, and cities through which one seems to pass. By a clever trick the foreground unrolls much more rapidly than the background, which appears almost immovable, while the train advances steadily. With a little imagination you travel across the steppes of Asia. And if you wish to be a true Trans-Siberian traveler, you lunch, before leaving, at the station of Moscow, in the restaurant of the Russian pavilion, and find the lunch very poor, which is more natural. On arriving at the other end of the train, you descend into the Chinese official pavilion, where, on decorated lacquer terraces, genuine Celestials, whose steps are soft and muf-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A STREET IN THE TUNISIAN EXHIBITION (FRENCH COLONIAL SECTION).



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHÜSSLER.
THÉÂTRE DES BONSHOMMES GUILLAUME (MARIONETTES).

fled, serve you swallows' nests, which you have no end of trouble eating with Chinese chopsticks. Is not this a triumph? For twenty cents the workman or the clerk may indulge in the luxury of a voyage which would necessitate weeks of leisure and a considerable sum of money.

Another moving panorama reveals the shores of Algiers. It is arranged with great art. One is at sea, but immovable; the canvas glides by before your eyes. Near by are deep-furrowed waves; on the blue ocean a fleet of war-ships passes. Light torpedo-boats flutter about among the heavy vessels; they plunge their prows into the foam tossed up by the waves; they splash in it and rise again joyously; they look like enormous whales sporting in the midst of the squadron. Farther on, the hills appear, Bona, Bougie, Algiers, the white Oran. The illusion is produced in the simplest possible manner, and the views are charming.

But it was reserved for the mareorama to show us a panorama at the same time inhabited and moving. In it one stands on the bridge of a ship one hundred and twenty feet long by thirty wide. The boat rolls and pitches with a gentle movement that gradually becomes more pronounced and even

unpleasant to poor sailors. But only a suggestion of discomfort is awakened, and immediately the weather and the sea become serene and beautiful again. About the ship a vast panorama is unfolded, showing Marseilles, Tunis, Susa, Naples, Venice, and Constantinople. The canvas is nine hundred yards long and fourteen high. Breezes which have been made salt in passing over piles of seaweed are blown by ventilators across the bridge of the steamer; the vibration of machinery makes the boat tremble. Dancers visit it at the ports where it stops, giving at Naples the tarantella, at Constantinople a danse d'Almées. Nothing more could be done in the way of a panorama.

There is also a lineorama organized on new principles. It is a pretended balloon ascension. One is seated in a balloon car and sees colored projections made by the cinematograph of various scenes taken from a balloon at different heights, such as an Arabian fantasia, a bull-fight, and the port of Marseilles lined with steamboats. The ingenious part of it is that these views were taken from real balloons at the moment when they were ascending, and that the illusion is therefore perfect. But with this balloon one is at least sure of reaching earth again.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TIRNEY.

AN AUDIENCE AT A WORLD'S FAIR SHOW.

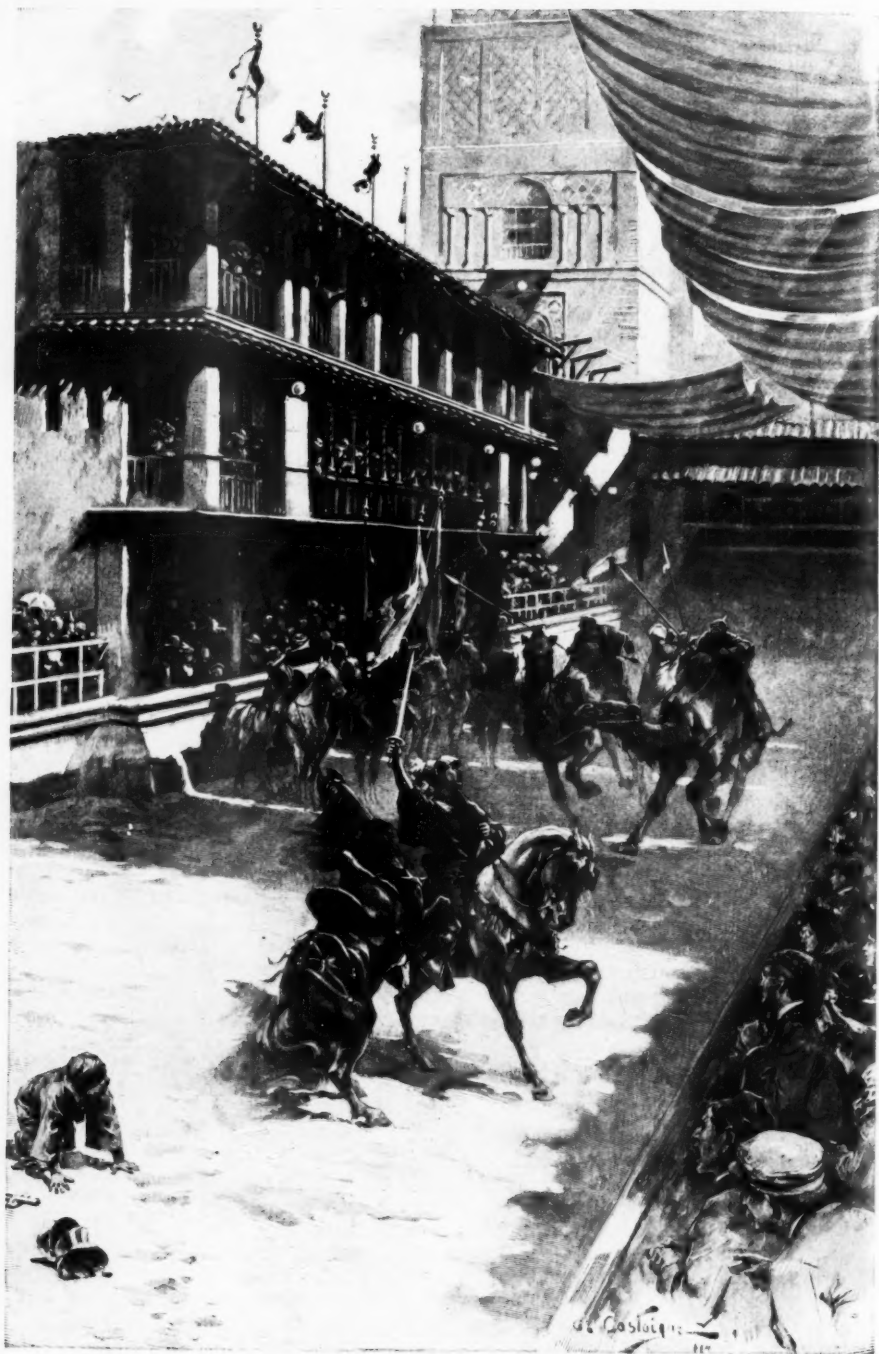
There are other sights for lovers of travel still more alluring, such as the colonial settlements of France and of various foreign lands. In these it is not a question of panoramas, of tricks, or of artificial effects of light; the life itself has been transported from far-away countries to the banks of the Seine; the houses of the natives have been reconstructed; their shops, their temples, their gods, have been united in a picturesque way; the inhabitants of these countries walk about the streets, they people the stores, they loiter on the terraces, they pray in the pagodas or the mosques. There are enchanting corners here where one is able, especially in the morning, before the throng invades the Exposition, to forget the trivial surroundings of one's daily life, and to spend the hours as does an African or an Oriental. Notice also that the sloping gardens of the Trocadéro, where the colonies are installed, are exposed to the full sunshine, sheltered from the cold winds, and that in summer one has the benefit of a really tropical heat to add to the illusion. Here, for example, is a street in Tunis. It is a delightful spot.

Here there is an irregular place surrounded by irregular buildings. In a café with beturbaned musicians, whose shrill flutes whistle and whose tambourines resound, you may taste a cup of genuine Moorish coffee, the kind which is as much food as drink. There are arcades, and at the top of a staircase the official pavilion of Tunis; on the other side is a mosque, a true gem of architecture, with translucent windows in arabesque frames; here, too, a barber-shop which has already become the vogue among hundreds of Arabs who live in the Trocadéro gardens. Through a door one penetrates into the street itself, a long, narrow passage covered with a slanting roof, the beams of which, laid horizontally, let the air through, but bar out the sun's rays. Along the street, in the soft light which is diffused still more through canopies stretched overhead, there are small booths, occupied by merchants of embroidered stuffs, carpets, scarfs, objects in bronze and copper, and all kinds of cakes and fruits from Tunis. They stand at their doors, and call familiarly to you; sometimes they even *tutoient* you. They speak in a peculiar French which resembles the *lingua Franca*, a strange language used in all the Eastern ports, composed of French, Arabian, Italian, and Spanish words. These merchants are Oriental Jews, and one must not look for the

Arabian type in them; but that type we may see in a wood-carver bent over his primitive plane, which he manipulates with a bow set in motion by his right hand, while with his foot he holds the piece of wood on which his left hand rests. A little farther on another Arab is carving wooden soles mounted on small openwork stands; another is a potter perched on a narrow plank in what looks like the most uncomfortable position in the world, and slowly, carefully, he is decorating with his brush the pots, on which he draws ornaments barbaric in style. Here a woman is nursing her child under a caravan tent; little girls with tattooed foreheads, laughing, stretch out their hands. On the steps of the mosque a blind Arab is extended, dirty and magnificent. At nightfall others seat themselves before their houses, sheiks with arched noses, venerable beards, brows which round out under their full white turbans. Others cross the place, which is growing dark; compared with our scant clothes, their great draperies have a superb fullness, their slow step has a nobility which the Westerner knows not how to attain. And always from the distance comes the sound of the shrill flute and the tambourine, and the nasal cries which accompany the dancing in some café.

Here the Exposition really makes us feel the joys of Africa. Once past the door, which is guarded by Arabs, we are in a hot, narrow street of Tunis. Opposite is an Algerian street arranged in a similar manner. Farther along we have Indo-China. The surprising nearness of things totally different is one of the amusements of the show. The Indo-Chinese exhibition is planned like the other colonial exhibitions. They did not want to show merely statistics and photographs; they wished to place before the eyes of the visitor the life of the far East in its proper setting. Annamite workmen came expressly to decorate the delicate pagodas, to lacquer the wood, to gild the bell-towers, and paint on the door-post the horrible dragons of Asiatic legends.

The Annamite village is traversed by a tranquil river where diminutive Chinese vessels have come to anchor. The detached cabins, with only half-stories inside, are like little boxes gathered around a square. Natives are living in them, and in the back of the houses the women, in those long garments which are half wrapper and half overcoat, are cooking rice for their dinner; in front the men are busy at their trades. I saw them, when they were build-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL

ANDALUSIA IN THE TIME OF THE MOORS.

ing their cabins, cover the roofs with laths, and I shall not forget the monkey-like manner in which the small yellow Asiatics, with their flat faces, eyes of black agate, hair twisted into knobs at the back of their heads, held themselves hooked on by their legs to the beams of the scaffolding, in the squatting position of a tailor, while they nailed in the laths with resounding blows.

Farther on is the Dahomeyan village. Carved idols very much like those of the North American Indians are placed on the tops of pedestals and stones. Superb negroes are at work in their cabins, which are covered with thatch. In the midst of them stands the table for the human sacrifices made by King Behauzin; the hatchets exhibited on it have sent many unfortunates to the kingdom of shadows. The capture and exile of Behauzin put an end to these bloody practices. At the door are more Dahomeyans in colonial uniform, who guard the visitors, and at the same time their black brothers. There is something ironical in the sight of all these natives with French uniforms, who now, in the name of France, protect the country which they could not defend against her. The same is true in all the numerous colonies which France possesses.

In the Chinese pavilion of several stories there is a strange theater, in which women with feet like babies sing in a guttural voice songs the rhythm and intervals of which have a weird sound to European ears; jugglers, full of good humor, talk unceasingly while they execute with ease difficult prestidigitator tricks. Not far distant is the Japan theater, where, as you drink a cup of perfumed tea, you may watch on the stage the death of an actress, who expires with terrifying and magnificent realism.

Farther on one may look at Andalusia in the time of the Moors, and behold her swarthy warriors in combat. Troops of camels sniff the sand of the arena; veiled women with tattooed foreheads flutter about under their voluminous garments.

When the Orient becomes tiresome one may rest in the Swiss village. It is one of the successes of the Exposition, this picturesque double street with its vast roofed chalets and carved balconies, grouped with extraordinary art and exactness in a landscape as much like Switzerland as could be away from the Alps. Swiss peasants, men and women, in their divers national costumes, live here; in the stables Swiss cows are lowing; a river descends from the mountain in foamy cascades; and, finally, a panorama shows the

Bernese Alps in all their glory, from the Jungfrau to Munich.

There is a wide choice of scientific amusements at the Exposition. In the Phonocinema Theater a cinematograph unrolls pictures with the familiar flicker and flash; the pictures represent scenes taken at a theater, and while they pass, a huge phonograph sends forth the songs of the actors, in the sharp voice of all phonographs, while the characters, with convulsive gestures, speak with a "Punch and Judy" intonation.

In the Palais de l'Optique the spectacle is more unusual. First, there is the great telescope, the largest in the world. It is sixty-five yards long, and its immense lens brings the moon so near that she will be forced to reveal her secrets, if, indeed, she have any. The moon will seem as near the earth as the Statue of Liberty to Brooklyn Bridge. One cannot refrain from a feeling of sadness at the idea of seeing the moon so near us. Up there she is so beautiful, when her luminous crescent is outlined against a sky yet tinted with the last glow of sunset, or when, in full form, she sheds a blue light over the sleeping country and spreads a fan of silver spangles on the undulating waves of the sea. But here, projected on the screen of the Palais de l'Optique, the nearer she draws to us, the uglier she becomes; she shows a wrinkled and leprous face, the horribly convulsed countenance of one who has died in cruel agony. I realize the sacrilege there is in placing before our eyes, almost within our reach, a being whose beauty consists in remoteness and mystery.

But the great telescope is not all of the Palais de l'Optique, which boasts of sixty attractions. One passes through a series of dark rooms: in one, the ceilings are rendered luminous by the infusoria which make the sea phosphorescent; in another, the formation of clouds is represented on a revolving disk; in another, a drop of Seine water is projected six hundred times its natural size; again, greatly magnified, we see the microbes which attack the human body—the pest microbe, lockjaw, typhoid fever, and consumption germs, all our mortal enemies appear there harmless. Also there are stereopticon views from photographs taken in the depths of the ocean, luminous stuffs, liquid or frozen light—and I know not what. Everywhere a guide accompanies and makes a brief speech to explain the sights before one's eyes. It is instructive, even amusing.

Finally, there are at the Exposition a few attractions which partake at the same time



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.
ON THE ELEVATED ROLLING SIDEWALK.

of two or three of the tastes we have noticed, without belonging strictly to any one of them. There is the Palais du Costume, which has obtained great popularity. It shows the history of dress throughout the centuries, arranged with such exactness and splendor that one hopes some museum, when the Exposition is over, may add this collection to its riches. The epochs are represented by life-size figures, grouped together naturally in a setting of contemporary styles. Theodora, in the basilica of Ravenna, receives the homage of her subjects; Francis I has his interview with Henry VIII on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and again, Josephine is seen trying on the coronation robes before Napoleon. The furniture, the

architecture, the decorations, the hangings, the costumes, the light, are planned with the greatest care. One goes from Rome to the Second Empire in France, passing by the middle ages, Venice, the Renaissance, the reign of Louis XIV, the Regency, and the eighteenth century, and in every case the pictures are in exquisite taste. It is a charming promenade through the land of fashion. One returns astonished at the art which women have always displayed in dressing themselves to please, and, once back in modern times, glancing about, one may observe that our contemporaries are not letting the tradition of elegance perish; their dresses will also deserve some day to be exhibited.

At last we have come to the Château Ren-

verse, built upside down, the roof on the ground, the foundations in the air. Within, cleverly disposed mirrors produce the deceptive hallucination of furniture fastened to the ceiling, and fountains rising out of it and disappearing again.

Those who wish to amuse themselves will find enough to fill their afternoons agreeably. But when you have visited the various attractions of the Champ de Mars, the Rue de Paris, and the Trocadéro, do you suppose you have finished with the amusements of

the Exposition? Not at all. They are not all official, catalogued amusements. Some of them may be enjoyed gratis. How good-natured are the crowds which enjoy them! They are gay; they wonder and exclaim; they are simple and full of gratitude; they are not sparing with their enthusiasm. One must follow them in the rush, on the sunny bridges, and on the moving sidewalk, which daily provokes more laughter than all the theaters in the Rue de Paris. It goes completely around the Exposition and moves in-



G. Castagnone
1900

THE UPSIDE-DOWN HOUSE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. G. COLLINS.

A COCHIN CHINESE ARTIST DECORATING THE PALACE OF THE FRENCH FAR EAST.

cessantly at two degrees of speed, the first platform at two and one half miles an hour, the second at five and one half. Nothing is more amusing than to see people get on for the first time. Some catch hold with the wrong hand of the posts intended to aid the awkward, others jump on with both feet and tumble over. I saw an old lady clasp a picket of the rapid sidewalk with one hand, and a picket of the slow sidewalk with the other; in a second she looked like some one who was about to be quartered. Her arms continued to stretch out, but she could not make up her mind to loosen her grasp; finally, the instinct of self-preservation triumphed over

clumsiness, and she gave up the post of the more swiftly moving platform.

Thus the crowd constitutes the most exotic of spectacles. It is motley, and more languages are spoken in it than in New York even, the greatest cosmopolitan city. One may dine in Hungary, in Germany, in Turkey, in Spain, always with dancing and native music. At the Exposition Frenchmen and foreigners take their pleasures together, and see that, taken as a whole, they are very much alike, kindly and easy to live with, men who can have only passing misunderstandings. And this sight is the most welcome of all the instructive amusements.

THE PRINCE OF ILLUSION.

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG,

Author of "Madame Butterfly," "Miss Cherry Blossom," etc.

WHAT YOU ARE TO KNOW FIRST.



IRST you are to be told why and how he became a prince, for he was only a poor little boy living in a mean tenement.

The doctors said that he would always be blind and lame, and that he would probably not live beyond his tenth year; and if he were to live even so long as that, every pulsation must be watched, almost every breath. Then, if he had no sorrows—not one, if his heart were kept full of joy, he would almost certainly live the ten years.

"If not?" It was the young mother who asked the question.

"Madam, it will be ten years of sacrifice," was the answer.

"It will be ten years of joy," she said.

But those who are born blind, the doctors warned her, are born with fancies, illusions, of which even mothers have little understanding. These must be made real, no matter how strange, no matter how impossible, if there is to be joy, until the mind has matured the fortitude to undergo disillusion. This child, they told her, would probably be as sensible as a spirit to beauty and as sensitive as a spirit to what was unbeautiful. Of the existence of ugliness he must not know at all, unless he should pass the ten years they gave him; and then slowly, gradually, with care, with every effect watched. But of things beautiful, joyous, splendid, uplifting, he might learn all that she could teach him, and more. There could not be too much of beauty and joy and splendor in his life. So the wise doctors said; and the mother would have accomplished all this if they had told her that he would live only ten minutes longer by reason of it.

His familiarity with things of a princely nature came first with her reading to him; for it happened that the books she read were thus cast, and that it was these he fancied most. What boy does not? She could not tell exactly when the idea that he

himself was a prince first possessed him, so gradual was it; but she could not misunderstand, presently, that he conceived himself one with those she read about. Once she tried timorously to undeceive him, the delusion seemed so monstrous; but she had not spoken five words when she saw terror waken in his eyes.

Then she remembered the warnings of the doctors and resolved that he should be a prince, an emperor, if he wished, if it gave him pleasure. If the ten years were all, why, he would know in heaven, where also her forgiveness was. If he was to live beyond that, God would help her.

"Oh, he *shall* be a prince!"

She said it with a thrill, standing in the middle of her lamp-lighted room, with her hands upraised, and something royal in herself.

THE SPLENDID ONE.

HER room had only one window, and the shutter of that opened against another wall, so that it gave only an inch or two of daylight, and no sunlight. All day a lamp burned; all day she sewed. Now and then she would stop to fan the heated air out through the door and the window. Nothing was there which was not absolutely essential. A dun-colored curtain closed the door to the other room. There, beyond the curtain, she lived his life of beauty and joy with him. Here, apart from him, she lived her own, of sorrow, penance, despair. So, her room was like a nun's cell, and she like a nun; his was like the cabinet of a prince, and he like a prince. Only once it sobbed from her behind the curtain that there, where the splendor was, was falsehood, which she hated; that here, where the squalor was, was truth, which she adored.

The other side was of golden damask rich brocaded. The walls were pale yellow and rose, in the shadows dimly blending into warmth. There was a huge window which had been made splendid with paper imitations of painted glass in the tone of the



Albert Stern
1900

room, and so skilfully had it all been done that it gave one entering the sense of great richness and largess.

Facing the door was a bed of dainty white enamel, canopied, frilled, chiffoned, with all its belongings immaculate.

Enveloped in all this splendor of color was the occupant of the bed, a boy of nine years, but looking tragically older. He was sallow, hollow-cheeked, with elfin locks and eyes deep-set and leaden. Not a feature of him was tolerable. He was ugly.

She who sewed in the outer room, and always listened, was arrested and rose to her feet in expectation. The sound had been the coy herald of a rippling laugh which now came from the splendid room—an almost impossible laugh for such a boy. The mother parted the curtains, and stood between them smiling.

"Mama, are you there?" shouted the boy, joyously.

His voice was a surprise; it was like the room, rich with color.

"Yes, sweetheart," answered his mother in tones which curiously matched his own, yet soft, melodious, intelligent—a mother's voice answering her child.

"Well, are n't you *ever* going to come to me?" he complained speciously.

"Yes; but you must not shout so."

"I was n't angry, mama darling," said the boy. "That was just fun."

"Of course," said his mother.

She sat on the bedside, taking his hands.

"But I could n't help it, mama dear, it was so funny. It slipped right out."

He had brought his tones to quite the pleasant pitch of hers, and one understood now where he got them.

"What was it, dear? and why was it funny?"

"Why, everything you have read me about and told me about has been beautiful, gorgeous, splendid! Of course I'm glad; but, mama dear, there must be something dreadful—ugly?"

There was a tremor in the mother's voice as presently, after thinking, she answered:

"What makes you fancy that?"

"Why, must n't there be something ugly to make the rest seem beautiful? How can you tell? See, I have been thinking."

"No, sweetheart, the world is all beautiful. The splendid things need nothing to compare them with to tell us who see that they *are* splendid. That is a mistake. You must not think mistakes. The sun does not

need the darkness to make it seem splendid. It is splendid in the full light of day."

"But, mama darling, is n't there one—just one little thing in all the world that is dreadful?"

She hesitated. His pretty voice pleaded with her ineffably. She must not unnecessarily deny him the truth, neither must she make him sad with it. This was the terror that she faced always, and more and more as his intelligence fed upon hers. Was it better that he should know, and grieve for the knowledge; or that he should yearn to know, with an avidity that was consuming, and never know? The doctors had not at all forecast this strange phase of his development. She herself had learned that there was peril either way. And sometimes, as to-day, she chose the way of truth, with its peril, because she was so desperately weary of falsehood. Is that strange? Know, then, that at times she agonized for the truth. For, now that it was denied her, it seemed royally precious. Once prevarication had not appeared heinous, but now she loathed it. Sometimes it seemed as if she could not live without some physical manifestation of truth; but there was no place to find it save in her bleak room. Here, often, she did find it, on the bleared walls, in the inch or two of daylight; and it healed her.

"Mama, I *want* something to be ugly, dreadful—as dreadful as possible—just some one little thing. I shall be horribly disappointed if there is n't. I don't like to think and think and then be—disappointed."

The little boy insisted upon it with whimsical impatience, as if she might produce what he wished if she would.

"But why, dearest?" she asked, to temporize.

"Oh, because."

The reason was so weak that he added others almost as weak.

"It will be something entirely new. And you will tell me about it. Sometimes I get tired—just a little, mama dear, of everything being beautiful, and wonder whether ugly things would n't be nice, just for a change,—maybe beautiful themselves; that is what I was thinking about."

The boy nestled to her with a caress. She flung up her arms as she did sometimes when the passion smote her, and a great weariness showed in her eyes, and that hunger for the truth came which was so hard to quell. She did not quite vanquish it to-day.

"Yes," she said; "there is one sad thing

in the world, but I cannot tell you about it. I have never seen it—but—but once; and you—never will."

The little boy's interest caught.

"What is it called, mama dear?"

"The name will tell you nothing."

"Please, mama darling!"

"Will you promise not to think of it, not to let it make you unhappy, and that you will tell me if it does, the least bit?"

"Why, mama, of course. Now, what is it called?"

"Death."

"Death?"

He tried the sound of the word curiously.

"Death. It does n't *sound* dreadful, mama dear; not at all. Is it sad? Are you sure?"

It had not hurt him, so she let herself answer, though at the end she halted.

"Very sad."

"Tell me more about it. You see it has not made me unhappy."

"I do not know—much more."

"But when you know you will tell me all, won't you, mama dear, because there are to be no secrets between us, remember. You said that yourself. But now tell me what little you know. Don't be afraid, mama."

"Men have called it glorious." To herself she said: "Oh, God! Glorious!"

"That is fine," said Jack. Then, with a lapse of his interest, he asked: "Is that all you know, mama?" Evidently something else had displaced that.

"Yes; to-night."

"But you will tell me all about it when you know?"

"Yes; when I know."

"And you will not forget? Forgive me, mama; you *never* forget."

"I will not forget, sweetheart."

She sighed her relief. The truth had not hurt him; it had brought them closer together. She felt that it had been good.

HIMSELF.

"BUT, mama, that was n't the only funny thing," the little boy went on gaily. "See *how* I have just been thinking! You have told me about everything in the world but myself! And I never thought of it before; and of course you did n't. Now, is n't that funnier still? Tell me now, mama—right now!"

The peace he had given her was gone in an instant. She shivered, and put his hands down.

"Oh, have I displeased you, mama? Is that why you shiver?"

"No."

She had only the one word for him, spoken very softly.

"Your hands are cold. Let me warm them."

He reclaimed the hands she had taken away, and tucked them with his own under the warm covers. Then he nestled against her. This he did awkwardly, as all his caressing. But now the mother swept him into her arms. He liked that, and for a while was silent; but he did not forget.

"Don't *you* think it funny—to tell your little boy about all the world and everything in it but himself?" He stopped suddenly, and then whispered, "Mama—did n't you *wish*—to tell me?"

She could feel him grow rigid. Then, clinging to her arms, he climbed up, and tried to look into her eyes.

"Jack," she half pleaded, half chided, "why are you so strange?"

He did not heed her; his face had grown gray; his heart palpitated against hers; on his forehead, which he put against her own, was a mist.

"Mama darling," he whispered, "can it be that you are—*afraid*—to tell me? Am I ugly—like death? Mama!"

The last was a stabbing cry. A spasm of terror closed the mother's throat. She strove piteously for a word.

"No!"

It came like a piccolo-note. Then she was able to wring a little laugh from within, and said:

"I suppose that is why I never thought of it—because you are so much a part of all that is beautiful in the world."

The boy relaxed upon her as if she had given him back life. He believed instantly.

"Oh, mama, *is* it true? Am I beautiful like all the rest? For a moment I was afraid. Something stopped down here." He put his hand to his heart, and the mother shivered again. "Forgive me, mama dear! Of course it is true. But tell me; it is so sweet to hear. Do you know what I thought when the thing within stopped?"

"No," she answered.

"That if I were ugly, like death, I should never wish to see."

"No," she said soothingly; "nor—nor should I wish it."

"I know that you are beautiful. I can feel your hair and eyes and lips and cheeks, all quite as if I saw them. Your hair is warm, your cheeks are soft, your eyes have long lashes; but my hair and cheeks and lashes"

—he began to touch them in doubt—"they are not quite like yours."

She stopped him there. Peril was imminent. She had mastered her emotions, as she had taught herself long ago to do; it must be falsehood now. So her voice went on, no more with tremors, but calm, strong, soothing, majestic. She took his hands from their search, and held them in her own.

"Do not trust your hands, darling, but my eyes. You are the most beautiful thing in all the whole world—do you hear?"

"Yes," he whispered in ecstasy. "And oh, think of all the splendid things you have told me!"

"Yet you are more splendid." She touched him affectionately and wiped the damp from his forehead.

"Yes," said Jack, quite satisfied. "It seems so strange to forget it. But I understand. You see me every day." His brief chiding was full of love. "Mama,"—this was the result of a moment of thought, but it was not fearful or doubtful,—"you don't mean that I am beautiful to *you*, because you love me, don't you know? Mama darling, I should love you if you were the ugliest being that ever lived, just because—oh, because—I love you." He laughed. "Oh, yes; you would still be beautiful to me. You don't mean I am beautiful like that, do you, mama dear?"

"No," she said sweetly.

"But really and truly beautiful, like those princes you have read about, and like the splendid flowers? God must have made me beautiful because he made me lame and blind. He always does that, does n't he? You have told me so; and all the lame little princes are beautiful—*always*?"

"Yes; like that—like all of that," pleaded his mother, hastily.

"Go on, now, mama, and tell me about myself. You need n't be afraid. I shall know if you make me *too* beautiful."

He said it gaily, then cuddled happily against her, and waited.

But none of it had been so difficult as this, nothing had been so avoided.

"Oh, Jack, will not some other time do? I am very, very tired," she begged piteously.

"Too tired, mama dear, to tell me a few tiny things, like the color of my hair and eyes? Then, if you are still tired, you shall lie right down here beside me and sleep. I sha'n't say a word, scarcely breathe, mama; only keep my arms about you, very close—so." It was a fervid embrace.

She looked long into the thin elf-face

before her; then, as she spoke, she closed her eyes. She wished to know only the tender pressure of the small arms.

"You have long and splendid locks, my darling, in which the very sun at times seems hidden, only to flash out joyously now and then in a curl as you turn. Oh—"

She was tired, it seemed, in her very soul; and her invention flagged and rebelled at this as at nothing before. The last was a rebellious note, caught away in time.

"Go on, mama," he urged; "that is fine. It is like the Prince of—of Something. You read about him yesterday. Only I am more splendid than he?"

"Yes."

He shook his serpent-locks that she might see the sun-flash.

"There—like that! Did it flash—and flash?"

"Yes," whispered his mother, with still closed eyes, kissing the dank hair.

"The great yellow sun which makes the day, the going away of which makes the night—like that? So splendid?"

"Yes."

"The huge, golden ball?" He was quoting her.

"Yes."

"Go on, mama dear. What is the color? Yellow, like the sun, too? I wish it to be yellow. I like yellow best, and most of the princes have yellow hair."

"Yes; yellow, and shining, and silken. Nothing could be more lovely."

"And my eyes—are they yellow, too?"

"Ah, no,"—she could smile a little,—
"they are blue, like the sky in which the sun shines, and large and round; and when you wake they open like morning-glories dainty with dew. Oh, then, my bonnie one, it seems impossible that you cannot see! Now—*now*! Your eyes are looking straight into mine. Oh, some day you *must* see—you *shall*!"

"Of course," said Jack, confidently.

"Yes."

But she whispered it, and breathed rapidly for a moment.

"Go on, mama dear. Of course my eyes are blue. Only I forgot. All the princes' are. What next?"

"Yes—and—oh—there are long, curling lashes that lie on your cheeks as you sleep—oh, my God! my God! my God!"

Endurance failed. She sobbed.

Jack put his thin hand up to her eyes.

"Mama darling," he whispered, "tell the rest to-morrow. I forgot that you were tired.

I make you talk so much. Oh, it seems to me that *I* should never, never, *never* get tired talking about things that are beautiful! But it can't be the same with one who can see them. But to-morrow, mama dear."

"No!" she cried out savagely. "Now!"

To herself she said: "Now—to-day—this one time, he shall be as I would have him, as I *prayed* he might be!" "Jack, sweetheart, oh, your face is so fair that it seems vision-like—the kind one dreams of," she went on. "There is a pink spot on each cheek that is more beautiful than any of the flowers or color. I have told you of, because it lives—it *lives*! Here and here, where I touch. And it comes and goes, it glows and pales, as they cannot. Because it *lives*! Sometimes it is but a faint pink; and then, when you are very happy—"

"I am always happy, mama dear."

He almost shouted it.

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, thank God! Thank the God in heaven, the God of children! But sometimes you are happier than at others, sometimes you are *very* happy. Then it is deep crimson. And your dear mouth, oh, Jack, my beautiful one, is like a rosebud, and more sweet—more sweet to kiss."

She put her lips avidly upon his, and kept them there. Jack's arms went about her neck.

"Mama darling, it is better than seeing—to hear you tell it. Mama, do you know, sometimes I'm almost glad I'm blind, when you are like this."

Suddenly, resistlessly, she sobbed.

"But why do you cry, mama dear?"

"Oh, don't you know, Jack, my sweet one?"

"N-no," said Jack, uncertainly. "I guess I don't know much about crying, do I? I have never cried, have I, mama? I don't remember it if I have. Maybe I don't know how."

"God grant that you may never learn! You never shall if I can prevent it. Oh, you shall be the happiest being that ever lived on the earth! You shall know no sorrow, regret, or care—only joy, joy, joy! You shall dream—dream to the end! Thus shall I atone—"

Then she remembered, and explained dully:

"Jack dear, we cry when we are glad as well as when we are sorry—we women."

"Only women do that?"

"Only women."

"And *must* they, mama dear?"

"Yes, Jack; sometimes—they—must." Within she said, "Else they would die!"

"It seems a little—silly, mama, to cry when you are glad. But I like to do everything you do."

"You shall never shed a tear, Jack my own!"

"Thank you, mama. I would rather not if I don't have to. What's the use?"

She laughed sadly.

"Yes, what's the use?" She saw that he caught upon her tone, and hastened him away from it. "There is a piquant little nose which we can both find."

Their hands met on the way to it, and they laughed together very joyously.

"And two pretty ears through which the light shines pink. See?" She put his hands with hers upon them, and again they laughed—that he should "see"!

"And here, where we both touch again, comes a dimple every time you smile; and you know how often that is, God bless you!"

"Yes." Jack laughed riotously.

"And here, where we touch once more, is another."

"I can't feel them," complained Jack, trying.

"You must smile, not laugh. They will come for a smile, not for a laugh."

Jack tried desperately to smile, and not to laugh.

"Oh-h-h! That's the first time I knew that you can't smile when you want to, and that you've *got* to laugh when you don't want to." But he stopped searching for the dimples, and became almost solemn.

"Why, mama darling, none of the things you have told me about is as beautiful as your own little boy."

Something battled and shouted in her heart.

"No," she whispered with a great throb.

"And some day I shall see myself—oh!"

His mother suddenly gasped and got to her feet. The boy felt her mood change.

"Mama, you said so," he chided softly.

She sat down again and took his hands.

"Yes; but you must be patient. It may be a long while yet."

"Oh, I don't care how *long* it is, only so that it is certain. I am more than nine now. Will it be before I am ten, do you think?"

"It—may—be," she faltered.

His spirits grew buoyant.

"I think it *will* be. I have the feeling that I shall see *soon*. I saw the music the other day when the German musicians played at the palace gate. Yes; and, mama dear, the first

thing I shall do will be to look at myself in the wonderful mirror of which you have told me, where one can see one's self just as you see me now. That must be splendid. Sometimes, mama, I almost can't wait."

"You must be very patient," she said.

"Yes; but, oh, I think and think and think of that first moment! But then, after a long time, I make myself stop thinking so that I don't get impatient. I'd like to get impatient. But that is what you wish—for me not to get impatient, is n't it mama?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"But, mama, it *will* be splendid—oh, glorious, won't it? I may think about its being glorious, may n't I?"

"Yes."

"Glorious! And then, mama darling—forgive me! Oh, how selfish I am! I shall not look in the mirror first. I shall look at *you* first—you, mama darling!"

She put her trembling hand on his mouth. There were no words within for him.

He laughed splendidly, and drew the hand caressingly over his cheeks, one after the other. Finally he kissed it.

"But, mama, that *will* be glorious—the moment when I shall see *you*!"

"Yes, Jack. But you must not forget—we do not all see—alike—"

The little boy stopped her mouth as she had done his; and she was glad.

"No buts, please, mama, not one! That moment will be too splendid for buts."

"Then there shall be none, my boy."

HERSELF.

"AND, mama," again he almost shouted, "we are not *done* with the funny things, not half done, not quarter! I just now thought of another. The glorious moment *made* me think of it. Oh, it is the funniest of all! *Mama*, you have never told me about yourself—not a word! Why, mama! What can you have been thinking of all the time? A little boy not to know anything about the sweetest mother!"

"Ah, that is easier."

Jack unerringly caught her tone.

"Why, mama?" he asked quickly.

Her answer was not at once ready. Often her wits, trained only in dissimulation, could not keep pace with his seeking, in the darkness, only the truth.

"You are not afraid, mama?"

Still she was not ready.

"I *know* you are beautiful. This and this and this and this are all beautiful." He

touched successively her hands and hair and face.

"Yes," she said then, comfortingly; "I suppose I too am beautiful."

"Then why are you afraid, mama dear, to tell me?"

"I am not afraid," she stumbled on, "but, oh—perhaps—embarrassed. You must know that one cannot see one's own beauty, even with the wonderful mirror, as one can see another's. I shall have to wait till you can see me with your own dear eyes to know whether or not I am beautiful."

"Oh, won't that be splendid! I would a thousand times rather see you than myself, mama, my sweet mama! No, no, no! I shall not look in the wonderful mirror first, but at you—right up into your face like this! And—oh, yes—I'll tell you everything—every little thing; and I will tell you true, just as you do me—"

She interrupted him with a breathless sense of guilt.

"Yes, yes. Shall I tell you—you wanted to know—about my—myself?"

"Yes," said Jack; "and excuse me for not letting you."

The mother sighed out her relief.

"Well, then, my eyes also are blue, or rather violet, because I am so much older, I suppose; and my hair too is yellow, and falls in waves, and my lashes are long, and—and I used to have dimples—before—oh!—and—that's all, is n't it?"

She had spun it off at an almost maudlin gallop.

"Why, no, mama dear. You have missed the best of all—your mouth. Is it red, like mine? I know it is sweet to kiss."

"Oh, I don't know, Jack darling. One cannot tell about one's self as about another. One who can see—"

Reaction had come, and she was suffering now.

"But, mama, did n't some one tell you, just as you tell me? I wish so, mama. Not the mirror—some person. A voice. I wish some one to have been as sweet to you as you are to me. And there must have been some one who could n't help it."

She suddenly swept the strange boy into her arms, and crushed him there. With her mouth at his neck she whispered tempestuously:

"Yes! Yes; some one—did."

"Oh, I just knew it! Who was it, mama?" Jack whispered back eagerly.

"Oh, darling, darling, don't ask, please! I did n't mean to tell you. I must n't tell

you! Yet I must, if you ask. But you won't ask, will you?"

"We were to have no secrets, mama dear, from each other. You know everything which comes into my heart," Jack said sadly. "I like to tell you. And you are happy and unhappy all together! When I am that way, I can't *help* telling you."

This loving chiding sank deep into her soul. She was silent another moment, her breath throbbing upon his neck, trying to decide. She wanted to tell him.

"Mama, was it a little boy?"

A small hand touched her face, timorously.

"No," she whispered fiercely, in the new joy of it—"no; it was a man. A man tall and splendid."

"Oh, that is very beautiful," said Jack.

"And was it long ago, mama dear?"

"Long, long ago, Jack."

"Did he—love you, mama?"

"Love me! Oh!"

"As much as you do me?"

"More."

Jack was silent a moment.

"Not more, mama, please," he pleaded then.

She laughed hysterically, and caught him closer.

"No, not more. No. No one *could* love me more. But, oh! he was so great and splendid that it seemed more. It was as if he had all the love in the world—in heaven—to give. And he—gave it—to *me*!"

Again the boy was silent for a space. He had never seen her in such superb emotion as this. It fascinated him, while yet there was a certain difficult terror in it. All the time his voice had been growing softer, more intimate, as he questioned her, as if his soul, always greater than he, not his mind, quite understood.

"Mama, did he kiss your lips—the splendid one?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"As I do?"

She plunged her face deeper, and Jack understood that she wished not to answer this, and forbore.

"Mama—was it—my father?"

She was still silent. But the boy could feel her sobbing within.

"Mama, does n't it make you happier to tell things? It does me. I *must*. If I don't, they slip right out of me, anyhow. But afterward I'm always glad."

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, I too must tell things! They break the heart, they kill, unless one does. And I have no one but you!"

"Then tell me—tell me all about the splendid one. It will make you happier to tell. And afterward I shall kiss you so that you may know it has made me happier."

"Jack—will it make you happier? Are you sure?"

"Oh, *sure*!" He laughed a little. "I know it was my father. And I am glad he was the splendid one. Some day I shall be just like him."

"Yes. But—"

Again he could feel her sobbing.

"But?" he urged sweetly.

"One night he—went away—and—never came—back!" She hurried it out as if she might fail.

"Never came back!" Jack was silent then. His mother looked at him.

"Jack, it *has* made you sad! Oh, if it has—"

He answered with a strange deliberation:

"It has made me love you a million times more, all in a moment."

"Thank you, Jack," she whispered.

"I do not see how he *could* stay away from you, mama darling. I don't see how *any* one could. Mama, was I born then?"

"N—no," she faltered.

"I am sorry for that. Was he angry, mama?"

"I cannot tell you more to-day, Jack—please—please!" She begged it in whispers.

"Mama, your little boy only wants to help you; and your voice is dreadful as you say it." He found her mouth and kissed it. She closed her eyes. Both were quiet for a little.

"Mama darling," Jack asked then, "have you his photograph?"

"Yes—on my bureau—by the mirror."

"And shall I see it when my sight comes?"

"Yes."

"Mama, you said he loved you; but did you love *him*—the splendid one?"

"Did I love him? Jack—I—I worshiped him!"

"Oh!"—Jack clicked his teeth together—"how *could* he get angry and go away from you if he was splendid!"

"You will never get angry and go away from me, no matter what I may do?"

"I?" That and Jack's lips gave her sufficient answer.

"God bless you, my little boy!"

"Mama, had he blue eyes and yellow hair, like us?"

"Yes."

"But, mama darling, *why* did n't he come back? Oh, I should have come back, if for just one minute, and put my arms around

you and kissed you many, many times, and told you I was sorry. That's what I would have done if I had been so horrid to you."

"Oh, Jack, you hurt me! He was not horrid. It was I."

"You!" Nothing could have been added to Jack's wondrous inflection to make the one word more impressive.

"I," she repeated miserably.

"Then, mama,"—Jack's voice took on an indescribable maturity and nobility,—“you must ask him to come back. It is a long time; but you must. And I know he will come. Oh, perhaps he has been waiting all the time! Mama, ask him now to come back to you—and to me. Tell him about me. Perhaps he does not know—”

She stopped him like an animal he had driven to bay, panting, reckless, defiant.

"Jack,"—she hurled it at him in a sudden whisper,—“he is—dead!” She caught at the word, but it was too late.

"Dead," repeated the little boy, awed by her manner, not by the word. “Death—the dreadful thing?”

She hurried him to something else.

“The photograph is in his uniform, just as he marched away. Oh, oh, oh, Jack, there is a song they used to sing then—oh, so long, long ago!”—

“They marched away,
So gallant and gay.

It was like that. Only he was not gay, Jack dear. We had quarreled. I thought I hated him. I was very wicked and unkind. I told him never to speak to me again. I said, ‘Go!’ in that voice—do you hear? ‘Go!’”

Her dramatizing had carried him away from that to this—alas! not without its peril, also.

“I never heard your voice like that,” said Jack, coming closer, with a shiver of terror. “It must have been dreadful to hear you speak like that. It makes me sorry for him. And all the time, mama dear, you did n’t hate him; you loved him?”

“I loved him, but I said I hated him. I thought he knew, and would come back. But I had hurt his heart too badly.”

“And yours was hurt, too, mama?”

“Yes; more than his—more—more—more.”

“Where did he go, mama?”

“Oh, to something you have never heard of—war.” Since he knew the rest, this did not seem perilous.

“Mama, what is war?”

“It is fighting, Jack, by many men—

thousands of men—at one time. They have guns and cannons and swords and bayonets, all things made to kill. And they kill one another—kill!” She spoke it with all the sudden hate she had for it; and then, at the enlightenment in Jack’s face, she repented.

“And *that*’s why he never came back?”

“Yes.”

“Because to kill brings death, does n’t it, mama?”

“Yes. Let us sing a little now.” She did so hastily.

“Ever of thee I am fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer.”

But after one verse she stopped, and there was silence. For Jack was not listening to her music, though it never quavered from her lips so longingly.

“I knew,” Jack mused,—and this was the result of his thinking,—“that he *could* n’t come back, or else he would. Yes—I know he would.”

“I did see him—once more. And oh, Jack, I would tell you if I were sure it would not hurt you. I *want* to tell some one.”

“Tell me, mama dear. It will not hurt me. It is all beautiful because it is all about you—all your life. Do not be afraid. Tell me.”

She believed him. And she was desperate for his comfort. Yet she hesitated.

“He was killed, was n’t he, mama dear?”

“Yes.”

“And he was quite still and could n’t speak to you? See what a lot I know!”

“Yes.”

But the silence embarrassed him.

“That’s all I have guessed so far about death, mama,” he confessed.

“There was a bullet-hole here—where I put my finger. A bullet is a small pointed thing made of metal and thrown very swiftly out of a long tube called a gun; and if it strikes one he is killed or desperately wounded. It had struck him here—just above his eye. And it was so sudden that his lips still looked as though he were giving a command. He was an officer then. And—Jack—oh, Jack!—around his neck was a little blue ribbon. I took it out. It had on it—a ring—which he had given me—and which I had given back to him—when—when he went away. This is it. Yes, feel it. Just the little hoop of gold—the yellow metal we have talked about.”

Jack for the first time took it off and then put it with a strange solemnity back upon her finger.

“And now you wear it again, mama!”

"Now—I—wear—it—again."

"Dear, dear mama! Mama, you said that death was glorious—"

"That men *called* it glorious, when one dies for one's country, or for some vast and human cause; yes, I said that men *called* it glorious. But, oh, what do they know of women—of mothers—of wives!" The last word came with passionate cupidity.

"Oh, but, mama darling, I am thinking only of him—the splendid one—and not of countries and causes. How *can* they call it glorious to kill one so beautiful? And then to kill thousands so splendid! Mama, it *can't* be glorious to kill anything that is beautiful, splendid, no matter what for—not even a little flower!"

"No. Men who have been in battle tell only of the horror and terror of it."

"Mama, where do they fight?"

"Out in the fields, by the rivers, on the mountains."

"Where there are flowers?"

"Yes."

He put his arms about her.

"Mama darling, it is not glorious."

"No."

"I should not care for the countries or the causes, but only for those who have to suffer for ever and ever, as you must, mama dear."

"Ah, Jack, I am afraid that is all I or any woman thinks of when our loved ones go to war."

"After that you loved him more and more—because you had hurt his heart—did n't you, mama?" He whispered it, and touched her caressingly.

"Sometimes I used to think that he was glad to die—because I had hurt him. But I always loved him more and more, and I always shall." She flung back her head royally, and said within:

"Oh, I have suffered enough, God, to be permitted this—this to my little boy—*his*—little boy!"

Jack came out of his somberness, presently, to say with a rapturous embrace:

"I'm glad I'm like him, mama. And when I grow up you shall have him all back. And, mama," he cooed, "he will never go away—never, never!"

"No."

"And even if you should get angry you will not be so angry that you will let me go away and be killed?"

"No."

"I should be willing to die," mused the boy, "if it would make you happier."

"Jack, oh, Jack, be still! You accuse me. I let him be killed who was only kind and loving to me—"

"No, mama dear. I only wanted you to know that death is not as dreadful to me as it is to you. It is just like sleep, is n't it? When one dreams pleasant things. No, I should n't think it glorious to die for the countries or the causes, but for you—"

"Glorious to go away and leave me the loneliness—oh, the loneliness! That is it! It is that which makes it dreadful! Never to look into his eyes, never to touch his hand, never to hear his voice—oh, it is the loneliness!"

"Mama," asked the little boy, "do you think me brave?"

"Very."

"Do you remember the fire, when everything burned up—every little thing? Everything but you and me? And how I was n't one bit frightened, but waited for you to carry me out in your arms? Do you remember how you kept calling to me: 'Jack! Jack! Jack! Don't be afraid! I'm coming! I'm on the third—fourth—last landing!'"

"And how you answered that you were not afraid and were waiting?"

"Mama, you were brave, too."

Suddenly she understood his strangeness.

"Jack! You are comforting me!" she cried.

"Yes," he smiled. "Don't you like it?"

"But you do think it dreadful—death?"

"Yes. At first it seemed almost beautiful, to die for one like you. But when you said that about loneliness—oh *yes!*—"

"Jack, what are you thinking of?"

"Mama dear, maybe he, the splendid one, thought it glorious to die for—*you*." Then he put his small hand on her mouth, as they each did when they wished a subject dismissed, and they were quiet. And when the little boy's face lighted up again it was with the splendor of something beautiful within.

"Mama darling, your heart still hurts, I know."

"Yes, Jack; still hurts."

"But—it's better since—since—I came—is n't it?"

"Yes, yes, yes, darling!"

"After a while it sha'n't hurt at all. For I shall look like the tall one; and I shall be like him, as strong and brave and good and sweet. Perhaps you will think too I am like him—maybe, sometimes, you will forget and think I *am* he. Would n't that be fine, mama dear?"

She said it would.

"Will you try, sometimes, mama?"

She said she would.

"And we will talk of the dreadful things—all of them—for you have said I am brave; and there shall be no more hurt in them, for it takes the hurt out of them—the talks—and you shall be awfully, awfully happy! And I—"

Jack's eyes began to close drowsily.

"Sing, mama," he said. "At the end of things we always sing, you know."

When she got to

"Ever I'm dreaming fondly of thee,"

Jack woke a little and said:

"You are, mama darling, always, are n't you? I—used n't to—know who. But now—I know. And I'm so glad—"

His small hand had gone up to her eyes and found the tears. He woke a little more. But sleep had come and would not be denied. From her eyes his hands dropped of their own weight to her hands. He felt the ring.

"Mama," he asked from out the shadows whither he was drifting, "why did he give it to you—then—you give it back to him—then you—take it again—when he was—dead?"

She hesitated. He forgot.

"And, mama darling, why"—the question escaped him, but he filched it sleepily back—"But, mama, what were you—so angry—at my father—for—so—very—very angry—when he went to—be—killed?"

Again she hesitated.

"Mama—"

"You," she whispered then.

"Me—?"

But then Jack slept.

THE BUTTON ON THE PRINCE'S COAT.

JACK'S wants were modest enough. His mother managed to keep them so. But what she permitted him to need he ordered royally.

"This morning I shall have nothing but fruit for my breakfast—oranges, bananas, pomegranates—"

"An orange and a banana, sweetheart," she admonished. "Little boys who have plenty must always remember those who have not, even if they are princes, *because* they are princes."

"Yes, mama dear," agreed Jack at once, caressing her hands. "I forget sometimes that all little boys do not have everything they want, and plenty of servants to bring it. Even some of the princes in the stories don't. Yes; an orange and a banana, please, mama dear."

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She rose from the side of the bed where she habitually sat.

He stopped her.

"Don't go, mama. Let Donald bring it."

"Yes; but I must order it, and then receive it of Donald. Do not forget that he never sees you closely, that no one but Daniel and me in all the world knows of your blindness."

"Forgive me, mama. And go, but come again quickly."

She went to a closet in the outer room, and opened the door so that he should hear it. Then she called, as if down a stairway:

"Donald! Donald!"

She waited a moment.

"Yes," she said; "you will bring a simple breakfast for the prince. An orange and a banana will be sufficient. And hasten."

She softly procured a plate and the fruit from a shelf in the closet, waited a moment, and then said:

"Thank you, Donald; you are very good."

She closed the door of the closet so that, again, he might hear it, and took the fruit to the little boy.

"I like Donald, mama," he said superbly.

"He always answers at once, and so very quietly. And he always brings exactly what one asks for. I shall promote him. Only once he did n't. Oh, do you remember? We had nothing to eat for two whole days. Were n't we hungry! And was n't it strange that even a prince had to starve because the soft white stuff called snow would n't let any one go out! And was n't it jolly, the way we laughed and cried together, and consoled each other? *You* cried, *I* laughed! That's the time I found out what snow was. I don't understand yet how such soft stuff could be so strong. But even that, you said, was beautiful, mama dear."

"Very beautiful, sweetheart."

"You went out and saw it—miles and miles of nothing but white! I only had a little in my hands. But I shall see it some day, too. And there shall be bells on my horses. Mama dear, don't you want to go out often that way—alone? Daniel stayed that time. But Céleste could stay any time."

"No; mama is never quite so happy anywhere as with her little boy."

"And do you never get tired of just me?"

"Never!"

"Céleste could read to me, maybe?"

"You would not like her voice."

"Mama, I'm so glad that you don't get

tired of me. I never, never get tired of you."

Again the mother understood his strangeness.

"Jack," she said, "you are the sweetest boy a mother ever had!"

"Thank you, mama. Oh, does the sun shine? Shall we go out in the carriage to-day?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, mama, will you please tell Céleste that I shall want to wear my new blouse, the one that is to have ruffles down the front?"

The mother went again to the outer room, and again to the closet door, and she called the girl who in that Palace of Fancy had charge of the prince's wardrobe. Then she closed the door, took the new blouse from her sewing-machine, thanked Céleste for its beauty, and bore it to the other room.

"Oh, that is fine!" cried Jack, feeling the dainty ruffles lovingly. "Oh, and don't forget, mama, please, to have her sew the button on my long coat. I don't like to go without it."

"No," said his mother.

She opened the closet door.

"Céleste," she called softly, "do not forget the button on Prince Jack's driving-coat. Oh! Already? Why, thank you—thank you very much!"

She took the coat in to the little boy with the button sewn on.

"Is n't she quick, mama!"

"She is a very good servant," said his mother.

Jack counted the buttons.

"She shall be promoted, too. When I'm a man I'm to see them all, and they are to take their orders from me, are they not, mama?—just as it is in all your stories?"

"Certainly, dear."

And then Céleste brought his porridge, while it heated over the lamp in the other room.

And while it was heating his mother held for his sake a long conversation with Céleste and the other denizens of the purlieus beyond the closet door—God knows where—how—he fancied them! She repeated again, as almost every day she did, Jack's messages to them—very kind and loving always, but imperially, mediocrally autocratic, as he thought the communications from the young lord of the palace to its servitors should be. And to him she gave back their humble thanks and salutations. And in these Prince Jack was very happy.

"Tell them, mama, that they need not be afraid of me. For the moment I get my sight each one of them shall have a new suit of clothes, and some money in a purse, and, perhaps, to those who have been very good, a ring."

For this, you must know, was all quite in the way of the stories.

All this—save that he was blind—she repeated to the closet.

"And what do they say, mama?"

For you must also understand that he never heard more than one side of these conversations. Once or twice she had tried to speak for the servants also. And Dan had done the same. But it was too perilous. And now he had become used to hearing only her, and was satisfied. For did she not always tell him true?

"They give you their most humble service, and they hope that it will not be much longer till your highness will come to rule over them."

"Oh, that is fine, mama! I love every one of them! And are they all on one knee?"

"Oh, yes."

"And looking straight this way?"

"Yes."

"May I kiss my hand to them?"

"Yes, dear. They will like that."

Jack scrambled to his knees and did this. And for a moment his face was full of color.

"Did they see it?"

"Every one of them."

"I wish they'd shout, just a little."

"No, sweetheart; I have taught them not to do that. We must not call attention to you yet. At this distance they cannot see that you are blind. But if it should be found out—"

"Sh!" Jack whispered; "I know. They might want another prince. But I hope they speak of me as 'his highness' among themselves?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered his mother. "I have seen to that."

"Daniel forgets sometimes. Once he called me 'Jack.'"

"You must not be impatient with him, dear. He is very, very good."

"Of course! I shall promote him." Jack caressed his mother's hand in the curious little awkward fashion he had. "Here it is just 'Jack and mama.'" He stopped, and reversed the phrase with princely gallantry. "'Mama and Jack.' And that is much sweeter than anything else could be. But we must have proper respect from the servants."

"Yes," said his mother, breathless with apprehension now.

Jack wrinkled his small brows in a moment's thought—difficult thought, after which he said:

"I think, mama, when my sight comes, and it is time for me to take my place in the palace, I shall have a regular home-coming. The servants shall all stand in two rows in the great hall, and I shall walk down between, and give them my hand to kiss—so, and so, and so." He inadequately dramatized it. "And of course you shall be with me. I don't quite know where it will be proper for you to walk, mama dear."

She flung up her arms in sudden passion.

"Behind you!" she said.

"Is that the way?"

"Yes."

Jack thought a moment. Then he said superbly:

"I will not have it! There shall be a new way!"

"Where shall I walk?" asked his mother, eagerly.

"You shall walk by my side," said Jack.

"No prince ever did that. It is not the custom. Princes are the creatures of custom."

"I will do it. No prince ever had so dear a mother. We will make a new custom. You shall take my arm—so." He linked her arm within his own. "And you must point out the ones who have been most faithful. I shall want to say a word to them, especially if they are old."

"Yes," said she. "Had I not better dismiss them now?"

"Why," laughed Jack, "you don't mean to tell me that they have been there all this time? The dear things!"

"Yes," she laughed back, "crowding the doorway. You may go," she said to the closet door.

"Mama," said Jack, when she returned, "do you know that ever since you told me about the splendid one you have been happier?"

"Yes, darling," she confessed humbly; "I think I am."

"And I am too. We seem closer, mama dear."

To keep up the illusions the good coachman down-stairs had learned to speak in a number of voices. And when Jack could not be kept from some little contact with his retinue, Dan would be produced to his touch and hearing. But to the Palace of

Fancy, the Prince of Illusion, he was the only retainer. Yet a more faithful one never lived in those splendid ages of which they so often read and talked. There were stories—which the little boy had never heard, was never to hear—of men who had suffered, of some who had died, for prince or princess. And Dan would have done this, was ready to do it at any moment. For once, when no one else would, Jack's mother had put her life in peril for Dan's. He had lived when he had been given over to die. She had made him do it. Perhaps it was because he had young blue eyes and yellow, tangled hair. After that he held the life she had saved as a pledge for her and hers.

Dan was at once everything and every one, from the chamberlain to the opener of the great gates through which the prince's carriage passed in state every fine day.

THE PASSING OF THE SHIPS.

A KNOCK upon the door always preceded Dan's "stage entrance," as he called it to himself. Then the mother would say, "Enter!" And one who, like Jack, could not see, but only hear, could fancy it no other than a royal permission. For sometimes he was told to hesitate a little. But, having entered, Dan would announce—so his lesson ran:

"The carriage waits, your grace."

And she would say again:

"His highness will be ready in a moment."

So it all happened on this day as it had happened hundreds of times before.

Jack hurried into his new blouse, and then into the long, green driving-coat with the large horn buttons, and on into a charming little cocked hat and his gloves. Then he said, as a young emperor might:

"Daniel, I am ready."

"Yes, your highness."

And thus they went, the Prince of Illusion in the arms of the shabbiest coachman, with the shabbiest hat and the stumpiest whip and the most unshaven face ever seen. Thus they went, through the noisome outer room, where the lamp always burned, down the rickety stairs, out of the narrow court, into the cobblestoned street to the shabbiest "hack" in all the city.

Oh, the coachman understood his "business"! And between them it was always the sovereign and the serf. The outer room might have been a corridor lined with exquisite marbles. The stairway might have been of bronze and alabaster. The court might have been an avenue lined with pilas-

tered façades. Beyond might have been a very Eden of trees and turf and flowers—the vast and vernal-sounding park—where they drove.

But there was no park within ten miles.

And Jack was, indeed, the most gracious of sovereigns. For when, sometimes, Dan forgot his lessons, Jack gladly excused him, quite as he did his mother, but always with a smiling hope that it would not occur again. Daniel was so much a *serviteur intime*.

"Where shall we go to-day, mama?" shouted Jack, feeling the splendor of the sun to his very heart. "Let us go where everything is joyous, and where there are people! I want to see people, and I want them to see me."

"To-day, darling, we shall go to the most beautiful spot in the park, where there are flowing waters and happy children and flowers, and perhaps music."

"Yes," said the Prince of Illusion, clapping his hands. "And mind you tell me every flower we pass—every one. And what the children are like. I won't have them—not one of them—more splendid than their prince." Then he thought of something, and turned to his mother. "Nor their mothers more beautiful than mine. See to it!"

This last to Dan, who answered, "Certainly, your highness."

It was a short drive: first, carefully over the cobbles, then, more bravely, into a street paved with asphalt. On this the children came and played because it was so much better than anything within their houses. Round and round the squalid block, on the smooth asphalt, they went—not a quarter of a mile in all. And all the way Jack could hear the joyous voices of the children. Presently, with a royal gesture, he made the coachman stop.

"What are these children doing, mama?" he asked; for they were more glad than any he had yet heard.

"Playing a game called hop-scotch. I used to play it when I was small."

Jack at once caught an interest. "Oh! what is it like?"

"You put a stone on the ground and hop and hop against it till you drive it through a maze of chalk-lines to its 'home.'"

Jack's interest vanished.

"Princes do not play hop-scotch, I think," he said severely.

"N-no," faltered the mother.

"Tell me about the children. Are they beautiful?"

It was hard to find beauty in the starved and pinched little faces; but she did it.

"Yes, they are all—all beautiful."

She described them separately. One had black hair with glowing eyes, another yellow hair with sky-like eyes, and so on, using again all the rudiments of human beauty which she had been obliged to learn so diligently.

"But none of them are better dressed than I?"

She thanked God that she could truthfully answer no to this.

"And it is still our own park?"

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"How many miles have we come?"

"I don't know, dearest; but a good many. Only we have wound and wound about till we are really not far from the palace in a straight line."

"And, mama dear, describe the spot."

"It is a beautiful place on the bank of a river called—called—"

A sudden, overpowering weariness flooded her soul.

"Peace—Peace!" she cried in smothered agony.

"Oh, that is splendid, a splendid name—the River of Peace!" said Jack.

Then he waited for her to go on.

"And there are grass and flowers down to the very edge of it—yes, even the water is covered with them—huge white lilies. And little waves lap—lap on the beach. And that is a strip of yellow pebbles."

"And the water is blue, mama dear?"

"As the sky itself, which is mirrored in it."

"And I hear people—men and women and children, I think—at a distance?"

"Yes; there are a great many. And they frolic joyously by the river bank."

"But they must not fall in!"

"There is a strong wall to make it safe for them."

"The king built that, of course?"

"Yes. And it is arranged so that they can just see over it—see the pleasure-boats go by with happy people on them. A lot of them, perhaps a hundred, are doing that just on your right."

A factory whistle shrilled deafeningly.

"What is that?" demanded Jack, in royal displeasure.

There was a moment of embarrassment.

"The whistle of the boat that is passing, your highness," said the coachman, always ready with his wits when hers failed.

"They must have softer whistles," said Jack. "I shall see to it when—"

The mother interrupted him lest he should go further.

"And just beyond is a huge clump of roses."

"Oh, mama—roses! I want them."

"Pluck them off their stems so that they wither, sweetheart?"

"No, no, no! But, mama dear, I may smell them?"

"There is no road to them, and—"

"Daniel shall carry me!"

He was already struggling upward.

The coachman telegraphed some surety to the mother's despair, and she trusted the situation to him.

"Yes, your highness," he said, taking the prince in his arms.

Dan had seen a solitary rose growing in a pot at an open window. Back from the window one might see a horror of squalor. But the rose stood there very beautiful. Dan carried the little boy to it and let him smell. It was ineffably fragrant. Then, at his asking,—very carefully, lest he might discover that there was but one,—he put the tiny fingers on the flower. Jack smelled the flower and then his fingers ecstatically. And for an instant he forgot that he was a prince.

"Dan, are there more? Are there millions and millions of them?" Then he remembered. "Daniel! show me some more!" he commanded.

"Yes, your highness."

Dan brought him in a little wavering circle back to the rose—and again and again.

"Oh! is n't this just jolly! Oh! take me to the wall and let me look out on the river. Why, I don't mind being blind—not at all! This is as good as seeing." Then he remembered again, and said in a majestic voice: "Take me to the wall and let me look out on the river, Daniel!"

"Yes, your highness," said Dan. The shabby coachman carried him the length of the block and let him look over the wall of the yard on the corner. Jack put his hands on the wooden coping and gazed outward.

"Where are the ships?"

"There, and there, and there," said Dan.

"Show me with my own hand."

The coachman took the tiny white hand and pointed with it.

"There, and there, and there."

Jack's forefinger outstretched itself, and he did with some accuracy what Dan had done.

"There, and there, and there?" he asked with a little uncertainty.

"Yes, your highness."

What the small finger pointed at were an overflowing ash-barrel, a heap of oyster-shells, a broken stove. Beyond was the mortar-flecked blank wall of the next house.

The place on the corner was a saloon. And just then came the hum of quarreling voices from within. A street piano began to play faintly in the street beyond.

"Is that the people on the ships?" asked Jack.

"Yes, your highness."

"And there are music and flags?"

"Yes, your highness."

"If the music were not so faint I could see it. I can see music. And have they noticed me? Do you suppose they know who I am? They can't see that I'm blind at this distance, can they? No. For mama says it is hard to tell that when one is quite close to me. Only the people are not to find out that I am blind, you know. They might want another prince. But it is perfectly safe here. Put me up a little higher. There. Now they *must* be able to see me. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

He shouted it against the blank wall with all the strength of his puny lungs.

"Am I high enough? Can they see my velvet jacket—and the blouse?" He pulled the white ruffles out. "Now they can, I'm sure. Give me your handkerchief!"

The good coachman did this. It sadly needed washing, but Jack waved it wildly and hurrahed again.

"But they *must* have seen that," he said in pique.

"Certainly, your highness. They all do. I see them looking this way."

"Then why don't they hurrah back to me?"

At last the coachman understood.

"They *are* doing it, your highness."

"I can't hear them."

The noise in the saloon had stopped. So had the piano. But the coachman had an inspiration.

"They are so far away now that you can barely hear them. Ships go fast, and the river is wide."

"Oh!" said the prince, disappointed, but convinced. But Dan could not bear his disappointment.

"Can't you hear it—very, very faintly?"

"Your highness," suggested Jack. It was the second omission.

"Your highness," repeated the coachman, humbly.

Jack listened with all his soul. Then his face lighted wondrously.

"Yes, yes! I hear it! I *do*!"

Such is the power of suggestion.

"It is going away from us very fast. You can't hear it now, your highness, I'm sure, because I can't."

"No," said Jack, listening. "And it has been so beautiful!"

But Dan was at the end of his invention.

"They are out of sight now, your highness."

"Oh-h-h! Not *one* left—not one?"

"The last one has just rounded the curve, your highness."

"But we will stay. There will be more."

"I don't think there will be any more, your highness."

"Daniel, you are *not* to think for me," said the prince, sharply.

And Dan was reduced to the necessity of calling in the mother for succor.

"Your highness's mother—"

It needed but that. "Oh, yes! Take me back to mama. Oh, I almost forgot, it was so splendid! We have been away from her very long." She will be lonely.

AND now they might go wearily home. It was over for that day. He would chatter and not remember until he was back in his bed. It was always so.

"Mama dear, I stood up and shouted, and they did n't hear, and they did n't see. So I got Daniel's handkerchief and waved it and waved it, and hurraed and hurraed and hurraed back. Was n't that fine? And they saw that I had on my velvet jacket and the long coat with the buttons, and I pulled out the ruffles of my new blouse so they would n't miss *that*. I had to unbutton them both to do it. And Daniel thinks they knew that I was the prince. But it was quite too far for any one to see that I was blind. And we shall go to the same spot to-morrow, mama darling, sha'n't we? For I never had such a splendid time."

"Yes, if you wish, sweetheart."

"But, mama dear, what is a pleasure-ship?"

She told him again about the building of them, the sailing of them, the beauty and splendor of them.

"And, mama, I must have some ships."

She told him he had—of course he had. And he answered:

"Of course."

A prince without ships, indeed! Nearly all the princes in the stories had ships.

"Maybe those we saw *were* mine?"

"Maybe," she said.

THE ONE RETAINER OF THE PRINCE.

ONE night when the little boy was sleeping she went out for their food while the coachman watched. They always did it thus.

When she came back with her little basket the coachman himself was asleep.

"Poor Dan!" she sighed, standing over him and smiling. "Did ever a woman have a truer friend?"

At her voice, though it was but a breath, Dan woke up.

"Why did n't you let me go?" he asked.

For sometimes Dan bought the food.

"I saw that you were tired," she said.

"Yes, I was tired. But so were you. Oh, you are always tired! I'd like to get tired for you! Let me!"

She had put the things in the closet. Now she came and stood before him. Her "cloud" had fallen back, disclosing a pair of very beautiful and sorrowful eyes and a mass of disheveled hair. The semi-darkness showed her, but like some splendid, gleaming wraith. Dan had risen and was standing with his back against the wall. He was drinking in her beauty with all his senses. Once, when her back was turned, his arms had rebelliously flung out toward her. And he himself was good to look upon, with all the poverty that clung about him. He had great, childlike eyes, and his beard grew in little blond patches.

"Poor Dan!" she said again.

She looked up at him. He looked down at her. Something within him heaved. He confined his arms behind him—pinned them to the wall with his body.

"Let me get tired—for you! Let me die—for you! You know I'd do it."

"Yes," she said, taking the chair and bowing her head.

Dan did not move from his place. He was afraid of himself in motion, afraid of his arms.

"Let me," he said again. "It is all I'm good for."

"Ah, that would be but a poor destiny. Why—don't you go away—to something better—than—this—as you can—and ought?" she asked.

"I don't want to," said Dan.

There was a silence.

"You don't ask me why?"

"No," she answered.

"You know?"

She nodded.

"Yes," he said hopelessly, "there is nothing better than this—for me or any man. That is why I stay. And I shall always stay

where you are—if it is in hell! I shall *try* to do the same if it is in heaven. You are all I have, or ever shall have. And, whether you like it or not, I am all you have—thank God!"

"Yes," she whispered.

She shook a little, and her head went lower.

"They flung me into this hole, an outcast, to die. You saved me. My God, to find one like *you* here! Oh, how I tried to account for you in all the fever! I thought you an angel finally. I *know* you are one now. God knows, you had better let me die. No!—or I would never have known any sweetness. This is all I ever had. It is enough. 'Better' things? What can be better than to be near you and help you? You cannot do without my help, thank God! That is why I stay, and why I always will stay—that I may be where you are. Not to bother you. I'm not such a brute as that, except on nights like this, when I'm blue, and—tired—tired—tired! That you will forgive again—you always do, God bless you! But simply to help you—do you hear?—to *help* you!"

He bent over her as he said that. She did not look up. And then, presently, after a long silence he went on very softly. And as he spoke he still bent worshipfully over her splendid head. He kept his arms behind him.

"And to see your hair"—he put his lips a moment upon a straying lock; she did not know, and would not—"and your eyes and your lips, and to hear you call me 'Dan, Dan,' sometimes, and to—God bless you!"

Then he shuffled out and closed the door upon himself and all the brightness there was or ever had been in the world for him.

THE next morning there was a soft knock on the door before Jack's time for rising. She knew it was Dan. It always happened thus. He was certain to find some delicate way of apologizing afterward.

She could see, when she opened to him, that he had not slept. And he could see that she had been troubled. But nothing was said of these. Oh, the tact of the lowly is sometimes wondrous!

"Can you and Jack come with me to the real park to-day?" he asked, looking down. "There is to be music—fine music. You will like that. So will he. You know he fancies that he can see the music we hear."

"But, Dan," she faltered, between delight for herself and Jack and concern for him, "what about your employment? This is your day on the street."

"Oh, that is all right," answered Dan, evasively, still looking down.

"Dan,"—she raised his head with a finger under his chin,—"*look at me*. I understand, we both understand. Don't put that in peril. For if you do, if you lose that, then—why, then, you cannot—help me!"

"Yes," said Dan, swallowing hard on something in his throat. "What do you say to going at night?"

"That will be fine," she said. "The nights are all your own—and ours."

As he went she gave him the smile he had hoped for, which assured him that she did not hate him for what had happened in the night. Always he looked for this afterward. Always he got it.

WHEN SIEGFRIED DIED.

So, that night, under the glare of electric lights, by the side of a river, indeed, Jack heard his first orchestral music. And that night something he had never known woke within him and pulsed and throbbed and burst. And that night he, indeed, saw the music.

The great orchestra was throbbing the story of Siegfried's betrayal and death when Jack gasped sobbingly and put his hands up to his eyes. His mother saw it. But he put his head under her arm, not like a prince, but like a simple little boy; and she was reassured, and put her arm tenderly about his shoulders. In this intrenchment he was very quiet and pale. He faced straight ahead, with his lids closed as if in obedience to some Spartan resolution within, until she herself, enraptured with the music, was off guard. Then he looked into her face, just once, for a long instant, and when she remembered him his head went again safely under her arm. He tried to get closer to her. She helped him.

And all the evening, when the melody would win her for a space, he would look up at her.

Once she saw, suddenly, and covered his eyes with a loving hand.

"Don't, darling," she whispered. "You might strain them. And you must not do that. Perhaps the huge lights are not good for them. You must not try. It will come of itself, in God's own time. But you must be patient—very patient till God sees fit to help us."

"Yes, mama darling," said Jack, so softly that she wondered.

"Oh, that is just my own little boy, and not the prince at all," said his mother.

"I would rather be—just—your little boy—to-night, mama, please."

"God bless you, my darling! And so you shall be. Oh, to-night I, too, like that best! But, Jack dear, you are tired. Come! Shall we go back to the palace?"

He shrank from her a little as she said it.

"Can't we stay a while longer, mama dear? The music is so beautiful! And it seems to call to me."

"Oh, sweetheart! What fancies!"

"Mama, I have heard it often. Only I did n't know what it was. And it always calls. But to-night I knew."

"You have never heard it before, darling."

"Mama dear, I guess that is so. I have *seen* it."

"Oh, Jack! See music?"

But she forbore then.

That night, as she watched him in his sleep, he seemed more pinched and shrunken than before. And there was something piteous in the way he tore his eyes open now and then. Once he sobbed; it was the first time. But then, as if some emotion had been loosed, he slept. He had never before been like that. Always he slept well.

And the next day, when they went out to drive, he was very quiet. He asked no questions and kept his gaze straight ahead.

"Jack, darling," his mother asked, "did n't you like the music?"

"Like the music? Oh, mama!"

He tucked his small head under her arm in that new fashion.

"Then why are you so strange to-day?"

"Mama dear, I am—only—thinking."

She determined that he should not think, and practised a specious gaiety. But it was difficult, for he had never been so sweet to her.

Then, on another day, she said when she ought not, as mothers will:

"Jack, my darling, don't you love me any more?"

And Jack answered almost as a man would, and with almost a man's caresses:

"With every little bit of my heart, mama darling! I never, never loved you so much. I did n't think I could. God must have sent you straight from heaven to me—darling, darling mama!"

And this, so splendid, almost made it right with her.

"But, Jack, you are *strange*; you never ask any questions now; you never scold Daniel—so like a prince! You never want anything—only to put your dear head so sweetly under my arm. Jack, my darling, I

am lonely—lonely for the other Jack, the prince! *My* prince! And you don't want me to be lonely—you said you did not. Oh, I *must* be doing something every day for my prince, or it is lonely. Jack, let us go to see the ships to-day?"

This, if anything, would win him, she thought. But Jack hesitated, and then touched her beseechingly.

"Oh, mama, do you wish it—very, very much? It is only two days since—"

"Ah, you do not," she said. "You have never taken the interest in them you did at first."

"Not to-day, mama dear, please. Perhaps—perhaps to-morrow."

He nestled his head more deeply. She closed her arm about him.

"Is it so sweet, Jack?" she whispered.

"Yes," he whispered back, very happily.

"It is all I want to-day, mama dear—oh, forever!"

"Jack dear, look up at me and smile; be a boy, if you do not like to be a prince, to-day. Give me the other Jack, dear."

She lifted his chin, and he looked straightly, almost solemnly, into her eyes. She closed out his own with her hand.

"Jack, it seems as if you *do* see, as if you saw *my soul*!"

"Yes—"

"You do—see my soul?"

"Yes; as I see the music—without knowing—except that it is beautiful."

"My prince, my boy, my mystery!" she breathed.

After a while the little boy said quietly:

"I shall be your prince, mama dear; you need not fear. I begin to understand. And I am brave, and I *shall* be your prince."

"Yes, of course," she comforted, "as soon as you get your sight."

"Yes, as soon—"

But he suddenly seemed to droop upon her, and terror possessed her heart.

"Jack!" she begged, "you are not going to be ill? Oh, you are brave! And you will not let yourself be ill. No! Fight, my darling, fight whenever the illness comes. I will help you." She closed her teeth savagely. "We have fought together for more than nine years. Think! Nine years! There are only a few more till you will—see!" She could just gasp it out. "Don't abandon me now—don't, Jack, my own! Jack, *are* you ill?"

"Why, no, mama dear!" He smiled his new, mature smile, and touched her hand as it lay in her lap. "And I am braver now than

I have ever been, mama dear. Much braver than at the fire. You may be *sure* of that."

But she made him go out. She thought that best. He yielded, smiling. And she made the day very joyous for him, so that she could say presently:

"Jack, I—I—was frightened—about the illness." She laughed with a mechanical note, and hugged him. Jack took advantage of this to ask to go home.

"Before we have seen the roses and the ships and the children and the river? Before I have told you or you have asked a thing? Don't you know that we are at that spot in the park by the river bank, where it is all so beautiful, and where the ships pass?"

"Yes," said Jack; "but, if you please, mama dear, I don't want the roses or the ships, or even the river, to-day, but only *you*. And, somehow, it is sweeter when I am in my bed, and you sitting on the side."

So they went home, and she tried piteously to be gay for him still, tried to recreate the old fashion of their life, which was gone. She said nothing, did nothing, that had not a smile in it for him. She went through all that business of the closet and Donald and Céleste, and the others in the purloins, and made it bright with laughter for him. And sometimes Jack would smile his new smile, and caress her—that man's caress which was so thrillingly sweet yet awful; and at the end she plunged her face in the pillows and sobbed in the outer room.

When she came back the little boy said:

"Don't be unhappy, mama."

"Why,"—she wrung a laugh,—"*we* have been very gay! How did you fancy that I was unhappy?"

He did not answer her. Instead he said:

"Don't be afraid, mama dear. Your prince will be as brave and strong and noble—do you hear, mama darling?—as the splendid one. And you shall be as proud of him, and as glad—oh, as glad and proud as he is of you."

"Yes, Jack, my own; I know that. I have always known it. But why do you talk so much of it now? What is there about you that I cannot grasp—that parts us?"

"There is nothing that parts us, or ever can, mama dear," smiled little Jack, kissing her to silence.

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID: WHAT
THE MOTHER DID.

THEY drove every day now. But Jack's eyes were always straight ahead, and always his head was tucked under her arm in that sweet

new fashion. If one were even more vigilant than his mother—and how *could* one be that?—one might catch now and then a flash of terror in the eyes. After that, if it were there and were not an illusion, they would close for long whiles till peace came. Then, if she looked at him or spoke to him, they would open with the new smile in them—the smile which spoke more and more of patience, honor, devotion—in one word, princeliness.

But he looked straight ahead. And when she would ask him if he were ill he would answer with his man's smile:

"Ill, mama dear, when I am seeing the music?"

Often she took him to *hear* the music—the very music they had heard that night, which he could see, but could not understand. This was the one thing for which he hungered. And though he still said it was beautiful, and more and more beautiful, he always listened with his eyes closed.

And day by day he grew more tired. So that one day he said:

"Mama darling, I am tired to-day before we start. Let us not go out, but stay at home all the whole, long day. And you will talk to me, and sing, very softly, and I shall do nothing but listen."

He laughed gleefully.

"Yes, sweetheart," she agreed. "But what shall it be? The things we have seen together? The river and the ships? The affairs of the palace? This beautiful apartment? What you are to do when you are a man and your sight has come and your leg is well? Shall it be the home-coming, perhaps very near now? What shall it be, my prince? Let us arrange a program."

"You," said Jack.

"Me? We have exhausted me long ago."

He went on without heeding her words.

"And the splendid one."

"And him," she said huskily; "you know all about him."

Again he did not heed.

"And about the ring. Why he gave it to you, why you gave it back to him, why you wear it now, when he is dead, why you were so angry."

"Yes," she said, in a long while, whispering; "and I will 'tell you true'—true!"

And she did, except one small thing.

And afterward she sang for him, the old song she cared for most, and for which he cared most because she did, until he slept. Then she thought to leave him that the cabman might go for a doctor. For something

in his sleeping face accused and terrified her. But his small hands were locked in hers, and as she tried to take them away he claimed them.

"Mama, has any one ever been to heaven and come back?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Then how do they know what kind of a place it is—how beautiful it is?"

"God has told us, just as I tell you about the beautiful earth. And we believe him, just as you—you—" her lips and throat went suddenly dry—"just as you believe me, because you love and trust me, and because I love you too well to deceive or pain—pain you. Because I 'tell you true.'"

The little boy breathed rapidly a moment.

"Heaven can't be more sweet than the earth you have made for me, mama dear."

"Oh, God bless you, my darling! But what is the matter? Why do you talk like that? Why are you so sweet and tender—and—and—different? Why do you smile in that new way, as if you were a man? I love—oh, I love everything you do and are! But would n't you rather be a little boy, a little prince, such as you were a while ago, laughing, shouting, commanding, rather than a grown, grown man?"

"Why, mama dear, that is just what I am—a little boy, a little prince!"

And to prove that he was a boy he laughed. And to prove that he was a prince he closed her mouth with his hand and said:

"You are not to ask me whether I am ill."

At this they both laughed genuinely. She had not for a long time been so reassured.

But again, that night, she watched and saw his leaden face—saw that he did not sleep, saw that he gazed about in the semi-darkness. And when she went to her own bed and slept she had the curious sense that he had been from his, trailing his crippled leg on the floor, and that he had searched for and found something—something dreadful.

"Oh, God! 'What dreams may come!'" she said.

In the morning Jack was strangely ill. The cabman brought a doctor. She held him on the stairs afterward.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm puzzled. What has happened to him?"

"Nothing," answered the mother.

"No shock? No wasting despair? No heart-breaking disappointment?"

"Heart-breaking?"

"A child's heart can be broken."

"But he! He has been absolutely happy.

He has never shed a tear. Every wish he has ever had has been gratified. He has never heard an unkind word. He has been enveloped all his little life with all the love God has given me. There has been no one but him. I told you that he was born blind and crippled." (She did not tell him how and when he was to die. She was fighting for every moment of his sweet life, and she would not put her weapons, as she fancied them, into the hands of her enemy, as she fancied him.) "I don't remember when I first understood. But there came a time when I knew that ugliness and sorrow were pain and terror to him, that beauty and joy were life. After that I made the world all beauty and joy for him. And so he thinks it. It began with my earliest teaching. Nothing that might give him pain was ever spoken of. There has been nothing but joy. And then, later, I let him think he was a prince. Was that so wrong? I had made a world for him. I had peopled it. There was not a soul in it who, if not a prince, was not princely. And was he to be less? Oh, it was not he alone. I too wished him to be a prince. Yes! And he has been that, too. Why, it was not wonderful. I had made a world. Might I not make a kingdom for my own son? And I had made emperors. Might I not make him a prince? Oh, he has lived in the kingdom I gave him more happily than any earthly prince ever did. He has been more princely than any earthly prince ever was. And he will be to the end. And he is never to know. That is why I tell you. If you were to let him know I would kill you—I! He shall never know until he is in the presence of God. And then—I pray him every night to have my forgiveness ready. Oh, I can trust Jack to forgive me, for then he will *know*. But can I trust God? That is what I ask you." She put it with a primeval savagery, which turned his pulses to a slower measure. "Can I trust God?"

"Yes," said the doctor, slowly; "I think you can trust God."

"And it was well to do it?"

This he did not answer, and she read in his face that he would not. She challenged him fiercely:

"Coward! It was well! I know, if you do not, if you are afraid, if you are bound in the conventions of a mistaken world—I know that it was well. Who but him, in all this sad world, has never shed a tear? And what is there to seek in this world but the little happiness it can give? I said he should be happy. I have kept my word. I am *glad!*"

"But—if he should pay for it with his life?" ventured the good physician, out of the maze of her Protean emotions.

"He shall not! If you cannot save him, I can! I! I have made him live this long—"

"God—" said the physician. But she did not hear him.

"—I can make him live longer. Oh, there is but one immortal, omnipotent thing in this world—but one which performs miracles—heals the sick, raises the dead. It is a mother's love. Do you hear? It is a mother's love."

The doctor looked into her face. Then he suddenly said: "God bless you!"

She held out her hands to him.

"Help me," she begged. "You know nothing of it. You are a man; I a woman—a mother. But—help me!"

He took her hands.

"Yes, with all the skill I have. But we must be on guard constantly. If he should regain his sight—the doctors do not always know—if he should regain his sight—"

He had let go of her hands and was feeling his way down the stairs. His words came back from the darkness with an almost sibylline threat.

"—it would be difficult for him to understand—forgive. Oh, yes! Quite impossible in a boy like him. The pure motive. He could not grasp that, its exaltation, its nobility. And he might not be able to—to endure the shock. He is only a boy, anemic and weak. Think a moment. Put yourself in his place. He would not survive it. He might hate you. Think of his understanding, *seeing everything!* Himself! Yourself!"

At the last word he looked upward where she stood in the dimness, in the radiance of the small lamp, like a white goddess. Then he murmured to himself:

"Ah, yourself! Seeing you! That might mend it all!"

AND HE WAS A PRINCE.

AGAIN, on the dingy stairs—it was a month later—she looked into the kind doctor's eyes. He said nothing. She leaned against the doorway and let her head droop. Then he spoke, with a compassion which had visited him not often in his busy life of healing.

"Perhaps—to-night," he said.

He began to go. But he came back a moment to where she throbbed against the doorway. He held out his hands. She did not see them. He wished to say something, but there were no words.

"To-night—" It was all he had.

Then he went for the last time down the dingy stairs.

And slowly, like the crumbling of the world she had made, she shrank to the floor.

Then she wavered back to the immaculate bed. She put her arms close about Jack, and he put his about her. They looked into each other's eyes. There were no tears.

"Oh, be brave, my darling," she whispered; "be brave! Oh, sweet one, you have been the prince all through, you have fought with me,—fight now!"

"Have I been your prince, mama dear?"

"My prince, my king, my all! Oh, Jack—Jack, my darling, *can* you go, *dare* you go, and leave me *alone*! Oh, think of the loneliness once more, once more, and be brave!"

For a moment Jack drooped sorrowfully.

"I *am* brave, mama darling," he said then, very softly. "So are you brave, mama."

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, forgive me, my sweetheart! But let us fight! *Fight!*"

"I do fight, mama dear. You don't know *how* I fight." His little voice rose in beseeching. "I do fight—for—*you!*"

"Yes! Fight now, and we shall win. Oh, how shall we do all the things we have planned when you are a man if you do not?"

She could hear their hearts throbbing in strange disunion, his slowly and fitfully, hers stridently, rebelliously. Suddenly the terror and pity of it all filled her soul. Silent, God-sent tears flooded her eyes.

And Jack, forgetting, put up his little hand and tenderly brushed them away.

"Don't cry, mama dear," he begged. "I am brave."

Then she understood. And he saw that she knew.

FOR a minute—two, five, ten—neither spoke. Then it was Jack.

"Yes," he whispered with compassion, coming closer, and very happy; "and you will forgive me, mama darling, will you not? I did not mean to let you know. But now—let me wipe the tears out of your beautiful, beautiful eyes—I thought it would hurt you. Sometimes I was not sure, you are so brave. Only—only I thought a prince would do that—not let you know—not hurt you. And I wanted to be *your* prince—always—always—for ever and ever! Oh—just as in the—stories. But perhaps this is better, because something—maybe God—made it happen. Anyhow, I am happier to have you know—even if I cannot be your prince now—only your little boy. Mama darling, I am quite happy."

He paused then, creeping more upon her. "You are my prince!" she sobbed. "Oh!—" "Yes," he whispered sweetly; "that is what I wished—ever since I knew. I wished you would say—that. Mama dear, I have not been blind since I saw the music. It is sixty-seven days. I have seen the music ever since—the strange trumpets and drums. I knew, the moment I heard it, that I was to see it. I had seen it always. And, mama dear,—this I do not like to tell,—I looked in the wonderful mirror—and I saw the picture of the splendid one—one night when you were sleeping. I got out of bed—and—I—*saw* myself—and the splendid one. But first of all, mama—mama, my darling, I saw *you*! It was the night of the music. And all the sixty-seven days—I have seen you."

He stopped, and looked up beseechingly into the tortured eyes above him.

"Mama, do you forgive me? It was so sweet to see you! Forgive me—the rest!"

"Yes; do you—forgive—me?"

It made him very happy to answer:

"With all my heart, mama darling!"

"God—bless you—Jack!"

A little silence fell, in which, again, she could hear the dithyrambic beating of their two hearts. Then Jack said very sweetly:

"Mama darling, I did n't want your heart to be hurt—any more—like—when the splendid one went—away. Mama—I wanted to go away like a prince."

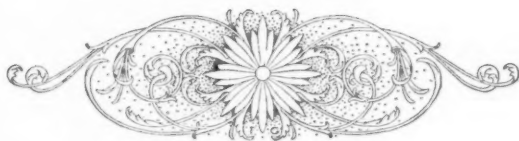
He reached vaguely upward. When he found her face he let his hands wander lovingly over it. Each dim feature felt the tiny pressure of their baby farewell. Last the hair. He let them stay among its splendid masses till they fell limply away.

The mother's arms closed avariciously about him. Their faces were close together. Their eyes spoke—each to the other for the first, the last, time.

At the end his voice was but a pleasant, happy whisper out of the shadows.

"Mama darling," it said; "there—is only—one thing—as beautiful—oh, *more*—more beautiful—than—you said—and—that—is—you."

Two tears, the first he had ever shed, came into his eyes, and then they lingeringly closed, looking into hers.



A SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

THE mountains from my window lie outrolled,
 Their solemn peaks with coronals of snow
 O'er which the fires of dawn and sunset flow,
 And keen, high ridges by fierce winds patrolled.
 With evening comes a mighty shadow cold
 Across my doorway as the sun sinks low,
 And, high above, the loftier summits show
 Faint, as the twilight tames their outlines bold.
 Then from the heights the spirit of repose
 Steals earthward, with the peace that long has lain
 Secure amid the deep, untrodden snows—
 A shadow stream, for which my soul is fain,
 That from the towering peak of silence flows,
 And pours its balm upon the toiling plain.

TROGLODYTE DWELLINGS IN CAPPADOCIA.

BY J. R. SITLLINGTON STERRETT,

Professor of Greek in Amherst College.

WITH DRAWINGS BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.



ACCORDING to its etymology the word "troglodyte" means a dweller in a *naturally* formed cavity in the earth or the rocks; but as applied to the actual troglodytes of Cappadocia it means also a human being who has his abode in a cavity, whether constructed by enlarging a natural cave or by making a new excavation.

During my travels in Asiatic Turkey in 1883-86 I came in contact with three different types of troglodytes. In the Taurus Mountains I discovered a nest of troglodytes who are near of kin to the most primitive type. The bluffs of the Bakluzan Dere have numerous dwellings in natural cavities which have been walled in roughly on the outside. Some of these dwellings are high up on the sides of the bluffs, and none of them can be reached without artificial help. The entrance to the dwellings is gained by means of a long but strong and perfectly smooth pole. An agile man might easily climb this pole and reach the entrance of the dwelling; but the ascent would seem to be impossible for the aged, as well as for most women and children, without aid of some kind from friends above. These dwellings approximate closely to the dens of primitive man, and it is evident that intercourse with the outside world is not desired by these cliff-dwellers.

The village of Serai, about twenty miles northeast of Karaman, consists entirely of a series of more or less natural cavities in the rim-rocks of the bluffs. No houses of any kind have been built for the accommodation either of man or beast, a fact due in great measure to the geological formation of the region. A stratum of hard stone overlies a thicker stratum of tufa, which, being very soft, is easily excavated. The plateau is broken by a series of ravines formed by erosion, and it so happens that bluffs with southern exposures are abundant. The natives have enlarged the natural cavities of these low bluffs into dwellings, for which the overlying stratum of hard stone serves

as a roof. Doors of any kind are entirely dispensed with, probably because the prevailing winds are from the north. At first blush the troglodyte of Serai might seem to be more primitive than the one first mentioned, for the reason that the cavities are more or less natural formations and lack every artificial accessory. But it must be noted that the element of fear of an ever-present foe is absent. It would therefore seem that these troglodytes must be ranked as less primitive than the former, and also because they occupy these dens only half of the year, as in winter they live in the ordinary village of Divli. This is but a variation of the nomadic habit, from which the Turks have never been able wholly to free themselves.

Agatharchides, a Greek geographer who flourished about 250 B.C., wrote a book on the geography and ethnography of the region of the Red Sea. His account of the habits of the primitive troglodytes has survived because it was incorporated into the works of no fewer than four different Greek writers. He tells us that the savage troglodytes were a pastoral people who were governed by sheiks and practised free love, the wives of the sheiks alone being inviolable. They frequently fought for the possession of the pasture-grounds, at first using their fists alone; but as they warmed up to their work they also made use of stones, and finally had recourse to daggers and arrows. The combatants were finally parted and brought to terms by the intervention of the women, for an unwritten law forbade a troglodyte to strike a woman. Their food consisted of meat and bones. The bones were crushed and mixed with the meat so as to form a kind of hash, which was wrapped in raw, untanned skins and roasted. This hash was prepared in a variety of ways by the cooks (who were held to be unclean persons), and the bones, meat, and skin were eaten. They also made a sausage of blood and milk. They slaughtered only the old and sickly animals, and for a peculiar reason. They did



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUBSLER.

CONES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MARTCHAN, SHOWING NOTCH LADDERS.

The great height of the cones may be seen by comparison with that of the trees on the right of the picture.

not regard human beings as their parents, but cattle and sheep, for the reason that these animals furnished them with their daily food. They sometimes wore skins, though for the most part they went nude. Those who, on account of age, were no longer able to follow the flocks tied themselves by the neck to the tail of a wild bull, and committed suicide by suffering themselves to be dragged to death. When an old man postponed the evil day as it might be thought unduly, some good friend would place a halter about his neck as a gentle reminder which nobody dared defy. Cripples and those afflicted with incurable diseases were put to death. As a result, all the troglodytes were sound in body, and most were in the prime of life.

Herodotus's account of the Ethiopian troglodytes is short, but it agrees in the main with that of Agatharchides. He tells us that they were swift of foot, that they fed on serpents, lizards, and other similar reptiles, and that their language was unlike that of any other people. However, the Greeks knew only Greek, and to them all peoples who did not speak Greek screeched like bats or twittered like birds.

Xenophon, on the contrary, gives a rather pleasing picture of the troglodytes of Ar-

menia, who may be assigned to the second type. As his account presents a picture of a fairly decent mode of life, his exact words may be quoted:

At this place Polycrates, a captain hailing from Athens, asked for leave of absence. He took with him some active young fellows, and hurried away to the village which had been allotted to Xenophon. He found there the sheik and all the villagers, as well as seventeen colts which were being reared as a tribute to the King of Persia. He also found the sheik's daughter, a bride of nine days' standing. Her husband had gone off to hunt hares, so that they did not find him in any of the villages. *The houses were underground, with entrances like that of a well, though they were spacious below. The entrances for the animals were dug out, but the men descended by means of ladders. In these houses there were goats, cows, chickens, and the young of the same. The animals were fed on hay inside the houses, which also held a store of wheat, barley, vegetables, and barley-beer in great vessels. The barley-corns floated on the liquor up to the brim of the vessels, and long and short jointless reeds lay thereupon. When desiring to drink, one had to suck the beverage through the reeds. When unmixed with water this beer was very fiery, but the drink was most acceptable when one had acquired a liking for it.*

These troglodytes were evidently happy and prosperous, because provident, and they

enjoyed the ordinary comforts of life, as well as some of the luxuries, such as beer. Of course we could not expect to find the same customs prevailing in cold Armenia as in the hot regions of the Red Sea and Ethiopia. A severe climate always makes for thrift and attendant civilization.

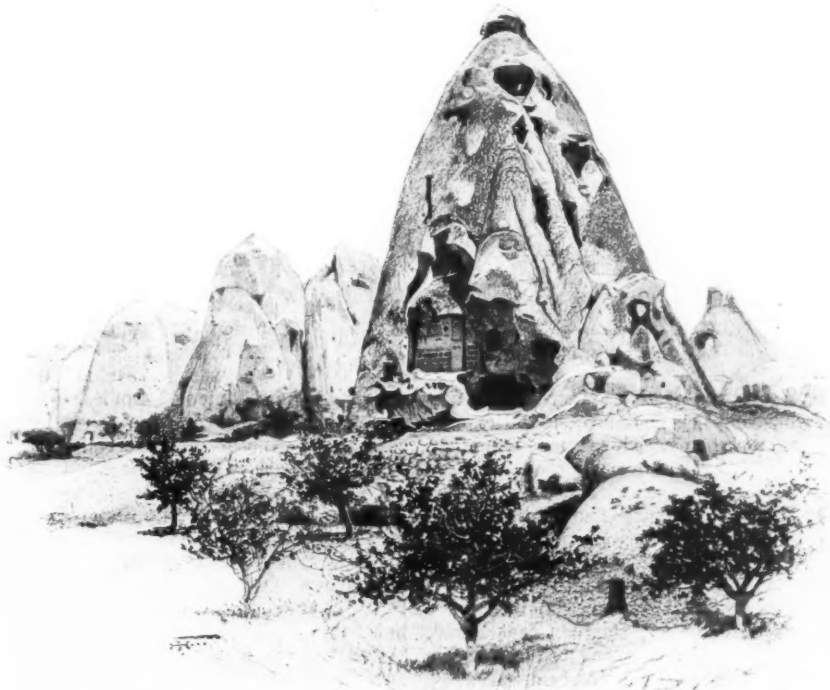
The third type of troglodytes had their abodes in cavities excavated with great labor in the living rocks. In point of civilization they were decidedly in advance of those whose acquaintance we have just made, and from the Old Testament we learn that troglodytes of this type sometimes attained to might and power, and even became arrogant and called down upon themselves the vengeance of Jehovah. The words of Obadiah in regard to the troglodytes of Edom are:

Thus saith the Lord God concerning Edom; . . . Behold, I have made thee small among the heathen: thou art greatly despised. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, *thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground?*

Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.

These appear to be astonishing words to apply to troglodytes, or dwellers in holes. But no doubt these holes were not only high above the ground, but, on occasion, might even be palatial residences, and the words of Obadiah were literally true if we apply them to the modern dwellings of the Cappadocian troglodytes.

If we draw a line through Tarsus due north across the peninsula of Asia Minor, and another through Smyrna directly east, the two lines will intersect in the volcanic region of Mount Argæus, where the cone-pyramids and pure cliff-dwellings of Cappadocia are found. The country west and southwest of Mount Argæus and Cæsarea-Mazaca is in some respects one of the most remarkable in the world. The whole region is of volcanic formation, which covers a vast area, extending west to Selme and south to Soghanlû Dere, and is composed of a deep



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHWESLER.
CONE FOREST NEAR MARTCHAN.

layer of pumice-stone, tuff, tufa, or peperine, overlaid in the region of Tatlar by rugged lava-fields, which, as will be seen, originally covered the entire area. The pumice or tufa

and width. The pumice mass was not worn away equally and evenly, as a glance at the accompanying pictures from photographs will show. In spots the overlying lava offered

a sturdier resistance to the abrasive influences, and the result was the formation of tens of thousands of more or less isolated cones or cone-pyramids. Geologists must tell us why the resultant of the erosion should be a series of cones, rather than a series of rectangular obelisks or cylindrical columns. Obelisks are found, to be sure (see picture, page 682), and I saw one cylindrical column; but cone-pyramids are the rule. In the middle distance of the picture on page 682 the rim of a bluff appears and gives approximately the original level of the pumice-field. Stratification is apparent and continues horizontally through the isolated obelisks and cones, which therefore originally formed part of an unbroken bed of pumice-stone. If we imagine a region of country twenty or more miles in diameter, some idea of the immensity of the area covered by the cone-formation may be imagined.

The first European to describe this remarkable region was Paul Lukas, who, at the beginning of the last century, traveled in Asia

Minor at the instance of Louis XIV. For more than a century Lukas had no successor, and his story of the wonders he saw was discredited by geographers and scholars alike. And yet Lukas was right in every particular, except in supposing that the cones were constructed by man, if indeed he did entertain such a belief. I have not seen the entire field of this cone-formation, though I spent three days among the cones, but I can easily believe that Lukas understated the truth when he estimated their number at fifty thousand. The region was visited in succession by Texier, Hamilton, Tschichatscheff, Ainsworth, Barth, and Mordtmann, but nevertheless it is still virtually unknown.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.
DECAYED CONES NEAR UDJ ASSARÜ.

forms a solid bed of almost incredible thickness, whose depth is not known up to the present, as the region has never been examined by a geologist. The overlying layer of lava is comparatively thin, its maximum thickness being under three feet. The tufa is so soft that it can be dug away with the thumb-nail, so that only time and patience were necessary in order to excavate it into chambers of any required size. It is known that a chamber twenty-five feet long, thirteen feet broad, and ten feet high was excavated by a single workman in the space of thirty days.

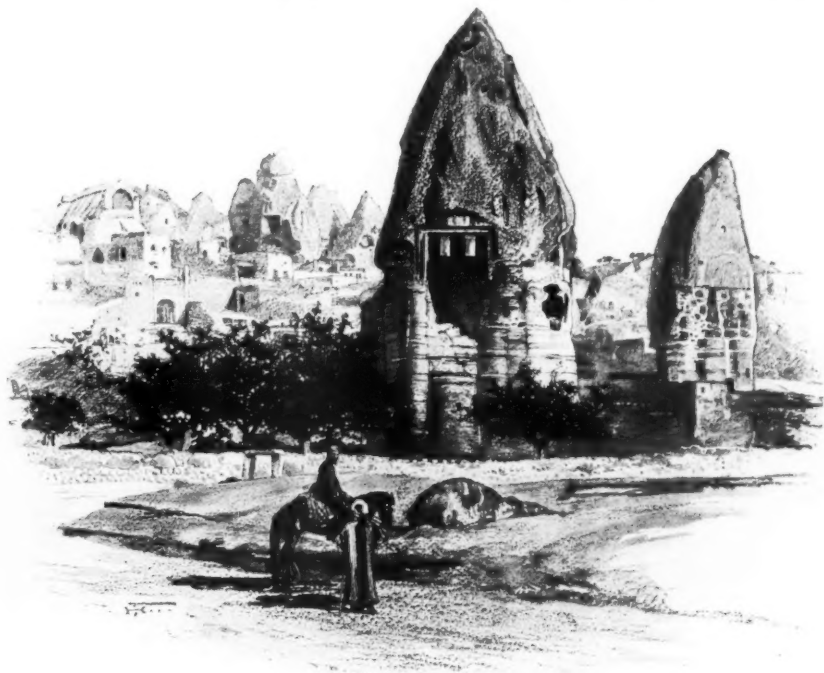
In the course of the centuries this pumice-field has been worn away by the solvent action of water, and the watercourses have gradually formed cañons of great depth

The height of the cones varies greatly, ranging perhaps from fifty to three hundred feet. One of the old travelers puts the maximum height at four hundred feet, certainly an overstatement. The tallest cones usually stand in the center of the eroded valleys, but not always. The process of disintegration still continues, of course, and in many cones the exterior wall has been worn away to such an extent that the chambers are laid bare. Such exposed chambers, if they lie fairly to the sun, are used for drying grapes, apricots, and other fruit, as they are safe against invasion by animals.

Often the cones are almost perfect in shape, and originally all of them were crowned by caps of lava (as in the picture on page 679), which were the primal cause of the cone-formation. The caps maintain their position because they form one integral conglomerate mass with the cone.

Oftentimes the doorways are quite elaborate and display an attempt at architectural and decorative effect, more especially in the case of cones that have been turned into temples, churches, or chapels (see below). Sometimes the doorway gives en-

trance direct from the ground (as in the picture on page 683), but in many cones the entrance is high above the ground, in which case ingress is attained by means of two parallel rows of holes cut at regular intervals, so that one may climb to the door with hands and feet. Sometimes there are no visible means of reaching the entrance, but this is apparent rather than actual, for the process of disintegration constantly decreases the circumference of the cones, and the original ladder-holes have disappeared. If we enter the doorway of any of these cone-dwellings, we find ourselves within a spacious chamber, about whose walls niches and shelves for the storage of small household effects have been cut into the stone. The stairways leading to the upper stories are like wells or round chimneys, and one ascended to an upper story by means of ladder-holes precisely like those which gave access to the front entrance. The floors between the stories were usually thick enough to withstand any weight that might be put upon them, but occasionally the excavators miscalculated the thickness of the floor, with the result of making one lofty chamber instead of two. I counted as many



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WATT.

A PORTION OF THE TROGLODYTE VILLAGE OF MARTCHAN.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINNEY.

LANDSCAPE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF UDJ ASSARÜ.

as nine stories in one cone, but most have only two, three, or four stories. One can easily count the stories from the outside by means of the windows. Great numbers of the cone-dwellings are used to-day as dovecotes for the hosts of pigeons, the eggs and flesh of which are used as food by the natives. The windows of such hen-coop cones are always walled in, holes of ingress being left for the birds.

A due proportion of the cones were reserved for the worship of some god, whether pagan or Christian. The period to which these belong is revealed by the imitated architecture. A cone with a portico and Doric columns belongs clearly to the period when Greek civilization was dominant. An interior with pseudo-arches belongs to the Greco-Roman period. An interior which imitates the characteristic Byzantine church (page 687) is clearly of Christian origin, though its date may be matter of dispute. The interior walls of these Byzantine churches are still covered with frescos, which of course are more or less obliterated.

Among them are found not merely portraits of Greek saints, each with the characteristic nimbus, but even pretentious paintings embracing a large number of figures. Some of these paintings are ancient in style, others more modern.

The natives of this region, to all intents and purposes, are still troglodytes. But if we leave out of consideration the fact that their dwellings are at least partially underground, they differ in habits and customs in no whit from the ordinary Turkish villagers with ordinary, humdrum surroundings. Frequently the front or façade of a house is constructed from blocks of the easily quarried pumice-stone, while all the rest of the abode is subterranean (page 685), the cone or cliff being used as an annex. But in most cases a modern dwelling is excavated, not in a cone, but in the face of the bluff, and thus it becomes a cliff-dwelling properly so called. This is true of the business street of the town of Ürgüb, where the front or façade opening on the street is the only room in the dwelling into which the light pene-

trates. The other rooms are enveloped in midnight darkness the year round. The owner of such an abode can extend his dwelling indefinitely into the bowels of the earth, and no one need know aught of his enlarged residence, a feature which is not without its advantages in a land where the wise man conceals the fact that he is wealthy. The interior chambers are used chiefly for granaries and storage. Even their chaff, which is made to take the place of our hay, is safely stowed away in these dry and dark chambers.

In passing along the main street of Ürgüb the superficial observer will not detect the slightest indication that he is in the presence of troglodyte dwellings, though he may quickly convince himself that such is the fact. The upland or plateau-level of this region abounds in hummocks, hills, and lofty pinnacles (page 686), and they are all used as an annex or background against which modern dwellings are built. It may even happen (as in the picture on page 685) that the house of the owner of a vineyard is actually located beneath the vineyard itself.

The landscapes amid which the modern

troglodyte loves to dwell are exceedingly varied, and they are never tame; indeed, they are often startling, or at least fascinating. The modern troglodytic usages add to, rather than detract from, the general weirdness of the landscape. The soil in the valleys is fertile, and produces grapes, vegetables, and fruit, chiefly apricots, of superb quality. Indeed, one of the old travelers claims this region as the original home of the apricot. Even the uplands, whose soil consists wholly of disintegrated and ash-like pumice-stone, produce not only grapes and fruit, but beans, melons, cucumbers, etc. Of course the soil even of the lowlands is still disintegrated pumice-stone, but, being capable of irrigation, it is very fertile, and is under cultivation wherever it is not too rugged. It often happens that garden and desert are close neighbors, for the reason that the garden flourishes wherever the stone has rotted sufficiently, whereas the adjacent but naked and unrotted stone is the most barren of deserts.

The real center of these white cones and troglodytic abodes is the region about Udj Assarü (page 684), a huge mass of pumice-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY E. CLEMENT.

VIEW OF A CLIFF IN SOGHANLİ DERE (ONION VALLEY).

stone which lifts its lofty head in the midst of many branching valleys. The Turkish name means "the castle of Udj," but it is not known whether Udj was the name of a man (princeling), or that of the place or district. It is a virtual shell at present, in that it is honeycombed to the very pinnacle with chambers sufficient in number to meet the wants of even the wealthiest troglodyte. It recalls vividly to mind the words of Obadiah, as does also the lofty pinnacle seen on page 686. The original level of the surrounding plateau corresponded with the summit of these lofty rocks, and all the rest of the plateau has been washed away by erosion. It is hard to conceive of such an amazing amount of erosion and disintegration, but it is clearly proved by the fact that on the very summit of the watershed of Udj Assarü a number of lofty and almost perfect cones are found. But the original level of the plateau was above the tops of these cones. In

these and similar masses the processes of erosion and disintegration were retarded by the superincumbent layer of harder stone, which, however, has now disappeared.

Journeying westward from Udj Assarü, after passing Nev Shehir one reaches a vast lava-field that overlies the pumice-stone in one unbroken sheet, which is still as rough and barren as the lava-beds of Vesuvius, and extends certainly as far as Tatlar, a village fifteen miles distant, lying in a valley formed by erosion. The cones are absent, but the activity of the troglodytes is everywhere visible in the rim-rocks of the bluffs. The excavated chambers are almost interminable, and inspire the ignorant and superstitious natives with awe, which is increased by the ever-present fear that some portion of the overhanging bluff may break away and thunder down upon the village, leaving death and destruction in its wake. This actually happened four days before my visit to Tat-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

UDJ ASSARÜ (PALACE OR CASTLE OF UDJ).



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.
TROGLODYTE VILLAGE OF MARTCHAN.

lar, when such a boulder, weighing many tons, crashed down upon the village, burying twelve houses and killing five *men* (no count was made of casualties among the women).

Soghanlū Dere (Onion Valley, page 683) lies a full day's journey south of the Ūgüb-Udj Assarū region. It is a lateral cañon of the great cañon of Ortakieui. Its cliffs also are mere shells, and contain thousands on thousands of chambers, churches, chapels, and cemeteries. Cones, though they do occur even here, are rare, and there are no temple or church façades as at Martchan. In the picture five entrances may be seen, all other openings being windows. It is plain to any observer that story rises upon story, but I did not try to discover the maximum number of stories. Soghanlū Dere is no longer inhabited by man, but thousands of pigeons have preëmpted its abandoned abodes. Both here and elsewhere many of the windows are painted for some distance on the outside, but I did not discover the reason therefor. Chapels are numerous in these cliffs, and pictures of Greek saints still abound on the walls. Many of the saints are named by

painted inscriptions, some of which I copied. In the floors of the chapels graves were cut, and in some of them human skeletons may still be seen, quite exposed. In point of fact, graves are frequently found even in the dwellings themselves, and it seems evident that the people lived in the same rooms with their pigeons and their dead.

The neighboring village of Ortakieui, situated in the cañon of the same name, is one of the few villages in the far interior of Asia Minor in which Greek is still spoken. These cañons lie far below the surrounding plateau, which is waterless and therefore a semi-desert waste during the hot season of the year; but the soil in the cañons is exceedingly fertile, and produces luxuriant gardens, which are most welcome after a sojourn in the desert of the neighboring plateau. The entrance to the cañon of Ortakieui is artificial, consisting of a roadway excavated at a convenient grade in the rim-rock of the bluff.

The problem of the age of these dwellings is difficult, and it is impossible to discuss adequately here; but I will give a brief outline of the method of reasoning by which a

date may be arrived at. The dwellings themselves give us but few data for fixing the genesis of the troglodytic habit in this region. We find on the walls of the churches no paintings of rulers, with the exception of

called troglodytes, because they concealed themselves in caves, holes, and labyrinths; as it were, in subterranean bays and recesses." Accordingly, these dwellings were in existence *before* 950 A.D.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.
LANDSCAPE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF ÜRGÜB.

those of Constantine and Helena, both of whom are saints in the Greek Orthodox Church, so that their pictures do not necessarily fix a date. Indeed, Mordtmann claims that all the mural paintings were made after Islam had become the official religion of the land. This, of course, involves a stretch of time between the advent of the Seljuks and the beginning of the last century, when the region was visited by Paul Lukas. That does not carry us back very far.

It is remarkable that no classical author, Greek or Roman, makes the slightest mention of the Cappadocian troglodytes, with the possible exception of Cicero. But we have one precious allusion to them from the pen of Leo Diaconus, who was born about 950 A.D., and wrote a history of the period between 959 and 975. In discussing the campaign of Nicephorus, Leo remarks incidentally that "the Cappadocians were formerly

But the names of the villages in this region are veritable sign-boards pointing in the direction of the truth, and it is in this connection, as Mordtmann says, that the importance of the visit of Paul Lukas becomes apparent, and then chiefly because he gives the name of Ürgüb in French as Jurcup-Estant (French *u* = German *ü*), which is certainly a valuable mistake, on the part of Lukas, for Ürgübistan, a word of Turkish formation, which means "the region or country in which Ürgüb live or are found." From a comparison with modern Armenian speech it would appear that Ürgüb means "caves or graves cut out of the rock," and Ürgüb plus the Turkish ethnic suffix *-istan*, *i. e.*, Ürgübistan, means "the region of country in which artificial cavities exist in rocks." In the "Jerusalem Itinerary" we find a village Argustana mentioned as being on the road leading from Ancyra to Tyana,

i.e., somewhere in this very region. As Ürgü-istan is none other than Argustana, these dwellings were in existence before the year 333 A.D., the date of the "Jerusalem Itinerary."

In a passage in Cicero mention is made of hiding in the *latebræ* of Pontus and Cappadocia. Now "*latebræ*" means hiding-places, retreats, lurking-places, hidden recesses. There can be little doubt that in speaking of the hiding-places of Cappadocia Cicero had precisely this region of country in mind, for as proconsul he must have seen it with his own eyes. The point is inherently probable, but it cannot be definitely proved. I am familiar with the greater part of Cappadocia, and I can think of no other region to which Cicero could be referring. If we may assume, then that he does refer to this region of cone- and cliff-dwellings, we gain a date before Christ; we are thus brought into antiquity, and are justified in looking to the tombs of the Phrygian kings for a means of comparison. There the rock-formation is similar in character to that found in Cappadocia, except that it is slightly harder. The façades of the tombs of the Phrygian kings found in Midas-town are well known from histories of art. Many of them have porticos with Doric columns similar to, but of better execution than, those found in Cappadocia.

The sculptured ornaments are sometimes identical, as the chevron-molding occurs in both places. The altars on the Acropolis of Midas-town are hewn from the rock, and not far distant is Pismish Kale (Cooked or Baked Castle), so called because the walls of circumvallation were not built, but are natural, inasmuch as the interior of the citadel has been sunk into the living rock. The cone-formation is also met with in this region, though cones are very rare and not so perfect as they are in Cappadocia. In the region of Midas-town we have to do with the abodes of the dead, but in the neighboring Ayazin dwellings for the living and Christian churches are found excavated out of the native rock. In Cappadocia no attention was paid to the exterior form of the churches or chapels, for the reason that the exterior was either determined by the cone, or was entirely

absent because immured, so to speak, in the cliff. But at Ayazin the churches have architectural form, in that great attention was paid to the structural details both of the interior and the exterior, and that, too, though the churches are in the cliffs, and not excavated in isolated hummocks or cones. There are therefore many points of resemblance and kinship between the rock-cut tombs and dwellings of Phrygia and the cone-dwellings of Cappadocia. The date of the royal tombs of Phrygia is about 800 B.C. We are getting back to a respectable antiquity. But we need not rest satisfied even with this remote date.

Around the rim of the celebrated bilingual boss of Tarkondemos there runs a cuneiform inscription, which is easily read and gives the name and the title of the king whose figure is engraved in the center of the boss (=Tarku-dimme, king of the country of Erme). On each side of the king is a duplicate inscription in Hittite hieroglyphs, which repeats the cuneiform inscription. What interests us in this inscription is the fact that the ideograph for "king" is a cone, and the ideograph for "country" is two cones. These are the veritable cones of Cappadocia. Sayce regards Cappadocia as the original home of the Hittites, and bases his theory precisely on the fact that in the Hittite



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING TROGLODYTE CHURCH OF THE BYZANTINE EPOCH.

hieroglyphs cones are used as ideographs for "king" and "country." And hereby we find that the cones of Cappadocia were well known and inhabited in the dim, distant Hittite period, at about 1900 B.C., a date beyond which we cannot go, and need not try to go.



"WITH A CRY MONSIEUR SPRANG AT MY THROAT." (SEE PAGE 693.)

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

SYNOPSIS OF THE OPENING CHAPTERS, IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

UPON the death, in 1589, of Henry III of France, the Duke of St. Quentin, one of the greatest nobles of the court, found himself without a master. He was no friend to either king or League, being too staunch a Catholic to bow to the Huguenot Henry of Navarre, too staunch a patriot to forward the ambitions of the Guises. Therefore he retired into Picardie, where he remained passive until, in the year 1593, learning the king's intention to turn Catholic, he swears allegiance to his Majesty, and during Henry's investment of Paris undertakes for him a mission into the city, the stronghold of the League. Thither follows the duke's page, Félix Broux, who tells the story.

Before he has been in the city twenty-four hours the lad Félix discovers a plot for the murder of his master. Completely in the power of the conspirators, whom he knows only as Pontou, Gervais, and Yeux-gris, Félix is saved from death at the hands of the first two by Yeux-gris, who risks his life to rescue the boy. Escaping, Félix warns the duke of the plot, but, in gratitude to his champion Yeux-gris, refuses to disclose the names or whereabouts of the plotters. St. Quentin gives the page half an hour to relent; if he will not, the truth must be flogged out of him.

VIII. CHARLES-ANDRÉ-ÉTIENNE-MARIE.

VIGO led me out into the anteroom, unpleased, but unprotesting. Those men who judged by the outside of things and, knowing Vigo's iron ways, said that he ruled Monsieur, were wrong.

The big equerry gave me over to the charge of Marcel and returned to the inner room. Hardly had the door closed behind him when the page burst out:

"What is it? What is up? What have you done, Félix?"

Now, you can guess I was too sick-hearted for chatter. I had defied and disobeyed my liege lord; I could never hope for pardon or any man's respect. They threatened me with flogging; well, let them flog. They could not make my back any sorer than my conscience was. For I had not the satisfaction in my trouble of thinking that I had done right. Monsieur's danger should have been my first consideration. What was Yeux-gris, perjured scoundrel, in comparison with M. le Duc? And yet I knew that at the end of the half-hour I should not tell; at the end of the flogging I should not tell. I had warned Monsieur; that I would have done had it been the breaking of a thousand oaths. But give up Yeux-gris? Not if they tore me limb from limb!

"What is it all about?" cried Marcel, again. "You look as glum as a Jesuit in Lent. What is the matter with you, Félix?"

"I have cooked my goose," I said gloomily.

"What have you done?"

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"Nothing that I can speak about. But I am out of Monsieur's books."

"What was old Vigo after when he took you in to Monsieur? I never saw anything so bold. When Monsieur says he is not to be disturbed, he means it."

I had nothing to tell him, and was silent.

"What is it? Can't you tell an old chum?"

"No; it is Monsieur's private business."

"Well, you are grumpy!" he cried out pettishly. "You must be out of grace." He seemed to decide that nothing was to be made out of me just now on this tack, and with unabated persistence tried another.

"Is it true, Félix, what one of the men said just now, that you tried to speak with Monsieur this morning when he drove out?"

"Yes. But Monsieur did not recognize me."

"Like enough," Marcel answered. "He has a way of late of falling into these absent fits. Monsieur is not the man he was."

"He does look older," I said, "and worn. I trow the risk he is running—"

"Pshaw!" cried Marcel, with scorn. "Is Monsieur a man to mind risks? No; it is M. le Comte."

I started like a guilty thing, remembering what Yeux-gris had told me and I, wrapped in my petty troubles, had forgotten. Monsieur had lost his only son. And I had chosen this time to defy him.

"How long ago was it?" I asked in a hushed voice.

"Since M. le Comte left us? It will be three weeks next Friday."

"How did he die?"

"Die?" echoed Marcel. "You crazy fellow, he is not dead!"

It was my turn to stare.

"Then where is he?"

"It would be money in my pouch if I knew. What made you think him dead, Félix?"

"A man told me so."

"Pardieu!" he cried in some excitement. "When? Who was it?"

"To-day. I do not know the man's name."

"It seems you know very little. Pardieu! I do not believe M. le Comte is dead. What else did your man say?"

"Nothing. He only said the Comte de Mar was dead."

"Pshaw! I don't believe it. You believe everything you hear because you are just from the country. No; if M. le Comte were dead we should hear of it. Oh, certainly, we should hear."

"But where is he, then? You say he is lost."

"Aye. He has not been seen or heard of since the day they had the quarrel."

"Who quarrelled?"

"Why, he and Monsieur," answered Marcel, in a lower voice, pointing to the door of the inner room. "M. le Comte has been his own master too long to take kindly to a hand over him; that is the whole of it. He has a quick temper. So has Monsieur."

But I thought of Monsieur's wonderful patience, and I cried:

"Shame!"

"What now?"

"To speak like that of Monsieur."

"Enfin, it is true. He is none the worse for that. But I suppose if Monsieur had a cloven hoof one must not mention it."

"One would get his head broken."

"Oh, you Broux!" he cried out. "I have not seen you for half a year. I had forgotten that with you the St. Quentins rank with the saints."

"You—you are a hired servant. You come to Monsieur as you might come to anybody. With the Broux it is different," I retorted angrily. Yet I could not but know in my heart that any hired servant might have served Monsieur better than I. My boasted loyalty—what was it but lip-service? I said more humbly: "Pshaw! it is no great matter. Tell me about the quarrel."

"And so I will, if you're civil. In the first place, there was the question of M. le Comte's marriage."

"What! is he married?"

"Oh, by no means. Monsieur would n't have it. You see, Félix," Marcel said in a tone deep with importance, "we're Navarre's men now."

"Of course," said I.

"I suppose you would say 'of course' just like that to Mayenne himself. You green-horn! It is as much as our lives are worth to side openly with Navarre. The League may attack us any day."

"I know," I said uneasily. Every chance word Marcel spoke seemed to dye my guilt the deeper. "But what has this to do with M. le Comte's marriage?" I asked him.

"Why, he was more than half a Leaguer. Perhaps he is one now. Some say he and Monsieur were at daggers drawn about politics; but I warrant it was about Mlle. de Montluc. They call her the Rose of Lorraine. She's the Duke of Mayenne's own cousin and housemate. And we're king's men, so of course it was no match for Monsieur's son. Monsieur would n't hear of it. But the backbone of the trouble was M. de Grammont."

"And who may he be?"

"He's a cousin of the house. He and M. le Comte are as thick as thieves. Before we came to Paris they lodged together. So when M. le Comte came here he brought M. de Grammont. Dare I speak ill of Monsieur's cousin, Félix? For I would say, at the risk of a broken head, that he is a sour-faced churl. You cannot deny it. You never saw him."

"No, nor M. le Comte, either."

"Why, you have seen M. le Comte!"

"Never. The only time he came to St. Quentin I was laid up in bed with a strained leg. I missed the chase. Don't you remember?"

"Why, you are right; that was the time you fell out of the buttery window when you were stealing tarts, and Margot got after you with the broomstick. I remember very well."

He was for calling up all our old pranks at the château, but it was little joy to me to think on those fortunate days when I was Monsieur's favourite. I said:

"Nay, Marcel, you were telling me of M. le Comte and the quarrel."

"Oh, as for that, it is easy told. You see, M. le Comte and this Grammont took no interest in Monsieur's affairs, and they had very little to say to him, and he to them. They had plenty of friends in Paris, Leaguers or not, and they used to go about amusing themselves. But at last M. de Grammont

had such a run of bad luck at the tables that he not only emptied his own pockets but M. le Comte's as well. I will say for M. le Comte that he would share his last sou with any one who asked."

"And so would any St. Quentin."

"Oh, you are always piping up for the St. Quentins."

"He should have no need in this house."

We jumped up to find Vigo standing behind us.

"What have you been saying of Monsieur?"

"Nothing, M. Vigo," stammered the page.

"I only said M. le Comte—"

"You are not to discuss M. le Comte. Do you hear?"

"Yes, M. Vigo."

"Then obey. And you, Félix, I shall have a little interview with you shortly."

"As you will, M. Vigo," I said hopelessly.

He went off down the corridor, and Marcel turned angrily on me.

"Mon dieu, Félix, you have got me into a nice scrape with your eternal chanting of the praises of Monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for it. Vigo never forgets."

"I am sorry," I said. "We should not have been talking of it."

"No, we should not. Come over here where we can watch both doors, and I'll tell you the rest before the old lynx gets back."

We sat down close together, and he proceeded in a low tone to disobey Vigo.

"Enfin, as I said, the two young gentlemen were quite sans le sou, for things had come to a point where M. le Duc looked pretty black at any application for funds—he has other uses for his gold, you see. One day Monsieur was expecting some one to whom he was to pay a thousand pistoles, and to have the money handy he put it in a secret drawer in his cabinet in the room yonder. The man arrives and is taken to Monsieur's private room. Monsieur gives him his orders and goes to the cabinet for his pistoles. No pistoles there!"

Marcel paused dramatically. "And what then?" I asked.

"Well, it appears he had once shown M. le Comte the trick of the drawer, so he sent for him—not to accuse him, mind you. For M. le Comte is wild enough, yet Monsieur did not think he would steal pistoles, nor would he, I will stake my oath. No, Monsieur merely asked him if he had ever shown any one the drawer, and M. le Comte answered, 'Only Grammont.'"

"And how have you learned all this?"

"Oh, one hears."

"One does, with one's ears to the keyhole."

"It behooves you, Félix, to be civil to your better!"

I made pretence of looking about me.

"Where is he?"

"He sits here. I am page to the Duke of St. Quentin. And you?"

"Touché!" I admitted bitterly enough. Little Marcel, my junior, my unquestioning follower in the old days, was now indeed my better, quite in a position to patronize.

"Continue, if you please, Marcel. Yet, in passing, I should like to ask you how much you heard of our talk in there just now."

"Nothing," he answered candidly. "When they are so far down the room, one cannot hear a word. In the affair of the pistoles, they stood near the cabinet at this end. One could not help but hear. As for listening at keyholes, I scorn it."

"Yes, it is well to scorn it. People have an unpleasant trick of opening doors so suddenly."

He laughed cheerfully.

"Old Vigo caught us, certes. Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, then Monsieur put on his proud look and said, if it was a case of no one but his son and his cousin, he preferred to drop the matter. But M. le Comte got out of him what the trouble was, and went off for Grammont, red as fire. The two together came back to Monsieur and denied up and down that either of them knew aught of his pistoles, or had told of the secret to any one. They say it was easy to see that Monsieur did not believe Grammont, but he did not give him the lie, and the matter came near dropping there, for M. le Duc would not accuse a kinsman. But then Lucas gave a new turn to the affair."

"How long has Lucas been here, Marcel? Who is he?"

"Oh, he's a rascal of a Huguenot. Monsieur picked him up at Mantes, just before we came to the city. And if he spies on Monsieur's enemies as well as he does on this household, he must be a useful man. He has that long nose of his in everything, let me tell you. Of course he was present when Monsieur missed the pistoles. So, then, quite on his own account, without any orders, he took two of the men and searched M. de Grammont's room. And in a locked chest of his which they forced open they found five hundred of the pistoles in the very box Monsieur had kept them in."

"And then?"

Marcel made a fine gesture.

"And then, pardieu! the storm broke. M. de Grammont raved like a madman. He said Lucas was the thief and had put half the sum in his chest to divert suspicion. He said it was a plot to ruin him contrived between Monsieur and his henchman, Lucas. It is true enough, certes, that Monsieur never liked him. He threatened Monsieur's life and Lucas's. He challenged Monsieur, and Monsieur declined to cross swords with a thief. He challenged Lucas, and Lucas took the cue from Monsieur. I was not there—on either side of the door. What I tell you has leaked out bit by bit from Lucas, for Monsieur keeps his mouth shut. The upshot of the matter was that Grammont goes at Lucas with a knife, and Monsieur has the guards pitch my gentleman into the street. Then M. le Comte swore a big oath that he would go with Grammont. Monsieur told him if he went in such company it would be forever. M. le Comte swore he would never come back under his father's roof if M. le Duc crawled to him on his knees to beg him."

"Ah!" I cried; "and then?"

"Marry, that 's all. M. le Comte went straight out of this gate, without horse or squire. And we have not heard a word of either of them since."

He paused, and when I made no comment, said, a trifle aggrieved:

"Eh bien, you take it calmly, but you would not had you been here. It was an altogether lively affair. It would n't surprise me a whit if some day Monsieur should be attacked as he drives out. He 's not one to forget an injury, this M. Gervais de Grammont."

At the name, intelligence flashed over me, sudden and clear as last night's lightning-gleam. Yet this thing I seemed to see was so hideous, so horrible, that my mind recoiled from it.

"Marcel," I stammered, shuddering, "Marcel—"

"Mordieu! what ails you? Is some one walking on your grave?"

"Marcel, how is M. le Comte named?"

"The Comte de Mar? Oh, do you mean his names in baptism? Charles-André-Etienne-Marie. They call him Étienne. Why do you ask? What is it?"

It was a certainty, then. Yet I could not bring myself to believe this horrible thing.

"I have never seen him. How does he look?"

"Oh, not at all like Monsieur. He has fair hair and gray eyes—que diable!"

For I had flung open Monsieur's door and dashed in.

IX. THE HONOUR OF ST. QUENTIN.

MONSIEUR was seated at his table, talking in a low tone and hurriedly to Lucas. They started and stared as I broke in upon them, and then Monsieur cried out to me:

"Ah, Félix! You have come to your senses."

"Monsieur, I will tell you all, the whole story."

He tested my honesty with a glance, then looked beyond me at Marcel, standing agape in the doorway.

"Leave us, Marcel. Go down-stairs. Leave that door open, and shut the door into the corridor."

Marcel obeyed. Monsieur turned to me with a smile.

"Now, Félix."

I had hardly been able to hold my words back while Marcel was disposed of.

"Monsieur, I knew not, myself, the names of those men. Now I have found out. They—"

My eyes met the secretary's fixed excitedly upon me, and the words died on my tongue. Even in my rage I had the grace to know that this was no story to tell Monsieur before another.

"I will tell Monsieur alone."

"You may speak before M. Lucas," he rejoined impatiently.

"No," I persisted. "I must tell Monsieur alone."

He saw in my face that I had strong reason for asking it; he said to the secretary:

"You may go, Lucas."

Lucas protested.

"M. le Duc will be wiser not to see him alone. He is not to be trusted. Perchance, Monsieur, this demand covers an attack on your life."

The warning nettled my lord. He answered curtly:

"You may go."

"Monsieur—"

"Go."

Lucas passed out, giving me, as he went, a look of hatred that startled me. But I did not pay it much heed.

"Well!" exclaimed Monsieur.

But by this time I had bethought myself what a story it was I had to tell a father of his son. I could not blurt it out in two words. I stood silent, not knowing how to start.

"Félix! Beware how much longer you abuse my patience!"

"Monsieur," I began, "the spy in the house is named Martin."

"Ah!" cried Monsieur. "So it is Louis Martin. How he knew— But go on. The others—"

"I lay the night in the Rue Coupejarrets, not far from the St. Denis gate," I said, still beating about the bush, "at the sign of the Amour de Dieu. Opposite is a closed house, shuttered with iron from garret to cellar. You can enter from a court behind. It is here that they plot."

Monsieur's brows drew together, as if he were trying to recall something half remembered, half forgotten.

"But the men," he cried, "the men!"

"They are three. One a low fellow named Pontou."

"Pontou? The name is nothing to me. The others?" He was leaning forward eagerly. I knew of what he was thinking—the quickest way to reach the Rue Coupejarrets.

"There are two others, Monsieur," I said slowly. "Young men—noble."

I looked at him. But no light whatever had broken in upon him.

"Their names, lad!"

Then, seeing him unsuspecting, the fury in my heart surged up and covered every other feeling. I shouted out:

"Gervais de Grammont and the Comte de Mar."

He looked me in the face, and he knew I was telling the truth. Unexpected as it was, hideous as it was, yet he knew I was telling the truth.

I had seen cowards turn pale, but never the colour washed from a brave man's face. The sight made my fingers itch to strangle that gray-eyed cheat.

With a cry Monsieur sprang at my throat.

"You lie, you cur!"

"No, Monsieur," I gasped; "it is the truth."

He let me go then, and laid his hand on the collar of the dog, who had sprung to his aid. But Monsieur had got a hurt from which the dumb beast's loyalty could not defend him. He stood with bowed head, a man stricken to the heart's core. Full of wrath as I was, the tears came to my eyes for Monsieur.

He recovered himself.

"It is some damnable mistake! You have been tricked!"

My rage blazed up again.

"No! They tricked me once. Not again! Not this time. I knew not who they were till now, when I talked with Marcel. The two things fitted."

"Then it is your guess! You dare to say—"

"No, I know!" I interrupted rudely, too excited to remember respect. "Shall I tell you what these men were like? I had never seen M. le Comte nor M. de Grammont before. One was broad-shouldered and heavy, with a black beard and a black scowl, whom the other called Gervais. The younger was called Étienne, tall and slender, with gray eyes and fair hair. And like you, Monsieur!" I cried, suddenly aware of it. "Mordieu, how he is like you, though he is light! In face, in voice, in manner! He speaks like you. He has your laugh. I was blind not to see it. I believe that was why I loved him so much."

"It was he whom you would not betray?"

"Aye. That was before I knew he was your son."

Thinking of the faith I had given him, my wrath boiled up again. Monsieur took me by the shoulder and looked at me as if he would look through me to the naked soul.

"How do I know that you are not lying?"

"Monsieur does know it."

"Yes," he answered after a moment.

"Alas! yes, I know it."

He stood looking at me, with the dreariest face I ever saw—the face of a man whose son has sought to murder him. Looking back on it now, I wonder that I ever went to Monsieur with that story. I wonder why I did not bury the shame and disgrace of it in my own heart, at whatever cost keep it from Monsieur. But the thought never entered my head then. I was so full of black rage against Yeux-gris—him most of all, because he had won me so—that I could feel nothing else. I knew that I pitied Monsieur, yet I hardly felt it.

"Tell me everything—how you met them—all. Else I shall not believe a word of your devilish rigmorole," Monsieur cried out.

I told him the whole shameful story, every word, from my lightning vision to my gossip with Marcel in the antechamber, he listening in hopeless silence. At length I finished. It seemed hours since he had spoken. At last he said, "Then it is true." The grayness of his face drew the cry from me:

"The villain! the black-hearted villain!"

"Take care, Félix, he is my son!"

I got hold of my cross and tore it off, breaking the chain.

"See, Monsieur. That is the cross on

which he swore the plot was not against you. He swore it, and Gervais de Grammont laughed! I swore, too, never to betray them! Two perjuries!"

I flung the cross on the floor and stamped on it, splintering it.

"Profaner!" cried Monsieur.

"It is no sacrilege!" I retorted. "That is no holy thing since he has touched it. He has made it vile—scoundrel, assassin, parricide!"

Monsieur struck the words from my lips.

"It is true," I muttered.

"Were it ten times true, you have no right to say it."

"No, I have none," I answered, shamed. I might not speak ill of a St. Quentin, though he were the devil's own. But my rage came uppermost again.

"Monsieur, I can bring you to the house in twenty minutes. You can take Vigo and a handful of men and have them prisoners before they suspect anything amiss. They are only three—he and Grammont and the lackey."

But Monsieur shook his head.

"I cannot do that."

"Why not, Monsieur?"

"Can I take my own son prisoner?"

"Monsieur need not go," said I, wondering. In his place I would have gone and killed Yeux-gris with my own hands. "Vigo and I and two more can do it. Vigo and I alone, if Monsieur would not shame him before the men." I guessed at what he was thinking.

"Not even you and Vigo," he answered. "Think you I would arrest my son like a common felon—shame him like that?"

"He has shamed himself!" I cried. I cared not whether I had a right to say it. "He has forgotten his honour."

"Aye. But I have remembered mine."

"Monsieur! Monsieur cannot mean to let him go scot-free?"

But his eyes told me that he did mean it.

"Then," I said in more and more amazement, "Monsieur forgives him?"

His face set sternly.

"No," he answered. "No, Félix. He has placed himself beyond my forgiveness."

"Then we will go there alone, we two, and kill him! Kill the three!"

He laughed. But not a man in France felt less mirthful.

"You would have me kill my son?"

"He would have killed you."

"That makes no difference."

I looked at him, groping after the

thoughts that swayed him, and catching at them dimly. I knew them for the principles of a proud and honour-ruled man, but there was no room for them in my angry heart.

"Monsieur," I cried, "will you let three villains go unpunished for the sake of one?" It was what I had meant to do, awhile back, but the case was changed now.

"Of two: Gervais de Grammont is also of my blood."

"Monsieur would spare him as well—him, the ringleader!"

"He is my cousin."

"He forgets it."

"But I do not."

"Monsieur, will you have no vengeance?"

Monsieur looked at me.

"When you are a man, Félix Broux, you will know that there are other things in this world besides vengeance. You will know that some injuries cannot be avenged. You will know that a gentleman cannot use the same weapons that blackguards use to him."

"Ah, Monsieur!" I cried. "Monsieur is indeed a nobleman!" But I was furious with him for it.

He turned abruptly and paced down the room. The dog, which had been standing at his side, stayed still, looking from him to me with puzzled, troubled eyes. He knew quite well something was wrong, and vented his feelings in a long, dismal whine. Monsieur spoke to him; Roland bounded up to him and licked his hand. They walked up and down together, comforting each other.

"At least," I cried in desperation, "Monsieur has the spy."

Monsieur laughed. Only a man in utter despair could have laughed then as he did.

"Even the spy to wreak vengeance on consoles you somewhat, Félix? But does it seem to you fair that a tool should be punished when the leaders go free?"

"No," said I; "but it is the common way."

"That is a true word," he said, turning away again.

I waited till he faced me once more.

"Monsieur will not suffer the spy to go free?"

"No, Félix. He shall be punished lest he betray again."

He passed me in his dreary walk. Half a dozen times he passed by me, a broken-hearted man, striving to collect his courage to take up his life once more. But I thought he would never get over the blow. A husband may forget his wife's treachery, and a mother will forgive her child's, but a father

can neither forget nor forgive the crime of the son who bears his name.

"Ah, Monsieur, you are noble, and I love you!" I cried from the depths of my heart, and knelt to kiss his hand.

Monsieur laid that kind hand on my shoulder.

"You shall serve me. Go now and send Vigo here. I must be looking to the country's business."

X. LUCAS AND "LE GAUCHER."

I CURSED myself for a fool that I had carried the tale to Monsieur. It should have been my business to keep a still tongue and go kill Yeux-gris myself. For this last it was not yet too late.

Marcel was hanging about in the corridor, and to him I gave the word for Vigo. I tore away from his eager questionings and hurried to the gate.

In the morning I had not been able to get in, and now I could no more get out. By Vigo's orders, no man might leave the house.

Vigo was after the spy, of course. Monsieur knew the traitor now; he would inform Vigo, and the gates would be open for the honest men. But that might take time, and I could not wait five minutes. I had the audacity to cry to the guards:

"M. le Duc will let me pass out. I refer you to M. le Duc."

The men were impressed. They had a respect for me, since I had been closeted with Monsieur. Yet they dared not disobey Vigo for their lives. In this dilemma the poor sentry, fearful of getting into trouble whatever he did, sent up an envoy to ask Monsieur. I was frightened then. I had uttered my speech in sheer bravado, and was very doubtful as to how he would answer my impudence. But presently the word came down that I might pass out.

The sun was setting as I hastened along the streets. I must reach the Rue Coupejarrets before dark, else there was no hope for me. A man in his senses would have known there was no hope anyway. Who but a madman would think of venturing back, forsworn, to those three villains, for the killing of one? It would be a miracle if aught resulted but failure and death. But I felt no jot of fear as I plunged into the mesh of crooked streets in the Coupejarrets quarter—only ardour to reach my goal. When, on turning a corner, I came upon a group of idlers choking the narrow *ruelle*, I said to myself that a dozen Parisians in the way could no more stop me than they

could stop a charge of horse. All heels and elbows I pushed into them. But, to my abasement, promptly was I seized upon by a burly porter and bidden, with a cuff, to mind my manners. Then I discovered the occasion of the crowd to be a little procession of choristers out of a neighbouring church—St. Jean of the Spire it was, though I knew then no name for it. The boys were singing, the watchers quiet, bareheaded. They sang as if there were nothing in the world but piety and love. The last level rays of the sun painted their white robes with glory, crowned them with radiant aureoles. I shut my eyes, dazzled; it was as if I beheld a heavenly host. When I opened them again the folk at my side were kneeling as the cross came by. I knelt, too, but the holy sign spoke to me only of the crucifix I had trampled on, of Yeux-gris and his lies. I prayed to the good God to let me kill Yeux-gris, prayed, kneeling there on the cobbles, with a fervour I had never reached before. I rose and ran on at redoubled speed, never doubting that a just God would strengthen my hand, would make my cause his.

I entered the little court. The shutter was fastened, as before, but I had my dagger, and could again free the bolt. I could creep up-stairs and mayhap stab Yeux-gris before they were aware of my coming. But that was not my purpose. I was no bravo to strike in the back, but the instrument of a righteous vengeance. He must know why he died.

One to three, I had no chance. But if I knocked openly it was likely that Yeux-gris, being my patron, would be the one to come down to me. Then there was the opportunity, man to man. If it were Grammont or the lackey, I would boldly declare that I would give my news to none but Yeux-gris. In pursuance of this plan, I was pounding vigorously on the door, when a voice behind me cried out blithely:

"So you are back at last, Félix Broux!"

At the first word I wheeled around. In the court entrance stood Yeux-gris, smiling and debonair. He had laid aside his sword, and held on his left arm a basket containing a loaf of bread, a roast capon, and some bottles, for all the world like an honest prentice doing his master's errand.

"Yes, I am back!" I shouted. "Back to kill you, parricide!"

He had a knife in his belt; the fight was even. I was upon him, my dagger raised to strike. He made no motion to draw, and I remembered in a flash he could not: his right

arm was powerless. He sprang back, flinging up his burdened left as a shield, and my blade buried itself in the side of the basket.

As I stabbed I heard feet thundering down the stairs within. I jerked my knife from the wicker and turned to face this new enemy. "Grammont," I thought, and that my end had come.

The door flew open, and, shoulder to shoulder like brothers, out rushed Grammont and—Lucas!

My fear was drowned in amaze. I forgot to run, and stood staring in sheer, blank bewilderment. Crying "Damned traitor!" Gervais, with drawn sword, charged at me.

I had only the little dagger. I owe my life to Yeux-gris's quick wits and no less quick fingers. Dropping the basket, he snatched a bottle from it and hurled it at Gervais.

"Ware, Grammont!" shouted Lucas, springing forward. But the missile flew too quickly. It struck Grammont square on the forehead, and he went down like a slaughtered ox.

We looked, not at him, but at Lucas—Lucas, the duke's deferential servant, the coward and skulker, Grammont's hatred, standing here by Grammont's side, glaring at us over his naked sword.

I saw in one glance that Yeux-gris was no less astounded than I, and from that instant, though the inwardness of the matter was still a riddle to me, my heart acquitted him of all dishonesty, of all complicity. His was not the face of a parricide.

"Lucas!" he cried, in a dearth of words. "*Lucas!*"

I was staring at Lucas in thick bewilderment. The man was altered utterly from the one I knew. At M. le Duc's he had been pale, nervous, and shaken—senselessly and contemptibly scared, as I thought, since he was warned of the danger and need not face it. But now he was another man. I can think only of those lanterns I have seen, set with coloured glass. They look dull enough all day, but, when the taper within is lighted, shine like jewels. So Lucas now. His face, so keen and handsome of feature, was brilliant, his eyes sparkling, his figure instinct with defiance. A smile crossed his face.

"Aye," he answered evenly, "it is Lucas."

M. le Comte appeared to be in a state of stupor. He could not for a space find his tongue to demand:

"How, in the name of Heaven, come you here?"

"To fight Grammont," Lucas answered at once.

"A lie!" I shouted. "You're Grammont's friend. You're in the plot. You came here to warn him off. It's your plot!"

"Félix! The plot?" Yeux-gris cried.

"The plot's to murder Monsieur. Martin let it out. I thought it was you and Grammont. But it's Grammont and Lucas!"

Lucas hesitated. Even now he debated whether he could not lie out of it. Then he burst into laughter.

"It seems the cat's out of the bag. Aye, M. le Comte de Mar, I came to warn Grammont off. The duke will be here straightway to arrest you. How will you like to swing for parricide?"

Yeux-gris stared at him, neither in fear nor in fury, but in utter stupefaction.

"But Gervais? He plotted with you? But he hates you!"

We gaped at Lucas like yokels at a conjurer. He made us no answer, but looked from one to the other of us with the alertness of an angry viper. We were two, but without swords. I knew he was thinking how easiest to end us both.

M. le Comte cried: "You! You come from Navarre's camp, from M. de Rosny!"

"Aye. I have outwitted more than one man."

"Mordieu! I was right to hate you!"

Lucas laughed. Yeux-gris blazed out:

"Traitor and thief! You stole the money. I said that from the first. You drove us from the house. How you and Grammont—"

"Came together? Very simple," Lucas answered with easy insolence. "Grammont did not love Monsieur, your honoured father. It was child's play to make an assignation with him and to lament the part forced on me by Monsieur. Grammont was ready enough to scent a scheme of M. le Duc's to ruin him. He had said as much to Monsieur, as you may deign to remember."

"Aye," said M. le Comte, still like a puzzled child, "he was angry with my father. But afterward he changed his mind. He knew it was you, and only you."

Lucas broke again into derisive laughter.

"M. de Grammont is as dull a dolt as ever I met, yet clever enough to gull you. He thought you must suspect. I dreaded it—needlessly. You wise St. Quentins! You never noticed what went on under your very nose."

M. le Comte sprang forward, scarlet. Lucas flourished the sword.

"The boy there saw at a glance what you

had not seen in a fortnight. He gets to the duke and blocks my game—for to-day. But if they sent him ahead to hold us till they could bring their men up, they were fools, too. I'll have the duke yet, and I'll have you now."

He rushed at the unarmed Yeux-gris. The latter darted at Grammont's fallen sword, seized it, was on guard, all in the second before Lucas reached him. He might have been in a fortnight's trance, but he was awake at last.

I trembled for him, then took heart again, as he parried thrust after thrust and pressed Lucas hard. I had never seen a man fight with his left arm before; I had not realized it could be done, being myself helpless with that hand. But as I watched this combat I speedily perceived how dangerous is a left-handed adversary. In later years I was to understand better, when M. le Comte had become known the length of the land by the title "Le Gaucher." But at this time he was in the habit, like the rest of the world, of fencing with his right hand; his dexterity with the other he rated only as a pretty accomplishment to surprise the crowd. He used his left hand scarcely as well as Lucas the right; yet, the thrust sinister being in itself a strength, they were not badly matched. I stood watching with all my eyes, when of a sudden I felt a grasp on my ankle, and the next instant was thrown heavily to the pavement.

Grammont had come to life and taken prompt part in the fray.

I fell close to him, and instantly he let go my leg and wound his arms around me. I tried to rise and could not, and we rolled about together in the wine and blood and broken glass. All the while I heard the sword-blades clashing. Yeux-gris, God be thanked! seemed to be holding his own.

Fighting Gervais was like fighting two men. Slowly but steadily he pressed me down and held me while his fingers sought my wind-pipe, and the blood from his gashes dripped warm over my face. I struggled for dear life—and could not push him back an inch.

I still held my knife, but my arms were pinned down. Gervais raised himself a little to get a better clutch, and his fingers closed on my throat. One grip, and life seemed flowing from me. My arm was free now if I could but lift it. If I could not, nevermore should I lift it on this sunny earth. I did lift it, and drove the dagger deep into him.

I could not take aim; I could not tell where the knife struck. A gasp showed he

was hit; then he clinched my throat once more. Sight went from me, and hearing. "It is no use," I thought, and then thought went, too.

But once again the saints were kind to me. The blackness passed, and I wondered what had happened that I was spared. Then saw I Grammont clutching with both hands at the dagger-hilt. After all, the blow had gone home. I had struck him in the left side under the arm. Three good inches of steel were in him.

He had turned over on his side, half off me. I scrambled out from under him. To my surprise, Yeux-gris and Lucas were still engaged. I had thought it hours since Grammont had pulled me down.

As I rose, Yeux-gris turned his head toward me. Only for a second, but in that second Lucas pinked his shoulder. I dashed between them; they lowered their points.

"First blood for me!" cried Lucas. "That serves for to-day, M. le Comte. I regret that I cannot wait to kill you, but that will come. It is necessary that I go before M. le Duc arrives. Clear the way."

M. le Comte stood his ground, barring the alley. They glared at each other motionless.

Grammont had raised himself to his knees and was trying painfully to get on his feet.

"A hand, Lucas," he gasped.

Lucas gave him a startled glance, but neither went nor spoke to him.

"I am not much hurt," said Grammont, huskily. Holding by the wall, he clambered up on his feet. He swayed, reeled forward, and clutched Lucas's arm.

"Lucas, Lucas, help me! Draw out the knife. I cannot. I shall be all right when the knife is out. Lucas, for God's sake!"

"You will die when the knife is out," said Lucas, wrenching himself free. He turned again to M. le Comte, and his eyes gleamed as he saw the blood trickling down his sleeve and the sword tremble in his hand.

"Come on, then," he cried to Yeux-gris.

But I sprang forward and seized the sword from M. le Comte's hand.

"On guard!" I shouted, and we went to work.

I could handle a sword as well as the next one. M. le Duc had taught me in his idle days at St. Quentin. It served me well now, and him, too.

The light was fading in the narrow court. Our blades shone white in the twilight as the weapons clashed in and out. I saw, without looking, Grammont leaning against the wall, his bloody face ashen, and Yeux-gris watch-

ing me with all his soul, now and then shouting a word of advice.

I had had good training, and I fought for all there was in me. Yet I was a boy not come to my full strength, and Lucas was more than my match. He drove me back farther and farther toward the house-wall. Of a sudden I slipped in a smear of blood ('t is no lying excuse, I did slip) and lost my guard. He ran his blade into my shoulder, as he had done with Yeux-gris.

He would likely have finished me had not a cry from Grammont shaken him.

"The duke!"

In truth, a deepening noise of hoofs and shouts came down the alley from the street.

Lucas looked at me, who had regained my guard and stood, little hurt, between him and M. le Comte. He could not push past me into the house and so through to the other street. He made for the alley, crying out:

"Au revoir, messieurs! We shall meet again."

Grammont seized him.

"Help me, Lucas, for the love of Christ! Don't leave me, Lucas!"

Lucas beat him off with the sword.

"Every man for himself!" he cried, and sprang down the alley.

"It is not the duke," I said to Yeux-gris. "It is most likely the watch." I paled at the thought, for the watch was the League's, and Lucas by all signs the League's tool. It might go hard with us if captured. "Go through the house, M. le Comte," I cried. "Quick, if you love your life! I'll keep them at the alley's mouth as long as I can."

Not waiting for his answer, I rushed down the passage. At the end of it I ran against Lucas, who, in his turn, had bowled into Vigo.

XI. VIGO.

I KNEW of old that it was easier to catch a weasel asleep than Vigo absent where he was needed; yet I did not expect to meet him in the alley. Monsieur, then, had changed his mind.

"Well caught!" cried Vigo, winding his arms around Lucas, who was struggling furiously for liberty. "Here, Maurice, Jules, I have number one. Ah, you young sinner! with your crew again? I thought as much. Tie the knots hard, boys. Better be quiet, you snake; you can't get away."

Lucas seemed to make up his mind to this, for he quieted down directly.

"So the game is up," he said pleasantly.

"I hoped to leave before you arrived, dear Vigo."

We had both been deprived promptly of our swords, and Lucas's wrists were roped together, but my only bond was Vigo's hand on my arm.

"Where are the others?" he demanded. "No tricks, now."

"Here," I said, and led the way down the passage. Maurice and Jules, with their prisoner, pressed after us, and half a dozen of the duke's guard after them. The rest stayed without to mind the horses and keep off the gathering crowd.

One of the men had a torch, which lighted the red pavement. Vigo saw this first.

"Morbieu! is it a shambles?"

"That is wine," I said.

"They spilled wine for effect, they spilled so little blood!" Thus Lucas, speaking with as cool devilry as if he still commanded the situation. Vigo could not know what he meant, but he asked no questions; instead, bade Lucas hold his tongue.

"I am dumb," Lucas rejoined, with a mock meekness more insolent than insolence. But we paid it no heed, for M. le Comte came forward out of the shadows. He held his head well up, but his face was white above his blood-stained doublet.

"M. Étienne! Are you hurt?" shouted Vigo.

"No, but he is." M. le Comte stepped aside to show us Grammont leaning against the wall.

"Ah!" cried Vigo, triumphantly. He and two of the men rushed at Gervais.

"You would not take me so easily but for a cursed knife in my back," Grammont muttered thickly. "For the love of Heaven, Vigo, draw it out."

With amazement Vigo perceived the knife.

"Who did it?"

"I."

"You, Félix? In the back?" Vigo looked at me, as if to demand again which side I was on.

"He lay on me, throttling me," I explained. "I stabbed any way I could."

"I trow you are a dead man," Vigo told Grammont. "Natheless, here comes the knife."

It came, with a great cry from the victim. He fell back against Vigo's man, clapping his hand to his side.

"I am done for," he gasped faintly.

"That is well," said Vigo, carefully wiping off the knife.

"Yon is the scoundrel," Grammont gasped, pointing at Lucas.

"He will die a worse death than you," said Vigo.

Grammont looked from the one to the other of us, the sullen rage in his face fading to a puzzled helplessness. He said fretfully: "Which—which is Étienne?"

He could no longer see us plain. M. le Comte came forward silently. Grammont struggled for breath in a way pitiable to see. I put my arm about him and helped the guardsman to hold him straighter. He reached out his hand and caught at M. le Comte's sleeve.

"Étienne—Étienne—pardon. It was wrong toward you—but I never had the pistoles. He called me thief—the duke. I beseech—your—pardon."

M. le Comte stood silent.

"It was all Lucas—Lucas did it," Grammont muttered with stiffening lips. "I am sorry for—it. I am dying—I cannot die—without a chance. Say you—for—give—"

Still M. le Comte held back, silent. Treachery was no less treachery though Grammont was dying. All the more that they were cousins, bedfellows, was the injury great to forgive. M. le Comte said nothing.

How Grammont found the strength only God knows, who haply in his goodness gave him a last chance of mercy. Suddenly the man straightened his sinking body, started from our hold, and went to M. le Comte, both hands stretched in appeal. And Yeux-gris, his set look melting as wax in the sun, held out his hand.

But the old comrades, estranged by traitory, were never to clasp again. As he reached M. le Comte's side, Grammont fell.

"He was a strong man," said Vigo. He turned Grammont's face up and added the word, "Dead." Vigo adored the Duke of St. Quentin. Otherwise he had no emotions.

But I was not case-hardened. And I—I myself—had slain this man, who had died slowly and in great pain. Vigo's voice sounded to me far off, as he said bluntly:

"M. le Comte, I make you my prisoner."

"No, by Heaven!" cried M. Étienne, in a vibrating voice that brought me back to reality; "no, Vigo! I am no murderer. Things may look black against me, but I am innocent. You have one villain at your feet and one a prisoner, but I am not a third! I am a St. Quentin; I do not plot against my father. I was to aid Grammont to set on Lucas, who would not answer a

challenge. I have been tricked. Gervais asked my forgiveness—you heard him. Their fool, yes—accomplice I was not. Never have I lifted my hand against my father, nor would I, whatever came. That I swear. Never have I laid eyes on Lucas since I left Monsieur's presence, till now when he came out of that door side by side with Grammont. Whatever the plot, I knew naught of it. I am a St. Quentin—no parricide!"

The ringing voice ceased, and M. le Comte stood silent, with haggard eyes on Vigo. Had he been prisoner at the bar of judgment, he could not have waited in greater anxiety. For Vigo, the yeoman and servant, never minced words to any man, nor swerved from the stark truth.

I burned to seize Vigo's arm, to spur him on to speech. Of course he believed M. Étienne; how dared he make his master wait for the assurance? On his knees he should be, imploring M. le Comte's pardon.

But no thought of humbling himself troubled Vigo. Nor did he pronounce judgment, but merely said:

"M. le Comte will go home with me now. To-morrow he can tell his story to the duke."

"I will tell it before this hour is out!"

"No. M. le Duc has left Paris. But it matters not, M. Étienne. Monsieur suspects nothing against you. Félix kept your name from him. And by the time I had screwed it out of Martin, Monsieur was gone."

"Gone out of Paris?" M. Étienne echoed blankly. To his eagerness it was as if M. le Duc were out of France.

"Aye. He meant to go to-night—Monsieur, Lucas, and I. But when Monsieur learned of this plot, he swore he'd go in open day. 'If the League must kill me,' says he, 'they can do it in daylight, with all Paris watching.' That's Monsieur!"

At this I understood how Vigo came to be in the Rue Coupejarrets. Monsieur, in his distress and anxiety to be gone from that unhappy house, had forgotten the spy. Left to his own devices, the equerry, struck with suspicion at Lucas's absence, laid instant hands on Martin, the clerk, with whom Lucas, misled in the household, had had some intimacy. It did not occur to Vigo that M. le Comte, if guilty, should be spared. At once he sounded boots and saddles.

"I will return with you, Vigo," M. le Comte said. "Does the meanest lackey in my father's house call me parricide, I must meet the charge. My father and I have differed, but if we are no longer friends we are still noblemen. I could never plot his murder,

nor, could he for one moment believe it of me."

I, guilty wretch, quailed. To take a flogging were easier than to confess to him the truth. But I conceived I must.

"Monsieur," I said, "I told M. le Duc you were guilty. I went back a second time and told him."

"And he?" cried M. Étienne.

"Yes, monsieur, he did believe it."

"Morbieu! that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave no sign."

"It is true. But he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin."

M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out: "Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. I'll none of his mercy. I expected his faith."

"You had no claim to it, M. le Comte."

"Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, sirrah!"

"I cry monsieur's pardon."

He was quite respectful and quite unabashed. He had meant no insolence. But M. Étienne had dared criticise the duke, and that Vigo did not allow.

M. Étienne glared at him in speechless wrath. It would have liked him well to bring this contumelious varlet to his knees. But how? It was a byword that Vigo minded no man's ire but the duke's. The King of France could not dash him.

Vigo went on:

"It seems I have exceeded my duty, monsieur, in coming here. Yet it turns out for the best, since Lucas is caught and M. de Grammont dead, and you cleared of suspicion."

"What!" Yeux-gris cried. "What! you call me cleared!"

Vigo looked at him in surprise.

"You said you were innocent, M. le Comte."

M. le Comte stared, without a word to answer. The equerry, all unaware of having said anything unexpected, turned to the guardsman Maurice:

"Well, is Lucas trussed? Have you searched him?"

Maurice displayed a poniard and a handful of small coins for sole booty, but Jules made haste to announce: "He has something else, though—a paper sewed up in his doublet. Shall I rip it out, M. Vigo?"

With Lucas's own knife the grinning Jules slashed his doublet from throat to thigh, to extract a folded paper the size of

your palm. Vigo pondered the superscription slowly, not much at home with the work of a quill, save those that winged arrows. M. Étienne, coming forward, with a sharp exclamation snatched the packet.

"How came you by my letter?" he demanded of Lucas.

"M. le Comte was pleased to consign it for delivery to Martin."

"What purpose had you with it?"

"Rest assured, dear monsieur, I had a purpose."

The questions were stormily vehement, the answers so gentle as to be fairly caressing. It was waste of time and dignity to parley with the scoundrel till one could back one's queries with the boot. But M. Étienne's passion knew no waiting. Thrusting the letter into his breast ere I, who had edged up to him, could catch a glimpse of its address, he cried upon Lucas:

"Speak! You were ready enough awhile ago to jeer at me for a dupe. Tell me what you would do with your dupe. You never dared open the plot to me—you did me the honour to know I would not kill my father. Then why use me blindfold? An awkward game, Lucas."

Lucas disagreed as politely as if exchanging pleasantries in a salon.

"A dexterous game, M. le Comte. Your best friends deemed you guilty. What would your enemies have said?"

"Ah-h," breathed M. Étienne.

"It dawns on you, monsieur? You are marvellously thick-witted, yet surely you must perceive. We had a dozen fellows ready to swear that your hand killed Monsieur."

"You would kill me for my father's murder?"

"Ma foi, no!" cried Lucas, airily. "What an idea! We should have let you live, in the knowledge that whenever you displeased us we could send you to the gallows."

M. le Comte, silent, stared at him with wild eyes, like one who looks into the open roof of hell. Lucas fell to laughing.

"What! hang you and let our cousin Valère succeed? Mon dieu, no! M. de Valère is a man!"

With a blow the guardsman struck the words and the laughter from his lips. But I, who no more than Lucas knew how to hold my tongue, thought I saw a better way to punish this brazen knave. I cried out:

"You are the dupe, Lucas! Aye, and coward to boot, fleeing here from—nothing. I knew naught against you—you saw that.

To slip out and warn Martin before Vigo got a chance at him—that was all you had to do. Yet you never thought of that, but rushed away here, leaving Martin to betray you. Had you stuck to your post you had been now on the road to St. Denis, instead of the road to the Grève! Fool! fool! fool!"

He winced. He had not been ashamed to betray his benefactor, to bite the hand that fed him, to desert a wounded comrade; but he was ashamed to confront his own blunder. I had the satisfaction of pricking, not his conscience, for he had none, but his pride.

"I had to warn Grammont off," he retorted. "Could I believe St. Quentin such a lack-wit as to forgive these two because they were his kin? You did better than you knew when you shut the door on me. You tracked me, you marplot, you sneak! How came you into the coil?"

"By God's grace," M. le Comte answered. He laid a hand on my shoulder and leaned there heavily. Lucas grinned.

"Ah, waxing pious, is he? The prodigal prepares to return."

M. Étienne's hand clinched on my shoulder. Vigo commanded a gag for Lucas, saying, with the only touch of anger I ever knew him to show:

"He shall hang when the king comes in. And now to horse, lads, and out of the quarter; we have wasted too much time palavering. King Henry is not in Paris yet. We shall do well not to rouse Belin, though we can make him trouble if he troubles us. Come, monsieur. Men, guard your prisoner. I misjudge if he is not cropful of the devil still."

He did not look it. His figure was drooping; his face purple and contorted, for one of the troopers had crammed his scarf into the man's mouth, half strangling him. As he was led past us, with a sudden frantic effort, fit to dislocate his jaw, he disgorged the gag to cry out wildly:

"Oh, M. l'Écuyer, have mercy! Have pity upon me! For Christ's sake, pity!"

His bravado had broken down at last. He tried to fling himself at Vigo's feet. The guards relaxed their hold to see him grovel.

That was what he had hoped for. In a flash he was out of their grasp, flying down the alley.

"To Vigo! Vigo is attacked," we heard him shout.

It was so quick, we stood dumfounded. And then we dashed after, pell-mell, tumbling over one another in our stampede. In the alley we ran against three or four of

the guard answering Lucas's cry. We lost precious seconds disentangling ourselves and shouting that it was a ruse and our prisoner escaped. When they comprehended, we all rushed together out of the passage, emerging among frightened horses and a great press of excited men.

XII. THE COMTE DE MAR.

"WHICH way went he?"

"The man who just came out?"

"This way!"

"No, yonder!"

"Nay, I saw him not."

"A man with bound hands, you say?"

"Here!"

"Down that way!"

"A man in black, was he? Here he is!"

"Fool, no; he went that way!"

M. Étienne, Vigo, I, and the guardsmen rushed hither and thither into the ever-thickening crowd, shouting after Lucas and exchanging rapid questions with every one who passed. But from the very first the search was hopeless. It was dark by this time, and a mass of people blocked the street, surging this way and that, some eagerly joining in the chase, others, from ready sympathy with any rogue, doing their best to hinder and confuse us. There was no way to tell how he had gone. A needle in a haystack is easy found compared with him who loses himself in a Paris crowd by night.

M. Étienne plunged into the first opening he saw, elbowing his way manfully. I followed in his wake, his tall bright head making as good an oriflamme as the king's plume at Ivry, but when at length we came out far down the street we had seen no trace of Lucas.

"He is gone," said M. le Comte.

"Yes, monsieur. If it were day they might find him, but not now."

"No. Even Vigo will not find him. He is worsted for once. He has let slip the shrewdest knave in France. Well, he is gone," he repeated after a minute. "It cannot be mended by me. He is off, and so am I."

"Whither, monsieur?"

"That is my concern."

"But monsieur will see M. le Duc?"

He shook his head.

"But, monsieur—"

He broke in on me fiercely.

"Think you that I—I, smirched and sullied, reeking with plots of murder—am likely to betake myself to the noblest gentleman in France?"

"He will welcome M. le Comte."

"Nay; he believed me guilty."

"But, monsieur—"

"You may not say 'but' to me."

"Pardon, monsieur. Am I to tell Vigo monsieur is gone?"

"Yes, tell him." His lip quivered; he struggled hard for steadiness. "You will go to M. le Duc, Félix, and rise in his favour, for it was you saved his life. Then tell him this from me—that some day, when I have made me worthy to enter his presence, then will I go to him and beg his forgiveness on my knees. And now farewell."

He slipped away into the darkness.

I stood hesitating for a moment. Then I followed my lord.

He slackened his pace as he heard footsteps overtake him, and where a beam of light shone out from an open door he wheeled about, thinking me a footpad.

"You, Félix?"

"Yes, monsieur; I go with M. le Comte."

"I have not permitted you."

"Then must I go in despite. Monsieur is wounded; I cannot leave him to go un-squired."

"There are lackeys to hire. I bade you seek M. le Duc."

"Is not monsieur a thought unreasonable? I cannot be in two places at once. Monsieur can send a letter. The duke has Vigo and a household. I go with M. le Comte."

"Oh," he cried, "you are a faithful servant! We are ridden to death by our faithful servants, we St. Quentins. Myself, I prefer fleas!" He added, growing angrier, "Will you leave me?"

"No, monsieur," said I.

He glowered at me, and I think he had some notion of chasing me away with his sword. But since his dignity could not so stoop, he growled:

"Come, then, if you choose to come un-asked and most unwelcome!"

With this he walked on a yard ahead of me, never turning his head nor saying a word, I following meekly, wondering whither, and devoutly hoping it might be to supper. Presently I observed that we were in a better quarter of the town, and before long we came to a broad, well-lighted inn, whence proceeded a merry chatter and rattle of dice. M. Étienne with accustomed feet turned into the court at the side, and seizing upon a drawer who was crossing from door to door, despatched him for the landlord. Mine host came, fat and smiling, unworried by the hard times, greeted Yeux-gris with acclaim as "this dear M. le Comte," won-

dered at his long absence and bloody shirt, and granted with all alacrity his three demands of a supper, a surgeon, and a bed. I stood back, ill at ease, aching at the mention of supper, and wondering whether I were to be driven off like an obtrusive puppy. But when M. le Comte, without glancing at me, said to the drawer, "Take care of my serving-man," I knew my stomach was safe.

That was the most I thought of then, I do confess, for, except for my sausage, I had not tasted food since morning. The barber came and bandaged M. le Comte and put him straight to bed, and I was left free to fall on the ample victuals set before me, and was so comfortable and happy that the Rue Coupe-jarrets seemed like an evil dream. Since that day I have been an easy mark for beggars if they could but manage to look starved.

Presently came a servant to say that my bed was spread in M. le Comte's room, and up-stairs ran I with an utterly happy heart, for I saw by this token that I was forgiven. Indeed, no sooner had I got fairly inside the door than my master raised himself on his sound elbow and called out:

"Ah, Félix, do you bear me malice for an ungrateful soul?"

"I bear malice?" I cried, flushing. "Monsieur is mocking me. I know you cannot love me, monsieur, since I attempted your life. Yet my wish is to be allowed to serve you so faithfully that you can forget it."

"Nay," he said; "I have forgotten it. And it was freely forgiven from the moment I saw Lucas at my cousin's side."

"Monsieur," I said, "for the second time you saved my life." And I dropped on my knees beside the bed to kiss his hand. But he snatched it away from me and flung his arm around my neck and kissed my cheek.

"Félix," he cried, "but for you my hands would be red with my father's blood. You shielded him from murder and me from worse. If I have any shreds of honour left 't is you have saved them to me."

"Monsieur," I stammered, "I did naught. I am your servant till I die."

"You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet! Lucas's fool!"

"Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was a plot. You know what he said—"

"Aye," he cried with bitter vehemence. "I shall remember for some time what he said. They would not kill me to make my cousin Valère duke! He was a man. But I—nom de dieu, I was not worth the killing."

"It is the League's scheming, monsieur?"

"Oh, that does not need the saying. Secretaries don't plot against dukedoms on their own account. Some high man is behind Lucas—I dare swear his Grace of Mayenne himself. It is no secret now where Monsieur stands. Yet the king's party grows so strong and the mob so cheers Monsieur, the League dare not strike openly. So they put a spy in the house to choose time and way. And the spy would not stab, for he saw he could make me do his work for him. He saw I needed but a push to come to open breach with my father. He gave the push. Oh, he could make me pull his chestnuts from the fire well enough, burning my hands so that I could never strike a free blow again. I was to be their slave, their thrall forever!"

"Never that, monsieur; never that!"

"I am not so sure," he cried. "Had it not been for the advent of a stray boy from Picardie, I trow Lucas would have put his purpose through. I was blindfolded; I saw nothing. I knew my cousin Gervais to be morose and cruel; yet I had done him no harm; I had always stood his friend. I thought him shamefully used; I let myself be turned out of my father's house to champion him. I had no more notion he was plotting my ruin than a child playing with his dolls. I was their doll, *mordieu!* their toy, their crazy fool on a chain. But life is not over yet. To-morrow I go to pledge my sword to Henry of Navarre."

"Monsieur, if he comes to the faith—"

"*Mordieu!* faith is not all. Were he a pagan of the wilderness he were better than these Leaguers. He fights honestly and bravely and generously. He could have had the city before now, save that he will not starve us. He looks the other way, and the provision-trains come in. While the Leaguers, with all their regiments, dare not openly strike down one man,—one man who has come all alone into their country,—they put a spy into his house to eat his bread and betray him; they stir up his own kin to slay him, that it may not be called the League's work. And they are most Catholic and noble gentlemen! Nay, I am done with these pious plotters who would redden my hands with my father's blood and make me outcast and despised of all men. I have spent my playtime with the League; I will go work with Henry of Navarre!"

I caught his fire.

"By St. Quentin," I cried, "we will beat these Leaguers yet!"

He laughed, yet his eyes burned with determination.

"By St. Quentin, shall we! You and I, Félix, you and I alone will overturn the whole League! We will show them what we are made of. They think lightly of me. Why not? I never took part with my father. I lazed about in these gay Paris houses, bent on my pleasure, too shallow a fop even to take sides in the fight for a kingdom. What should they see in me but an empty-headed roisterer, frittering away his life in follies? But they will find I am something more. Well, enter there!"

He dropped back among the pillows, striving to look careless, as *Maitre Menard*, the landlord, opened the door and stood shuffling on the threshold.

"Does M. le Comte sleep?" he asked me deferentially, though I think he could not but have heard M. Étienne's tirading half-way down the corridor.

"Not yet," I answered. "What is it?"

"Why, a man came with a billet for M. le Comte, and insisted it be sent in. I told him Monsieur was not to be disturbed; he had been wounded and was sleeping; I said it was not sense to wake him for a letter that would keep till morning. But he would have it 't was of instant import, and so—"

"Oh, he is not asleep," I declared, eagerly ushering the *maître* in, my mind leaping to the conclusion, for no reason save my ardent wish, that *Vigo* had discovered our whereabouts.

"I dared not deny him further," added *Maitre Menard*. "He wore the liveries of M. de Mayenne."

"Of Mayenne," I echoed, thinking of what M. Étienne had said. "*Pardieu*, it may be Lucas himself!" And snatching up my master's sword, I dashed out of the door, and was in the cabaret in three steps.

The room contained some score of men, but I, peering about by the uncertain candle-light, could find no one who in any wise resembled Lucas. A young gamester seated near the door, whom my sudden entrance had jostled, rose, demanding in the name of his outraged dignity to cross swords with me. On any other day I had deemed it impossible to say him nay, but now with a real vengeance, a quarrel à outrance, on my hands, he seemed of no consequence at all. I brushed him aside as I demanded M. de Mayenne's man. They said he was gone. I ran out into the dark court and the darker street.

A tapster, lounging in the courtyard, had seen my man pass out, and he opined, with

much reason, that I should not catch him. Yet I ran a hundred yards upstreet and back, and a hundred yards down street, shouting on the name of Lucas, calling him coward and skulker, bidding him come forth and fight me. The whole neighbourhood became aware that I wanted one Lucas to fight: lights twinkled in windows; men, women, and children poured out of doors. But Lucas, if it were he, had for the second time vanished soft-footed into the night.

I returned to M. Étienne like a dog with a drooping tail. He was alone, sitting up in bed awaiting me, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes blazing.

"He is gone," I panted. "I looked everywhere, but he was gone. Oh, if I caught Lucas—"

"You little fool!" he exclaimed. "This was not Lucas. Had you waited long enough to hear your name called, I had told you. This is no errand of Lucas, but a very different matter."

He sat a moment, thinking, still with that glitter of excitement in his eyes. The next instant he threw off the bedclothes and started to rise.

"Get my clothes, Félix. I must go to the Hôtel de Lorraine."

But I flung myself upon him, pushing him back into bed and dragging the cover over him by main force.

"You can go nowhere, M. Étienne; it is madness. The surgeon said you must lie here for three days. You will get a fever in your wounds; you shall not go."

"Get off me, 'od rot you! you're smothering me," he gasped. I cautiously relaxed my grip, still holding him down. He appealed: "Félix, I must go. So long as there is a spark of life left in me, I have no choice but to go."

"Monsieur, you said you were done with the Leaguers—with M. de Mayenne."

"Aye, so I did," he cried. "But this—but this is Lorraine."

Then, at my look of mystification, he suddenly opened his hand and tossed me the letter he had held close in his palm.

I read:

M. de Mar appears to consider himself of very little consequence, or of very great, since he is absent a whole month from the Hôtel de Lorraine. Does he think he is not missed? Or is he so sure of his standing that he fears no supplanting? In either case he is wrong. He is missed, but he will not be missed forever. He may, if he will, be forgiven; or he may, if he will, be forgotten. If he would escape oblivion, let him come to-night, at the eleventh hour, to lay his apologies at the feet of

LORANCE DE MONTLUC.

"And she—"

"Is cousin and ward to the Duke of Mayenne. Yes, and my heart's desire."

"Monsieur—"

"Aye, you begin to see it now," he cried vehemently. "You see why I have stuck to Paris these three years, why I could not follow my father into exile. It was more than a handful of pistoles caused the breach with Monsieur; more than a quarrel over Gervais de Grammont. That was the spark kindled the powder, but the train was laid."

"Then you, monsieur, were a Leaguer?"

"Nay, I was not!" he cried. "To my credit,—or my shame, as you choose,—I was not. I was neither one nor the other, neither fish nor flesh. My father thought me a Leaguer, but I was not. I was not disloyal, in deed at least, to the house that bore me. Monsieur reviled me for a skulker, a fainéant; nom de diable, he might have remembered his own three years of idleness!"

"Monsieur held out for the religion—"

"Mademoiselle is my religion," he cried, and then laughed, not merrily.

"Pardieu! for all my pains I have not won her. I have skulked and evaded and temporized for nothing. I would not join the League and break my father's heart; would not stand out against it and lose Lorraine. I have been trying these three years to please both the goat and the cabbage—with the usual ending. I have pleased nobody. I am out of Mayenne's books: he made me overtures, and I refused him. I am out of my father's books: he thinks me a traitor and parricide. And I am out of mademoiselle's: she despises me for a laggard. Had I gone in with Mayenne I had won her. Had I gone with Monsieur I was sure of a command in King Henry's army. But I, wanting both, get neither. Between two stools, I fall miserably to the ground. I am but a dawdler, a do-nothing, the butt and laughing-stock of all brave men.

"But I am done with shilly-shally!" he added, catching his breath. "For once I shall do something. Mlle. de Montluc has given me a last chance. She has sent for me, and I go. If I fall dead on her threshold, I at least die looking at her."

"Monsieur, monsieur," I cried in despair, "you will not die looking at her, for you will die out here in the street, and that will profit neither you nor her, but only Lucas and his crew."

"That is as may be. At least I make the attempt. A month back I sent her a letter.



"IN A FLASH HE WAS OUT OF THEIR GRASP, FLYING DOWN THE ALLEY."

I found it to-night in Lucas's doublet. She thinks me careless of her. I must go."

"Monsieur, you are mad," I cried. "You have said yourself Mayenne is likely to be behind Lucas. If you go you do but walk into the enemies' very jaws. It is a trap, a lure."

"Félix, beware what you say!" he interrupted with quick-blazing ire. "I do not permit such words to be spoken in connection with Mlle. de Montluc."

"But, monsieur—"

"Be quiet!" he commanded in a voice as sharp as crack of pistolet. The St. Quentins had ever the most abundant faith in those they loved. I remembered how Monsieur in just such a blaze of resentment had forbidden me to speak ill of his son. And I remembered, too, that Monsieur's faith had been justified and that my accusations were lies. Natheless, I liked not the look of this affair, and I attempted further warnings.

"Monsieur, in my opinion—"

"You are not here to hold opinions, Félix, but your tongue."

I did, at that, and stood back from the bed to let him do as it liked him. He rose and went over to the chair where his clothes lay, only to drop into it half swooning. I ran to the ewer and dashed half the water in it into his face.

"Peste, you need not drown me!" he cried testily. "I am all right; it was but a moment's dizziness." He got up again at once, but was forced to seize my shoulder to keep from falling.

"It was that damnable potion he made me drink," he muttered. "I am all right else; I am not weak. Curse the room; it reels about like a ship at sea."

I put my arm about him and led him back to bed; nor did he argue about it, but lay back with his eyes shut, so white against the white bed-linen I thought him fainted for sure. But before I could drench him again he raised his lids.

"Félix, will you go get a shutter? For I see clearly that I shall reach Mlle. de Montluc this night in no other way."

"Monsieur," I said, "I can go. I can tell your mistress you cannot walk across this room to-night. I can do my best for you, M. Étienne."

"My faith! I think I must e'en let you try. But what to bid you say to her—pardiou! I scarce know what I could say to her myself."

"I can tell her how sorely you are hurt—how you would come, but cannot."

"And make her believe it," he cried eagerly. "Do not let her think it a flimsy excuse. And yet I do think she will believe you," he added, with half a laugh. "There is something very trust-compelling about you, Félix. And assure her of my lifelong, never-failing service."

"But I thought monsieur was going to take service with Henry of Navarre."

"I was!" he cried. "I am! Oh, Félix, was ever a poor wight so harried and torn betwixt two as I? Whom Jupiter would destroy he first makes mad. I shall be gibbering in a cage before I have done with it."

"Monsieur will be gibbering in his bed unless he sleeps soon. I go now, monsieur."

"And good luck to you! Félix, I offer you no reward for this midnight journey into the house of our enemies. For recompense you will see her."

(To be continued.)

THE DETROIT BICENTENNIAL MEMORIAL.

BY ANNA MATHEWSON.

ON July 24, 1901, the people of Detroit, Michigan, hope to witness the completion of a unique memorial erected to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of their city.

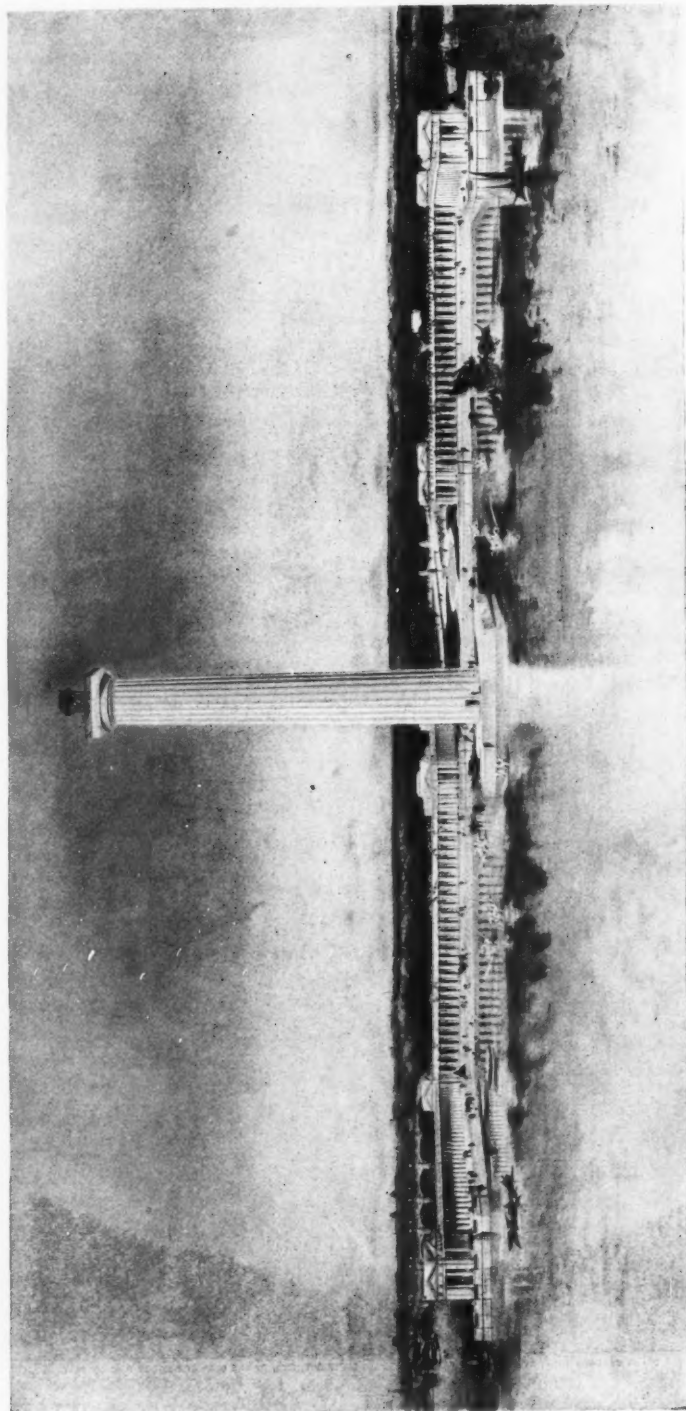
There are features of this enterprise which make it of more than local interest. The design is a gift, for the sake of art, from five of America's leading architects, sculptors, and painters; and its transmutation into

marble is to be a free-will offering of the community. Not one cent of the required million dollars is to be raised by taxation or by any means other than voluntary contribution. Perhaps the nearest parallel to this can be found in the civic pride of the craftsmen of Florence, which resulted in the building of Giotto's Campanile. The movement in Detroit, however, has been upon a broader base, all classes being included. Side by side are



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, BY PERMISSION, FROM A SKETCH. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

THE SHAFT BY NIGHT.



DESIGNED BY HUGHSON HAWLEY. COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

THE MEMORIAL BY DAY.

written the subscriptions of the factory-girl and the millionaire—unequal in amount but not in significance. Many gifts were made in memory of men who had been identified with the early life of this section, or simply as tributes to departed friends, connecting by a link of tenderness the givers and the monument.

Detroit is senior among the Western cities, and if we consider her record as a fur-trading post in 1610, she antedates Philadelphia and Baltimore. But it is the permanent settlement in 1701, by the Chevalier Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, that is to be perpetuated by the proposed memorial. To the Easterner, who sometimes classifies every outlying city as an architectural mushroom, and who has suggested that Detroit is laid out after the plan of our national capital, while Washington, in turn, resembles Versailles, it is a surprise to be reminded that Detroit was in existence when Augustine Washington, father of our first President, was a small boy; also, that before Louis XIV constructed his palace, the "Gateway of the West," as the French explorers called Detroit, was already standing open. At the time of Boston's exclusive Tea-party her Western sister was a dame of seventy years, who might have been eligible for an invitation had her patriotism been more stable.

About two years ago it was proposed to celebrate the city's bicentenary birthday by holding an exposition, but as Buffalo had pre-empted that ground for 1901, the matter was dropped. The energetic mayor, William C. Maybury, was not willing, however, to let the occasion pass unnoted. So, as the result of coöperation between the Democratic mayor and Senator James McMillan, a Republican, fourteen other public-spirited citizens were entertained by the senator at a dinner in December, 1899, and there informed that the time had come for definite action. It was decided that a permanent memorial, in some way typical of local history, should be erected, and, further, upon the suggestion of Charles L. Freer, that advice should be sought from prominent artists as to the character and location of the memorial. Five advisers were selected: Stanford White, representing the architects; Augustus St. Gaudens and Frederick MacMonnies, for the sculptors; Dwight W. Tryon and Thomas W. Dewing, from among the painters. These men were so impressed by the possibilities of the project that they volunteered to work out the problem, and have declined compensation for the services thus far rendered.

The credit for the design is Mr. White's. Detroit was visited, every possible site was surveyed, and the history and traditions of the locality were studied. Afterward, at a meeting in New York, the advisers unanimously adopted the plan embodied in the following report, which was presented by Mr. White before a gathering of citizens at the Detroit Museum of Art on February 22, 1900:

Your committee is of the undivided opinion that the lower point of the park on Belle Isle, in the center of the Detroit River, is, beyond question, the situation preferable to all others, and offers an opportunity without parallel in the world. A monument erected here would be commanding and significant as on no other site. It would stand as a gateway and beacon to the commerce of the West; and it has been the endeavor of your committee, in the design submitted, to present a monument that preserves this beacon-like character and significance.

The design contemplates the erection of a great Doric column, the highest in the world,—surrounded by groups of sculpture in the water,—treated in the character of the memorial columns of classic time, and supporting a tripod which would assume a torch-like character at night by the use of electricity and by a great flame of natural gas, so characteristic of the West and impossible elsewhere. This light at night would command the river and both lakes.

The design further contemplates, as a support and surrounding to the column, a great basin, flanked by flights of steps supporting colonnades, in the center of which would rest the statue of Cadillac, or a group of sculpture embodying, with the statue of Cadillac, the story of the discoverers; and upon the connecting esplanade positions are afforded for the future erection of statues of distinguished citizens of Detroit.

In order that the column should center on the avenue of trees which now exists upon the island, and be seen from one end of the Grand Central Boulevard to the other, the present casino would have to be removed, and the avenue of trees connected with the column by a formal rectangular lake, in which illuminated fountains might play at night, and upon each side of which formal gardens are part of the design. . . .

Your committee has undertaken the consideration of this memorial with the greatest enthusiasm; they feel that there is here offered an unrivaled opportunity, and that if such a design is artistically and properly carried out the Detroit column would forever stand as the sign and insignia of the city the world over, and rank with the famous monuments of all time.

The column will measure twenty-four feet in diameter at its base and rise to a height of two hundred and twenty feet. The colonnades forming the court are nine hundred feet in length, with a wing at each end pro-

jecting three hundred feet. The shaft, pillars, corner pavilions, and steps will be of America's fairest marble, in striking contrast to the deep blue of the river and the background of forest trees, untouched since the days of the Indian. The surmounting tripod of bronze will be a fitting addition; and its flame of gas, direct from nature's laboratory, will be seen far up and down the highway of the Great Lakes.

It was natural that many citizens should have individual preferences regarding the form of their bicentenary tribute, but these ideas could not make any stand when the cartoon prepared by the designer and his confrères was publicly exhibited. The plan took its place as an original conception, beside which all previous suggestions were but imitations of something to be seen elsewhere. It found a warm welcome in the hearts of an art-loving community, for such Detroit may justly claim to be. The careful consideration which is given to art in the city schools may be a factor in this; and it is to be observed that during the past six years courses of twenty-five free lectures on art have been annually attended by over fifteen thousand persons, who, after filling the lecture-hall of the Museum of Art, crowd the windows and stairways in their pursuit of knowledge.

On the other hand, it is no marvel that the artists are enthusiastic over the site chosen for the project. Belle Isle, the people's favorite park, lying midway between the Canadian and American shores, is connected with the city by a bridge and is easily accessible by ferries. Its extent is seven hundred acres, and thirty-eight will be added by the reclamation of ground upon which the colonnades are to stand. According to legends, it was to this island that the sorrowing savages brought the fragments of their idol, a stone image of Manitou, broken by the zealous missionaries, but afterward collected by the unconverted, who then set aside this spot as sacred to the Great Spirit. The river, although but little over a mile in width at this point, plays an important part in the artistic scheme. Flowing from the inexhaustible Northern lakes, its serene waters are never affected by flood or drought, and bring no terror to the inhabitants of its shores. Along this stream, for eight months

of the year, passes that procession of vessels which is the wonder of the commercial world; and if one believes in the uplifting power of art, there will be many thousand lives touched with inspiration when the white beauty of the memorial column shall speak to the passer-by.

The romantic history of the Northwest will furnish many suitable subjects for the groups or statues suggested as accessories to the memorial. Besides the name of Cadillac may be mentioned La Salle, Champlain, St. Clair, Joliet, and Marquette; George Rogers Clark, whose victory over the British at Kaskaskia determined that Detroit should be an American possession; Daniel Boone, who was a prisoner here during the Revolution; Israel Putnam, who came with Bradstreet's army after the Pontiac conspiracy; Benjamin Harrison, who commanded the forces at the British evacuation, and Commodore Perry. Perhaps Tecumseh and Pontiac should also find places. The latter's siege of Detroit, lasting for four months in 1763, has been described as unequaled in Indian warfare "for comprehensiveness of plan and skill in execution." But let there be also some recognition of that nameless Indian girl whose higher nature impelled her to save the garrison by revealing Pontiac's conspiracy.

Indeed, from that far-away deliverer down to the women of to-day, earnestly working as the Women's Auxiliary to aid in the erection of the memorial and in its future care, there have been milestones set along the way of the city's development that show the traces of womanly influence. The name of Belle Isle was given in honor of Isabelle Cass, daughter of Governor Lewis Cass. There should be in imperishable marble one group to signalize the wifely devotion of Mme. Cadillac, no less than the fact that she and her companion, Mme. Tonty, were the first white women to land upon this site. Their perilous voyage of one thousand miles in birch-bark canoes, under the guidance of Indians, was successfully completed in the spring of 1702. Transformed by their presence, the fort became a home; and that power must have lasted, for now the most affectionate sobriquet of the many bestowed upon Detroit is that of the "City of Homes."

NOTE.—As we go to press we learn that the above project may be abandoned for lack of funds. Even if the contemplated memorial be not realized, the artistic value of the design makes it worthy of record.—EDITOR.



EOLA.

BY BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD.

SAY, can you tell me the way to Eola?—
There where Apollo's god-melody rang
Into the sky from his harp as he sang.

All the day long do I search for Eola,
High on the mountain, deep in the dale,
Until the daylight in heaven grows pale.

Then do I lie down to dream of Eola,
Haunted at night by the longing I bear,
Even though sleeping I yearn to be there—

There, far away in this sacred Eola,
Where his great secret of heavenly sound
Woven of music and thought can be found.

Once on the undulate breast of Eola,
While he was playing at tending his sheep,
Phœbus Apollo sank into a sleep.

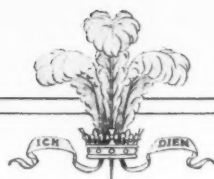
And on a rock, to this day in Eola,
Rested Apollo his pulsating lyre,
Filled as it fell from his hands with his fire.

Thus as he lay on the breast of Eola,
Into this stone from his harp-strings there crept
Some of his melody, while yet he slept.

Oh, could I find it, this heart of Eola,
Touch its mute lips, that they quiver and yield
Passions of harmony ages have sealed!

Say, can you tell me the way to Eola?—
There where Apollo's god-melody rang
Into the sky from his harp as he sang.





H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
IN THE COSTUME OF A KNIGHT OF MALTA.
FROM THE MINIATURE BY
AMALIA KÜSSNER.

PAINTED AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE IN JULY
1897, BY ORDER, AND PRESENTED TO H.R.H.
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



H. I. M. THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

FROM THE MINIATURE BY
AMALIA KÜSSNER.

PAINTED AT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERS-
BURG, IN APRIL, 1899, BY ORDER, AND PRESENTED
TO H. I. M. THE CZARINA.



A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN BERING SEA

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

THE SEAL ISLANDS.

IT was the 8th of July, 1899, when the *George W. Elder*, bearing the Harriman expedition,¹ steamed out of Dutch Harbor. The first hour or two we sailed past high, rolling green hills, cut squarely off by the sea, presenting cliffs seven or eight hundred feet high, of soft, reddish, crumbling rock, a kind of clay porphyry of volcanic origin, touched here and there on the face with the tenderest green. It was as if some green fluid had been poured upon the tops of the hills, and had run down and dripped off the rock eaves and been caught upon every shelf and projection. The color was deepest in all the wrinkles and folds of the slopes and in the valley bottoms. At one point we looked into a deep, smooth valley, or trough, opening upon the sea, its shore-line a complete half-circle. Its bottom was nearly at the water-level, and was as fresh and vivid as the

¹ For a narrative by the same writer of the preceding portion of the cruise, with map, see the August CENTURY.

greenest lawn. Some one suggested that it looked like a huge dry-dock, if dry-docks were ever carpeted with grass. The effect was extremely strange and beautiful. The clouds rested low across the hills and formed a dense canopy over the vast, verdant cradle. Under this canopy we looked along a soft green vista for miles back into the hills, where patches of snow were visible. At another point a similar trough had been carved down to within a hundred or more feet of the sea, and upon its rocky face hung a beautiful waterfall. Then followed other lesser valleys that did not show the same glacial erosion; they were V-shaped instead of U-shaped, each with a waterfall tumbling into the sea. There were three of these in succession, cutting the rocky sea-front into pyramidal forms. Often the talus at the foot of the cliffs was touched by the same magic green. Then opened up larger valleys, into which we looked under a rolled-up drop-curtain of cloud. One of them was lighted up by the sun, and we saw an irregularly shaped



DRAWN BY M. J. BURN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. H. HARRIMAN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKER.

THE WATERS OF DUTCH HARBOR, WITH KULAK VILLAGE TO THE LEFT.

valley landscape, suggesting endless possibilities of flocks and herds and rural homes; here again the green fluid seemed to have found its way down the creases and runnels, and was deepest there.

Everywhere there was a sweep of green skirts, such as these Alaska hills and moun-

of myriads of murres, a species of diver. With our glasses we could see the murres, when we were several miles away, making the air almost thick about the rocks as with clouds of black specks. We could see the sea-lions, too, great windrows of them upon the beach. We dropped anchor about two



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE ON THE EXPEDITION. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. HAY.

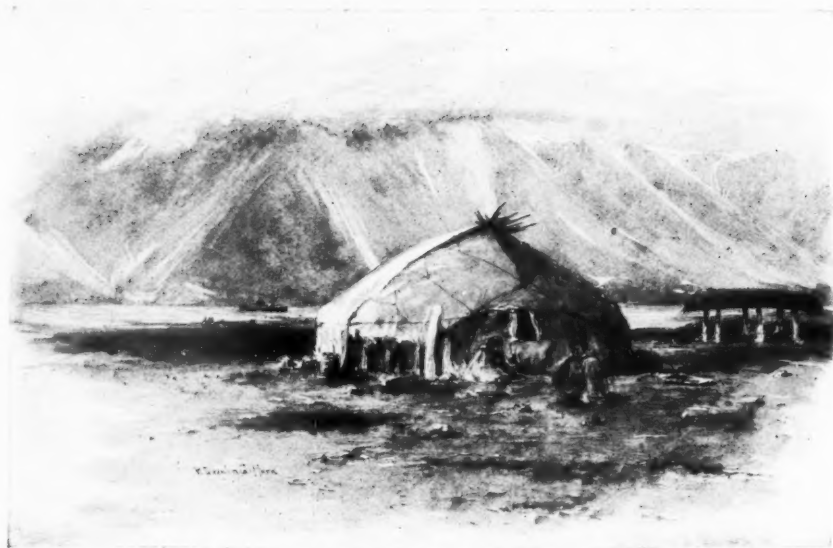
FUR-SEALS, ST. PAUL ISLAND.

tains present, often trailing to the sea. I never tired of them, and if I dwell upon them unduly, let the reader remember that a thousand miles of this kind of scenery, passing slowly before one on a succession of summer days, makes an impression not easily thrown off.

Before many hours we ran into lowering, misty weather in Bering Sea, and about seven o'clock were off the Bogoslof Islands, two abrupt volcanic mounds, one of them thrown up in recent years, and the breeding-grounds of innumerable sea-lions, yes, and

miles away, and a party of eight went ashore in a boat. It was a hazardous proceeding, our captain thought, as the fog seemed likely to drop at any moment and obliterate islands and ship alike: but it did not drop; only the top of the islands was obliterated. We could see the sea-lions lift themselves up and gather in groups as the boat approached them.

After the landing was effected, they disappeared, and we could see the spray rise up as the monsters plunged into the water. Hundreds of them were in a small lake a



DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A WINTER TOPEK, PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA.

few rods back from the shore, and the spectacle which the procession of huge creatures made rushing across the beach to the sea was described as something most extraordinary. Those who were so fortunate as to witness it placed it among the three or four most memorable events of their lives.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 9, we dropped anchor off St. Paul Island, one of the Pribilofs, the famous resort of the fur-seals. A special permit from the Secretary of the Treasury gave us this privilege. There is no harbor here, and the landing, even in calm weather, requires to be carefully managed. The island is low, with a fringe of loose boulders around it, which in places looks almost like an artificial wall. The government agent conducted us a mile or more, through wild meadows starred with flowers and covered with grass nearly knee-high, to the boulder-paved shore where the seals were congregated. Those of our party who had been there before, not many years back, were astonished at the diminished numbers of the animals—hardly one tenth of the earlier myriads. We visited eight or ten harems, as they are called, groups of a dozen or more females, each presided over by a bull seal, whose position was usually upon a kind of throne or higher boulder in the midst of his wives. Every few minutes this male, who was much larger and darker in color than the females, would lift himself

up and glance about over his circle, as if counting his flock, then snarl at some rival a few yards away, or turn and threaten us. We gazed upon them and trained our cameras upon them from the ground fifty or a hundred feet above them. Often a young male, wifeless, and crowded back by the older bulls, threatened us, near the edge of the grass, with continued demonstrations of anger. These unmated males were in a bad humor, and our appearance seemed to furnish them with a good excuse for giving vent to their feelings. In this market the females belong to the strong. We saw several forlorn old males hovering about who had played the game and lost. They looked like bankrupt gamblers at a watering-place. The females are much smaller and lighter in color than their lords and masters. They lay very quietly upon the rocks, now and then casting uneasy glances at us. The seal's head is small and his jaws are slender, and his snarls and threats are not very terrifying.

Lying there in masses, or wriggling about upon the rocks, all their lines soft and flowing, all their motions hampered, they suggested a huge kind of larva, or something between the grub and the mature insect. They appeared to be yet in a kind of sack or envelop. The males wriggle about like a man in a bag, but once in the water they are a part of the wave, as fleet and nimble as a fish, or as a bird in the air. In the

sounds which they continually emitted they did not remind one of bulls or cows, but of sheep. We seemed to be in some vast sheepfold. The hoarse staccato bleating of the males was precisely like that of old rams, while the shriller calls of the females and the finer treble of the pups were equally like those of ewes and lambs. Some belated females were still arriving while we looked on. They came in timidly, lifted themselves upon the edge of the rocks, and looked about

about over the flowery meads. On a big windrow of boulders along the beach near where we landed were swarms of the little auk.

SIBERIA.

ACCORDING to our original program, our outward journey should have ended here; but Mrs. Harriman expressed a wish to see Siberia, and, if all went well, the midnight sun. "Very well," replied Mr. Harriman, "we will go to Siberia"; and toward that



DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. H. HARRIMAN HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

ESKIMO SUMMER TOPEK, PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA.

as if to find a vacant place or to receive a welcome. Much threatening and sparring was going on among the males, but I saw none actually come to blows; a firm stand on the part of each seemed all that was necessary to preserve his household intact. Others, however, reported having seen bloody encounters.

By careful movements and low tones, we went about without much exciting them.

On this island we first saw the yellow poppy. It was scattered everywhere in the grass like the crimson poppy of Europe. A wonderful display of other wild flowers was about our feet as we walked. Here also the Lapland longspur was in song, and a few snow-buntings in white plumage drifted

barren shore our prow was turned. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we left St. Paul's; a dense fog was prevailing, hiding the shore. We had not been half an hour under way when a raking blow from some source made the ship tremble from stem to stern; then another, and another still more severe. Many of the company were at dinner; all sprang to their feet and looked the surprise and alarm they did not speak. The engines were quickly reversed, and in a few moments the ship's prow swung off to the right, and the danger was past. The stern of the ship, which sat two feet deeper in the water than the bow, had raked across the rocks. No damage was done, and we had had a novel sensation, something



DOWN BY M. J. BURNS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE ON THE EXPEDITION.

ESKIMOS IN SKIN BOATS, PORT CLARENCE, BERING STRAIT.



DRAWN BY P. SWAIN GIFFORD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE WHALING FLEET AT PORT CLARENCE.

analogous, I fancy, to the feeling one has upon land during a slight earthquake.

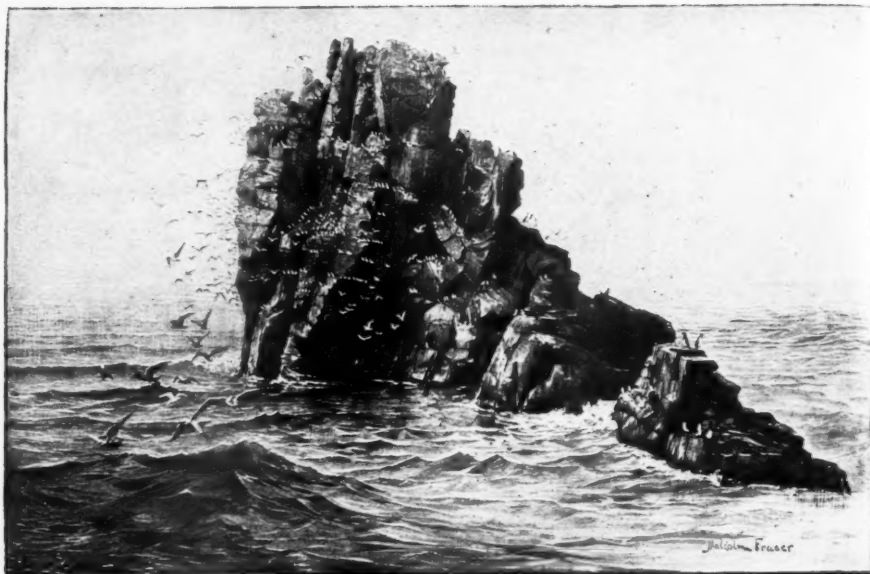
Some of us hoped this incident would cause Mr. Harriman to turn back. Bering Sea is a treacherous sea; it is shallow, it has many

islands, and in summer it is nearly always draped in fog. But our host was a man not easy to turn back; in five minutes he was romping with his children again as if nothing had happened. But the ship's course was



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. H. HARRIMAN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKER.

INNUIT BOYS AT PORT CLARENCE.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. H. HARRIMAN.

BIRD-ROOKERY, HALL ISLAND.

changed to southeast around Walrus Island. It did, indeed, look for a while as if we had more than half a mind to turn back. But in a few hours we were headed toward Siberia again, and went plunging through the fog and obscurity, with our "ferocious whistle," as Professor Emerson characterized it, tearing the silence, and with it our sleep, to tatters. The next day, the 10th, we hoped to touch at the island of St. Matthew; but we missed it in the thick obscurity, and searching for it was considered hazardous, so we continued our way northward. The fog continued on the 11th till nearly noon, when we ran into clear air and finally into sunshine, and in the early afternoon the coast of Siberia lay there like a cloud upon the horizon. Asia at last, crushed down there on the rim of the world as if with the weight of centuries of wrong. As we drew near, her gray, crumbling, decrepit granite bluffs and mountains, streaked with snow, helped the illusion. This was the Old World indeed. Our destination was Plover Bay, in which, at 6 P.M., we dropped anchor behind a long, crescent-shaped sand-spit that put out from the eastern shore. On this sand-spit was an Eskimo encampment of skin and canvas tents, which was soon active with moving forms.

Presently eight or ten figures were seen coming down to the beach. A boat was launched and filled, and came rapidly to the

ship's side. It was made of walrus-skin stretched over a wooden frame, and was strong and shapely. Its occupants were also clad in skins. There were three women and nine men in the boat, but one had to look very closely to tell which was which. The men's crowns were shaved, leaving a heavy fringe of coarse black hair around their heads. One of them stood up in the bow of the boat, and, with his cloak of reddish-gray fur, was really a handsome man. He had a thin black beard and regular, clear-cut features, and he looked as one fancies an old Roman of his age might have looked. They were evidently drawn to us partly by curiosity and partly by the hope of gifts of tobacco and whisky. The tobacco was freely showered upon them by Mr. Harriman, and was as eagerly seized, but the whisky was not forthcoming. Our own boats were rapidly lowered, and we were soon upon Asiatic soil, gathering flowers, observing the birds, and strolling about among the tents and huts of the natives. We bought skins and curios of them, or bartered knives, cloth, and flour for such things as they had to dispose of. They were not shy of our cameras, and freely admitted us to the greasy and smoky interiors of their dwellings. Seals and seal-oil, reindeer-skins, walrus-hides, and blubber were to be seen in quantities. Back of one tent I saw a deep, partly covered pit in the ground, nearly filled

with oil. The bones of whales served them instead of timbers in most of their rude structures. Their winter houses were built by standing whale-ribs up in a circle about two feet apart, and filling the interstices with turf, making a wall two feet thick. For roof they used walrus-hides resting upon poles. In my walk over this crescent of land I came here and there upon the huge vertebræ of whales, scattered about and looking like the gray, weather-worn granite boulders of a New England farm. Beyond the present site of the encampment I saw the ruins of an older or earlier village, the foundations of whalebones partly overgrown by the turf.

The skin costumes of the people gave them a singular stuffed appearance. One was reminded of grotesque dolls filled with bran or sawdust. This effect was partly given by the awkward cut of their garments, and by the skins being made up with the hair side in. In many of them a strain of European blood was evident. Whalers bound for the Arctic Ocean sometimes stop here, and corrupt the natives with bad morals and villainous whisky. They would take our silver dollar, but much preferred to barter for some useful article.

As we came in one end of the encampment most of the dogs went out at the other end. They had never seen such creatures, and they fled off toward the mountain and sat down and howled their mournful protest. Some of the children were frightened, too. One youngster of five or six years, riding astride of its mother's neck and stuffed like a small scarecrow, cried and yelled vigorously as we approached.

The sun was bright, but the air was very chilly, the mercury standing at about 38°. We were within one hundred and twenty miles of the Arctic Circle. As the Eskimos stood regarding us, they would draw their hands into their sleeves, after the manner of children on a cold day. The slender peninsula we were on was several hundred feet wide, marshy in places, but for the most part dry and covered with herbage. We found the yellow poppy blooming, and two species of saxifrage. In my walk I came upon a large patch of ground covered with a small, low, pink primrose; the ground was painted with it. But the prettiest flower we found was a low forget-me-not, scarcely an inch high, of deep ultramarine blue—the deepest, most intense blue that I ever saw in a wild flower. Here we also saw and heard the Lapland longspur and the yellow wagtail. A flock of male eider-ducks were seen in the bay.

PORT CLARENCE.

WE traveled two hours in Asia. I am tempted to write a book on the country, but forbear. At eight o'clock we steamed away along the coast toward Indian Point in an unending twilight. We reached the Point at one o'clock, but the surf was running so high that no landing was attempted. Then we stood off across the straits for Port Clarence in Alaska, where we hoped to take on water, and about noon again dropped our anchor behind a long, sickle-shaped sand-spit which curves out from the southern headland, ten or twelve miles away. In the great basin behind this sand-bar a whaling-fleet of a dozen vessels or more was anchored and making ready to enter the Arctic Ocean, where some of the vessels expected to spend the winter. The presence of the fleet had drawn together upon the sand-bar over two hundred Eskimos for trade and barter with the whalers. Their shapely skin boats, filled with men, women, children, and dogs, often to the number of twenty, soon swarmed about our ship. They had all manner of furs, garments, baskets, ornaments, and curios for sale or for barter. They presented an animated and picturesque scene, and dozens of cameras were turned upon them. In dress they presented a much more trim and shapely appearance than the people we had just left in Siberia, though much the same in other respects. Some of the younger women were fairly good-looking, and their fur hoods and fur cloaks became them well. I noticed that the babies cried very much, as at home. Most of the women wore fur "parkas," but some wore an outer garment of colored cotton cloth, hanging loosely to their knees. It was interesting to see them tuck their babies under this garment from the rear. The mother would bend forward very low, thrust the child under the garment at her hips, and by a dexterous wriggling movement of her body propel it forward till its head protruded in its place above her shoulder. One marked its course along her back as he does a big morsel down a chicken's gullet. Some of the captains of the whalers came aboard our ship to advise us about taking on water. They were large, powerful, resolute-looking men, quite equal, one would say, to the task before them. Water was to be had from a stream that came in from the tundra on the southern shore of the bay, about a dozen miles distant. Leaving part of our company to visit the whalers and the Eskimos, the ship steamed away with

the rest of us for water, and in due course anchored off the mouth of the little stream.

This gave us an opportunity to spend several hours upon a real tundra many miles in extent. Cape Nome was on the other side of the peninsula, fifty miles away, but the fame of the gold-fields had not then reached us. As we approached the land it looked as smooth as if it had just been gone over with a mowing-machine. My first thought was, "Well, the people are done haying here." The tundra was of a greenish-brown color, and rose from a long, crescent-shaped beach in a very gentle ascent to low cones and bare volcanic peaks many miles away. It had the appearance of a vast meadow, lifted up but a few degrees above the level. This, then, was the tundra that covers so much of the northern part of North America, where the ground remains perpetually frozen to an unknown depth, thawing out for only a foot or so on the surface during the summer. How eagerly we set foot upon it; how quickly we dispersed in all directions, lured on by the strangeness, the solitude, and the beauty! In a few moments our hands were full of wild flowers, which we kept dropping to gather others still more beautiful, to be in turn discarded as still more novel ones appeared. I found myself very soon treading upon a large pink *Claytonia*, or spring-beauty, many times larger than our delicate April flower. Then I came upon a bank by the little creek covered with a low, nodding purple primrose; the masses of the shooting-star attracted me, then several species of *pedicularis*, then a yellow anemone and many saxifrages. A complete list of flowers blooming here within sixty miles of the Arctic Circle, in a thin coat of soil resting upon perpetual frost, would be a long one. There were wild bees here, too, to cross-fertilize the flowers; bumblebees boomed by very much as at home. And mosquitos, how they swarmed up out of the grass upon me when, in my vain efforts to reach a little volcanic cone that stood there before me like a haystack in a meadow, I sat down to rest! I could not seem to get any nearer the haystack, though I sometimes ran to get away from the mosquitos. The tundra proved far less smooth to the foot than the eye had promised. It was wet and boggy. A tundra is always wet in summer, as the frost prevents any underground drainage. But it was very uniform, and the walking not difficult. Moss, bogs, grass, and flowering plants covered it everywhere. The savanna-sparrow and the longspur started up

before me as I walked, till, as I descended toward a branch of the little creek after an hour's tramp, a new note caught my ear. Presently I saw some kind of plover skimming over the ground in advance of me, or alighting upon some tussock of moss and uttering a soft, warbling call. It proved to be a golden plover. I had evidently invaded the breeding-grounds of the birds, and they were uttering their musical protest. At times the males, as they circled about me, warbled in the most delightful manner—truly a rich, golden warble. There was in it a tone of soft, pleading entreaty, underneath its bright joyousness, that was very moving—the voice of the tundra, soft, alluring, plaintive, beautiful. The golden plover is mottled black and white, with a rich, golden tinge to its back. It is a wonderful flier. We found it near the Arctic Circle; six months later probably the same birds might have been found near the Antarctic in Patagonia.

In a patch of low alders along the creek the gray-cheeked thrush, Townsend's bunting, and the Canada tree-sparrow were in song. I saw one of the thrushes do what I never saw any of the thrush kind do before: it hovered in the air fifty or more feet above the moor, and repeated its song three times very rapidly. As there were no trees to give it a lofty perch, it perched upon the air.

It was a novel experience, this walking over the tundra. Its vastness, its uniformity, its solitude, its gentleness, even softness, of contour, its truly boreal character; the truncated hills and peaks on the near horizon, that suggested huge earthworks; farther off the rounded and creased elevations, like the curves of prostrate giants turned up to the sun, and the high, serrated, snow-streaked ranges on the remote horizon to the north—all made up a curious and unfamiliar picture.

We were fortunate in having clear, bright skies during our stay in these high latitudes. But the nights were starless, for the sun was so near, and gave so much light in the sky, that the stars were blotted out. The sun set about ten, and rose after two, dipping down only a little way below the horizon.

Port Clarence was the northernmost point that we reached. An excursion into the Arctic Ocean and to the midnight sun did not hold out inducements enough to offset the dangers. In the early morning of July 13 we steamed away on the return trip. Before noon we were again in the thick veil of fog with which Bering Sea always seems to cover her face. Near nightfall, with a stiff

wind blowing, we anchored off St. Lawrence Island, and two boat-loads of our people went ashore. St. Lawrence is a large island at the gateway of the Arctic Ocean, and in the spring the ice-floes from the north often strand polar bears upon it. Our hunters still dreamed of bears. The shore was low and marshy, and the high land was miles away, with the canopy of fog resting upon it. In his walk one of our doctors saw the backs of two large white objects showing above a little swell in the land beside an inlet. Here, evidently, were the polar bears they were in quest of. The doctor began to stalk them, replacing the shells in his gun with heavier ones as he crept along. Now he had another glimpse of the white backs, and was certain that they could be nothing but bears. A few moments more and he would be within close range, when, lo! the heads and long necks of two white swans came up above the bank. The doctor said he never felt so much like a goose before in his life. The birds and flowers found were about the same as those we had already seen.

Not many years ago there were numerous encampments of Eskimos on St. Lawrence Island, embracing several hundred people. Late one autumn some whalers stopped there with the worst kind of whisky, with which they wrought the ruin of the natives, persuading them to exchange most of their furs and other valuables for it, and leaving them so debauched and demoralized that they perished of cold and hunger the following winter. Village after village was found quite depopulated, the people lying dead in their houses.

ST. MATTHEW ISLAND.

FROM here our course was again through fog and mist to St. Matthew Island, which we missed on our way up, and now found late in the afternoon of the next day. Our first stop was at Hall Island, which once probably formed a part of St. Matthew, and which is now separated from it by only a narrow strait. This was our first visit to uninhabited land, and to a land of such unique grace and beauty that the impression it made can never be forgotten—a thick carpet of moss and many-colored flowers covering an open, smooth, undulating surface of country that faced the sea in dark basaltic cliffs, some of them a thousand feet high. The first thing that attracted our attention were the swarms of murres about the cliffs. Here were their rookeries, and their numbers darkened the air. As we ap-

proached, the faces of the rocks seemed paved with them, with a sprinkling of gulls, puffins, black cormorants, and auklets. On landing at a break in the cliffs where a little creek came down to the sea, our first impulse was to walk along the brink and look down upon the murres and see them swarm out from beneath our feet. On the discharge of a gun, the air would be black with them, while the cliffs apparently remained as populous as ever. They sat upon little shelves or niches in the rocks, with their black backs to the sea, each bird covering one egg. In places one could have reached down and seized them by the neck, they were so tame and so near the top of the rocks. I believe one of our party did actually procure a specimen in this way. It was a strange spectacle, and we lingered long looking upon it. To behold sea-fowls like flies in uncounted millions was a new experience. Everywhere upon Bering Sea the murres swarm like vermin. It seemed as if there was a murre to every square yard of surface. They were at all times flying about our ship or flapping away over the water from her bow. I noticed that they could not get up from the water except against the wind; the wind lifted them as it does a kite. With the wind or in a calm they skimmed along on the surface, their heads bent forward, their wings beating the water impotently. Unable to rise, they would glance behind them in a frightened manner, and then plunge beneath the wave till they thought the danger had passed. At all hours of the night and day one could hear this impotent flapping of the frightened murres. The bird is a species of diver, nearly as large as a black duck. They are apparently tailless, and in flying their two red feet, stretched straight behind them, do the duty of a tail. It was amusing to see them spread or contract them in turning or changing their course, as the case required.

After we had taken our fill of gazing upon the murres came the ramble away from the cliffs, in the long twilight, through that mossy and flowery solitude. Such patterns and suggestions for rugs and carpets as we walked over for hours! Such a blending of grays, drabs, browns, greens, and all delicate neutral tints, all dashed with masses of many-colored flowers, it had never before been my fortune to witness, much less to walk upon. And drifting over this marvelous carpet, or dropping down upon it from the air above, was the hyperborean snow-bird, as white as a snowflake, and with a

song of great sweetness and power. With lifted wings the bird would drop through the air to the earth, pouring out its joyous, ecstatic strain. Out of the deep twilight also came the song of the longspur, delivered on the wing, and touching the wild solitude as with the voices of children at play. Then there was the large Aleutian sandpiper, that ran before me and uttered its wild, curious plaint. The robber jaeger was there, too, a very beautiful bird, sitting quietly upon the moss and eying our movements. On the top of the grassy bank, near the sea, some of the party found the nest and young of the snowy owl. Fragments of the bodies of murre and ducks lay upon the ground beside it.

The most novel and striking of the wild flowers was a species of large white Claytonia, growing in rings the size of a tea-plate—floral rings dropped here and there upon this carpet of moss. In the center was a rosette of pointed green leaves pressed close to the ground; around this grew the ring of flowers, made up of thirty or forty specimens, all springing from the same root, their faces turned out in all directions from the parent center. In places one could have stepped from one circle to another.

The forenoon of the next day, the 15th, we spent upon St. Matthew, and repeated our experience of walking over ground covered with nature's matchless tapestry. Here, too, a thick, heavy carpet of variegated mosses and lichens had been stretched to the very edge of the cliffs, with mats and rugs of many-colored flowers—white, violet, yellow, pink; saxifrage, chickweed, astragalus, Claytonia—dropped here and there upon it. Sometimes the flowers seemed worked into the carpet itself. A species of creeping willow spread its leaves out as if stitched upon it. Scattered here and there were the yellow poppies, a yellow and a red pedicularis, and a rare and curious blue flower in heads, the name of which I have forgotten. On the highest point, more than one thousand feet above the sea, the blue-and-purple astragalus colored large areas. The most novel of all the flowers was a little species of silene with a bluish ribbed flower precisely like a miniature Chinese lantern.

The highest point of the island was enveloped most of the time in fog and cloud. While groping my way upon one of these level summits, probably fifteen hundred feet above the sea which flowed at its base, I came suddenly upon a deep cleft, or chasm, which opened in the moss and flowers at my feet and led down between crumbling rocky

walls at a fearful incline to the beach. It gave one a sense of peril that made him pause quickly. The wraiths of fog and mist whirling through and over it enhanced its dreadful mystery and depth. Yet I hovered about it, retreating and returning, quite fascinated by the contrast between the smooth, flowery carpet upon which I stood and the terrible yawning chasm. When the fog lifted a little and the sun gleamed out, I looked down this groove into the ocean, and Tennyson's line in "The Eagle" came to mind as accurately descriptive of the scene:

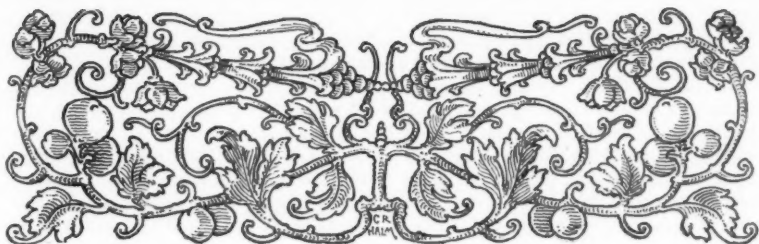
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

Another curious effect was the bottom of the sea visible a long way out from shore. The water seemed suddenly to become shallow, or else to take on a strange transparency; the color and conformation of the rocky floor were surprisingly distinct.

A species of small blue fox was found and killed upon the island; and a sorry apology for a fox it was. It looked as if it might have been singed or else skinned once, and this was the second growth of fur. The polar bears which our sportsmen had hoped for were not found, though the deep, broad, unused trails leading back from the cliffs had doubtless been made by them. Nothing is plainer than that one cannot go to Alaska, or probably to any other country, and say, "Come, now, we will kill a bear," and kill it, except as a rare streak of luck. It is a game at which two can play, and the bear plays extremely well. All large game has its beat or range. The first thing to be done is to find this beat, which may take days or weeks; then the trial of strategy begins. If you out-general the bear you may carry off his pelt.

We found the snow-bunting nesting in the crevices of the rocks. It was probably compelled to this course to escape the foxes. This was the type locality for this bird, and it was very abundant. The rosy finch was also seen along the cliffs. There were snowbanks on the beach by the sea, and piles of driftwood, much of it large tree-trunks doubtless brought down by the Yukon, and many hewn and sawed timbers from wrecked vessels.

From this point our homeward voyage to Seattle was unmarked by any noteworthy incident, save the view of the St. Elias and Fairweather ranges of mountains, which we had under clear skies, and which left an impression upon our minds not likely to be effaced. Deeply wrapped in snow, under the July sun they shone like great orbs, and actually lighted up the shady side of the ship.



PÈRE DIDON.

BY TH. BENTZON.



HE recent death of Père Didon has removed one of the most remarkable figures of modern France. In 1892, when, after an enforced silence of several years, he resumed preaching in Paris, it would have been hard for a stranger seeking to gain entrance into the Church of the Madeleine to place any faith in the existence of that indifference in the matter of religion which is so generally charged to Parisians. The crowd which packed the approaches to the church was one of those through which one despairs of opening a way. The choir was invaded by men to the very foot of the altar; its steps swarmed with people, and each of the great columns was surrounded by clusters. In the street there stood a long file of carriages; hawkers cried programs gotten up in a kind of religious form and bearing the preacher's likeness; your ticket for the course of sermons had to be presented at the entrance; ladies of fashion were compelled to go into the church by side doors, from which, with triumphant steps, they ascended the dark and narrow stairways, until they reached those boxes upholstered with red velvet, which are at all times suggestive of the theater.

The "Temple of Glory," the erection of which was begun by Napoleon, has been with difficulty adapted to the needs of Catholic worship, and, in truth, I have never seen it wear a less religious aspect than in those Lenten days of 1892, when its sumptuously painted and gilded precincts of marble were packed with people jostling one another to hear and see the man whom a rigorous decree had for a long time debarred from mounting the pulpit. Nothing could temper this perfervid zeal, neither the inclemency

of the weather nor the fear of being the victim of an explosion of dynamite—for it was the very season of the anarchist manifestations. Yet here the "great world" met to listen to a preacher guilty of having spoken the funeral oration of Mgr. Darboy, and of having thundered against the Commune. The women, ensconced in their furs, enjoyed the satisfaction of feeling themselves daring, and I will even venture to believe that for the central figure of the day, for Père Didon himself, all these rumors and all these concomitant elements of sensationalism had nothing displeasing. Yet this feature of his temperament did not have the slightest injurious effect upon the undisputed virtues of the monk's character.

The special characteristics of Père Didon were that he was a man of his time and a man of marked individuality. What is known of his history may be told in a few words.

Henri Didon was born March 17, 1840, at Touret, Dauphiné, in the midst of picturesque mountains, the beauty of which is enhanced by the Grande Chartreuse, which reflects on them a shadow of mysticism. He was educated at the Petit Séminaire of Grenoble, which he left at the age of eighteen to enter the Order of St. Dominic as a novice. Four years later he took his vows, and for the purpose of completing his studies was sent to Rome, where he devoted himself principally to the philosophy of the greatest of all Dominicans, St. Thomas Aquinas, in whose works the scholars of the present day continually discover things which, albeit said in the thirteenth century, are still new. On his return to France he began to exercise his talents as a preacher, residing in succession in Paris, Marseilles, and again in Paris, at the monastery of St.-Jean-de-Beauvais. At

the outset of his career, in 1863, he pleaded the cause of monasticism, in the Church of St.-Germain-des-Prés, with all the fervor of an ardent vocation, and that vocation the hard trials of life never blunted.

Personally, I had not heard him since the year 1879, when, as if foreseeing the approaching enforcement of the divorce laws, he had strenuously upheld the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The result was that a fierce journalistic warfare had raged about him. How we were all carried away in those days, while spectators of this impetuously fought campaign, which gave the great preacher the opportunity of displaying his leading qualities! The censure of him that brought the combat to an abrupt termination carried with it no other result than to bespeak the widest publicity for the book which contained the discourses that had been interrupted. The following year Père Didon was made to suffer a still higher penalty for his bold sallies in other directions. Having spoken of the attitude of the church in the presence of science, after having first directed his attacks against a science which ignored God, he was accused before the Pope of being in contradiction to the Syllabus, and the general of his order condemned him to a long retreat in the monastery of Corbara, in Corsica. But the penance imposed on Père Didon placed an aureole about his head, and in his absence he was not forgotten.

So, when he stood erect once more in the far too richly gilded pulpit of the Madeleine, with that majestic carriage of his which brought out in magnificent relief on his broad shoulders the habit of Savonarola,—the white robe and the black mantle which Père Lacordaire had worn in days gone by at Notre Dame, in the Constituent Assembly, and at the Académie,—a thrill went through the audience, followed by a sympathetic murmur respectfully subdued. Père Didon was one of those men whose aspect, physiognomy, and speech inspire one with an irresistible desire to applaud; there was in him, whatever he did, something of the actor of genius, and this was emphasized by his vague resemblance to Coquelin, whose type, curiously enough, is to be met with in the person of another of the great Catholic preachers of the present day, Père Monsabré. Of course time had left its mark on the physique of Père Didon. His face seemed to me heavier under the load of fifty years, but the black eye was still full of fire, and when that incomparable voice began to vibrate, warm and

sonorous, throughout the church, when, so to speak, he embraced all his hearers with his superb gesture, we felt that we were as much as ever under the spell.

I cannot say, however, that the potency of this charm made itself equally felt throughout the sermon. Père Didon was preaching on the divinity of Jesus, and theology was not his special domain. One has but to read his vast work entitled "Jesus Christ" to perceive that he did not approach the question of historical criticism with sufficient solidity. It was necessary for him, in order that he might be himself, to have a subject which enabled him to treat of social questions, to bring into play the life of to-day. He excelled in moving and startling you; his most powerful means of conviction were not derived from reasoning, for he was not the best of dialecticians. The younger Dumas, once an ardent admirer of his, referring to his earlier discourses, of which he praised the clear and elevated form, said: "The Christian afflatus finds its way out of them freely by doors and windows which open on every horizon." But when dogma was in play many of these windows closed themselves in spite of the preacher. Assuredly one of the finest moments in his career was during his agitation of social questions, and when he proclaimed that God had no reason to fear any investigation carried on by science. His efforts toward doing away with the misunderstandings between Christianity and the culture of this period were frequently crowned with success, whereas, according to all indications, his purely theological discourses will convince those only who, like myself, need no convincing. I was confirmed in this belief by a most highly cultivated Jewish lady who sat by my side as he set forth his proofs of the divinity of Jesus. One thing struck her, however, and that was the sense of equity shown by Père Didon in always looking at matters from the point of view of his opponents. As an instance, he demonstrated to us how, apart from the political side of the question, the Jews might have feared that the doctrines of Christ would sap the foundations of that monotheism of which they were the guardians. Père Didon did not display a settled opinion against any person, but was moved by a perfect sincerity, a limitless desire to transmit to his hearers the ardent faith which held possession of him. The vast torrent of his eloquence sprang from his innermost heart. At times, though, there are to be found in it traces of declamation and slight offenses against good taste. In his

predilection for what was modern he freely introduced into the noble and dignified language of the pulpit familiar and discordant words, sometimes borrowed from the current slang.

Père Didon's weak point consisted in demonstrating constantly that, in spite of his cassock, he was "in the swim," and this weakness was nothing but a consequence of the self-consciousness which Marie Bashkirtseff, with the spirit of irreverence of that ill-bred little Russian girl, discovered in him at first sight. This gifted artist, who was consumed by the thirst for notoriety, herself exhibited that ever-increasing malady of our century, the hypertrophy of the *me*. And so it is that in her pen-portrait of Père Didon (he did not allow her to paint one with her brush) she set forth this foible. She showed him to us looking grand indeed with his tonsure, with his splendid eyes and forehead, a man of the world, with a proud carriage, admirable hands, a bright, cheerful, and witty countenance; with a voice of beautiful, changing inflections, rich in its variety, and even in ordinary conversation passing from the softest tones to accents that were almost terrible; withal, having a good deal of assurance, and some satisfaction in the stir that was being made about his personality. And yet what assumed the appearance of vanity in Père Didon was perhaps nothing more than a very human and simple thirst for sympathy, which the austerities of monastic life did not quench, and which left him a young man in spite of his gray hairs.

This juvenility is manifest in a touching fashion in that curious book on the Germans, "Les Allemands." In 1881, while he was, in his enforced retreat, studying the beginning of Christianity, the subject itself carried him away through the maze of modern criticism, and inasmuch as this criticism has nowhere, in so far as Christ is concerned, been developed with more patience and more force than in Germany, it occurred to him to frequent as a student the universities of Leipsic, Göttingen, and Berlin. There, he tells us, he learned that, frontiers and naturalization notwithstanding, men of alien races can meet together in peace in the worship of truth. "Science is one; like God, she is universal; she knows neither Alps, Pyrenees, nor Rhine. Whosoever serves her labors with the same heart, with the same arm, for the greatness of his own country and for the evolution of human thought." While these generous ideas were causing his heart to expand, he became deeply interested in all his

newsurroundings. The harmony that reigned at Tübingen between the Catholic and Protestant faculties of theology, which existed fraternally side by side, was to him a magnificent lesson to sectarians. In German militarism he recognized with admiration (what he hardly understood, being of those who would "convert swords into plowshares") the spirit of respect, of passive obedience. He noticed that Germany in her schools accorded to religion its legitimate place, and, *en passant*, he rendered homage to the United States, which, under the joint action of the spirit of Christianity and that of democracy, has given marvelous expansion to public education.

On his return to France he told his countrymen the truth, without exaggeration, without toning it down, but without counseling them to imitate the Germans. "Make changes slowly; do not destroy anything," he said. Let Frenchmen preserve their particular spirit, their twofold forward impulse toward equality and toward liberty. Those two aspirations will constitute a powerful lever, provided that liberty be the handmaid of justice, while equality should rather signify the elevation of the humble than the debasing of the great. To Père Didon the university was the foundation-stone of the German Empire, and he shows us with keen insight its organization, its results. He pleaded for a coalition of university and church in his own country, and expressed the hope that they might unite in a common devotion to the interests of the democracy and of the republic.

A journey to the East enabled Père Didon to finish and to give the proper local color to a book which had occupied his mind for many years. He studied lovingly the locality in which was developed the sacred personality of Christ, but without being able to rival Renan in the description of landscapes or the painting of the atmosphere. In this volume Père Didon combats "the lively prejudice which seeks to establish between science and faith an absolute divorce." "I will fight it," he says, in his admirable preface—"I will fight it as long as there is breath in my body, and I will never cease to bring into harmony my eternal faith and my modern culture." Herein is to be found the grandeur of that out-of-the-common personality of this nineteenth-century Dominican monk, whose self-set ideal was "to hold one's faith by the aid of a virile and independent mind," and to demonstrate "that modern civilization, with all its tendencies toward justice and the well-being of the humble, toward peace and charity, is born of Jesus Christ."

The books of Père Didon do not possess as much merit as his sermons, which themselves lose by being read, for gesture and voice have had much to do in giving them their prestige. It would therefore not be fair to judge this writer and orator, on parallel lines, with Père Lacordaire, that illustrious rival of men like Montalembert and Lamennais. In regard to certain points, however, the comparison forces itself upon one. Their liberal ideas drew upon both the censure of the church; both met it with the same submissiveness, which, for both, must have been an extraordinary sacrifice. The end of their two careers also bears an analogy, Père Lacordaire having ended his by becoming director of the Collège of Sorèze, Père Didon as head of the Collège of Arcueil, known as the Collège of Albert the Great.

Like the other educational establishments governed by the Dominicans, Arcueil has always enjoyed a high reputation. In that fine country place, six kilometers only from Paris, Père Didon rusticated in the midst of youths who really were his "children." Every Thursday and Sunday afternoon he received visitors. So frank, straightforward, and spontaneous was he, so perfectly human in the broadest and most sympathetic sense of the word, that it was difficult to realize that this leader of intellects was at the same time as obedient as any of his brothers to the rule of St. Dominic, one of the most ascetic in the church. The private life of a monk, even if he be a man of genius, must be humble, hidden, and devoid of personality; therefore no biographical sketch of Père Didon exists: of this I have made sure by applying to the Dominicans themselves, who, since the promulgation of the decrees against the religious orders, dwell in a large, plain gray house, of no special appearance, in the Rue du Bac.

Among the cherished theories of Père Didon which were cultivated at Arcueil are: to consider discipline as the stepping-stone toward liberty, to banish compulsion as much as possible, to discourage precocious development, and particularly the critical spirit, which has taken too deep a root in France. "There is no surer way of not knowing anything at forty than to know everything at seventeen," said Père Didon. "The child must believe, the young man exists for the purpose of *admiring*; let, therefore, the severe and difficult rôle of critic be left to a maturer age."

It were impossible to praise too highly the spirit of tolerance which obtains at Arcueil,

of which let me cite an instance: A well-known Protestant family gave two sons into Père Didon's charge, with the stipulation that their childhood belief should be respected. For several years the compact was scrupulously observed. One day, however, a certain professor of history spoke with rather too vehement Catholic zeal of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Not long afterward, Père Didon, who knew what took place under his roof as though he were everywhere at the same moment, apologized in person to the boys, whose feelings had naturally been wounded by the professor's lack of tact.

Speaking of the rôle which reverence should play in the instruction of the young, Père Didon once said: "I have but one dream, and that dream is to awaken in the soul of a pupil reverence, to strengthen it as soon as it appears, and to wed it to a faith at once stable and ardent." He goes on to show how necessary it is to instill reverence in the hearts of the young in order that they may respond to the duties of the day and the hour—reverence for the good, the beautiful, the true, reverence for action, for will, for energy, for humanity, for the divine.

Père Didon was an unqualified optimist. "Freedom and justice," he said, "will triumph over all." "Pay no heed," he counseled, "to those who claim that the country is in an evil pass. Harken not to those who say that nations which have received immortality from Christ the Redeemer can ever suffer destruction. Give no ear to men who would make of your state an Athens, an academy, a conservatoire, a theater, or a pleasure-garden, who misapply the sacred gift of force, nor yet to those who prate of the exclusive domination of any one party. Never deny the enemy tolerance; rather respect him in the light of necessary opposition."

On March 13, 1900, news came from Toulouse that this strong and powerful man, scarcely sixty years old, was dead. A few days before he had lectured in Bordeaux, and then, on his way to Rome, where he was expected, he had called upon friends at the Dominican of Toulouse. The simple funeral took place in Paris on the 19th, in the Church of Ste.-Clotilde. The interment was at Arcueil. His death is a great loss to the cause of liberal education, at a time when a most serious battle is being fought in France on that ground. Priest as he was, he always was an acknowledged Republican. His influence was great in many directions, and he had friends everywhere.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES HIDEUX.

PÈRE DIDON.



FROM A PRINT IN CLARENDON'S "HISTORY," IN THE HOPE COLLECTION, BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

THE ARMS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

XXXIV. THE MILITARY DICTATORSHIP.

WITH the dismissal of the first Parliament a new era began. For twenty months the Protectorate was a system of despotic rule as undisguised as that of Tudor or Stuart. Yet it was not the dictatorship of Elizabeth, for Cromwell shared authority both in name and fact with the Council, that is, with the leaders of the army. What were the working relations between Oliver and the eighteen men who composed his Council of State, and to what extent his policy was inspired or modified by them, we cannot confidently describe. That he had not autocratic power the episode of the kingship in 1657 will show us. That his hand was forced on critical occasions we know.

The latter half of 1654 has sometimes been called the grand epoch of Oliver's government. Ireland and Scotland were in good order; he had a surplus in the chest; the army and navy seemed loyal; his star was rising high among the European constellations. But below the surface lurked a thousand perils, and the difficulties of government were enormous. So hard must it inevitably be to carry on conservative policy without a conservative base of operations at any point of the compass. Oliver had reproached his Parliament with making themselves a shade under which weeds and nettles, briars and thorns, had thriven. They were like a man, he told them, who should protest about his liberty of walking abroad, or his right to take a journey, when all the time his house was in a blaze. The conspiracies against public order and the foundations of it were manifold. A serious plot for the Protector's assassination had been brought to light in

the summer of 1654, and Gerard and Vowel, two of the conspirators, had been put to death for it. They were to fall upon him as he took his customary ride out from Whitehall to Hampton Court on a Saturday afternoon. The king across the water was aware of Gerard's design, and encouraged him in it in spite of some of his advisers who thought assassination impolitic. It was still a device in the manners of the age, and Oliver's share in the execution of the king was taken, in many minds to whom it might otherwise have been repugnant, in his case to justify sinister retaliation.

The schisms created in the republican camp by the dispersion of the old Parliament and the erection of the Protectorate naturally kindled new hopes in the breasts of the Royalists. Charles, with the sanguine credulity common to pretenders, encouraged them. He put himself in the hands of the forward men, the conspiracy was pushed on, and at length, in March, the smoldering fire broke into a flickering and feeble flame.

The Yorkshire Royalists met on the historic ground of Marston Moor, and reckoned on surprising York with a force of four thousand men. When the time came, a hundred made their appearance, and in despair they flung away their arms and dispersed. In Northumberland the Cavaliers were to seize Newcastle and Tynemouth, but here, too, less than a hundred of them ventured to the field. At Rufford, in Sherwood Forest, there was to have been a gathering of several hundreds, involving gentlemen of consequence; but on the appointed day, though horses and arms were ready, the country would not stir. At midnight the handfult

cried in a fright that they were betrayed, and made off as fast as they could. Designs were planned in Staffordshire, Cheshire, Shropshire, but they came to nothing, and not a blow was struck. All the counties in England, said Thurloe, instead of rising for them, would have risen against them. The Protector, he declared, if there had been any need, could have drawn into the field, within fourteen days, twenty thousand men,

Wildman, who had been one of the extremist agitators as far back as 1647, was arrested, and the guard found him writing a "declaration of the free and well-affected people of England now in arms against the tyrant Oliver Cromwell, Esquire." It is no irrational document on the face of it, being little more than a restatement of the aims of the revolution for twelve years past. But it is not always palatable for men in power



FROM THE PORTRAIT AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

JOHN THURLOE, SECRETARY TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

beside the standing army. "So far are they mistaken who dream that the affections of this people are toward the house of Stuart."¹

In the army, though there was no disaffection, a mutinous section was little less busy than the Royalists. Harrison, who had been in charge of King Charles on his fatal journey from Hurst Castle to Windsor, was now himself sent a prisoner to Carisbrooke.

¹ March 16, 1655. See Mr. Firth's examination of the rising in "English Historical Review," 1888-89.

to be confronted with their aims in opposition.

The Protector spared no money in acquiring information. He expended large sums in secret service, and little passed in the Royalist camp abroad that was not discovered by the agents of Thurloe. Cecil and Walsingham were not more vigilant or more successful in their watch over the safety of Elizabeth than was Cromwell's wise, trusty, and unwearied Secretary of State. Plotters were so amazed how the



FROM THE PORTRAIT AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

HENRY CROMWELL.

Lord Protector came to hear of all the things contrived against him that they fell back on witchcraft and his familiarity with the devil. A gentleman got leave to travel, and had an interview with the king at Cologne one evening after dark. On his return he saw the Protector, who asked him if he had kept his promise not to visit Charles Stuart. The gentleman answered that he had. "But who was it," asked Cromwell, "that put out the candles when you saw Charles Stuart?" He further startled the traveler by asking whether Charles had not sent a letter by him. The gentleman denied. Cromwell took his hat, found a letter sewed up in the lining of it, and sent him to the Tower. Crom-

well's informant was one Manning, and this transaction was his ruin. The Royalists at Cologne suspected him; his rooms were searched, his ciphers discovered, and his correspondence read. Manning then made a clean breast of it, and excused his treason by his necessities, and the fact that he was to have twelve hundred pounds a year from Cromwell for his work. His only chance of life was a threat of retaliation by Cromwell on some Royalist in prison in England, but this was not forthcoming, and Manning was shot dead by two gentlemen of the court in a wood near Cologne.

On every side the government struck vigorous blows. Special watch was kept

upon London. Orders were sent to the ports to be on guard against surprise, and to stop suspected persons. The military forces were strengthened. Gatherings were put down. Many arbitrary arrests were made among minor persons and major, and many were sent to Barbados to a condition of qualified slavery. The upright and blameless Overton was arbitrarily flung into prison without trial, kept there for three years, and not released until after Cromwell's death and the restoration of the Rump. When that day arrived, both Thurloe and Barkstead, governors of the Tower, quaked for the strong things that they had done on the personal authority of the Protector. The stories of 1659 are a considerable deduction from Burke's praise of the admirable administration of the law under Cromwell. But though there was lawless severity, it did not often approach ferocity.

Subterranean plots and the risings of hot-

headed country gentlemen were not all that Cromwell and the Council had to encounter. The late Parliament had passed no effective vote of money. The government fell back upon its power of raising taxes by ordinance. The validity of the ordinance was disputed; the judges inclined to hold the objections good; and it looked for a moment as if a general refusal to pay customs and excise might bring the whole financial fabric to the ground. The three counsel for Cony, the merchant who had declined to pay the customs dues, were summoned before the Protector and the Council of State. After hearing what they had to say, Oliver signed a warrant for their committal to the Tower for using words tending to sedition and subversive of the government. Violation of the spirit and letter of the law could go no further. They were soon set free, and Cromwell bore them no malice, but people not unreasonably saw in the proceeding a



FROM THE PORTRAIT AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

JOHN CLAYPOLE.

strong resemblance to the old Star Chamber. The judges were sent for, and humbly said something about Magna Charta. The Protector scoffed at Magna Charta with a mock too coarse for modern manners, declared that it should not control actions which he knew to be required by public safety, reminded them that it was he who made the judges, and bade them no more to suffer the lawyers to prate what it would become them to hear. The judges may have been wrong either in their construction of the Instrument, or in their

been much regretted; I say there was a little thing invented, which was the erection of your major-generals." This device had all the virtues of military simplicity. In the summer and autumn of 1655 England and Wales were mapped out into a dozen districts. Over each district was planted a major-general, Lambert, Desborough, Fleetwood, Skippon, Whalley, Barkstead, Goffe, and the rest, all picked veterans, and the trustiest of them. Their first duties were those of high police: to put down unlawful assemblies by force; to disarm papists and



FROM A MINIATURE ON IVORY IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR RICHARD TANGYE.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES FLEETWOOD.

view that a section of the Instrument did not make a good law. But the committal of three counsel to prison by the executive, because their arguments were too good to be convenient, was certainly not good law, whatever else it was. Judges who proved not complaisant enough were displaced. Sir Peter Wentworth, who had tried to brave Cromwell at the breaking up of the Long Parliament, tried to brave him now by bringing a suit against the tax-collector. The Protector haled him before the Council. Wentworth said that he had been moved by his constant principle that no money could be levied but by consent of Parliament. Cromwell commanded him to drop his suit, and Wentworth submitted.

"It was now," says Oliver, "we did find out a little poor invention, which I hear has

persons dangerous to the peace of the nation; to exact a bond from any householder considered to be disaffected for the good behavior of his servants, and the servants were to appear before the major-general or his deputy wherever and whenever called upon. Persons in this category were to be registered, and if they changed their abode, the major-general was to be informed. Anybody coming from beyond the sea was to report himself, and his later movements were to be followed and recorded. The major-general was further to keep a sharp eye upon scandalous ministers, and to see that no disaffected person should take any share in the education of youth.

All this, however, was the least material part of the new policy. The case for the change rested on the danger of more dar-

ing plots and more important risings, the inadequateness of local justices and parish constables, the need of the central government for hands and eyes of its own, finally on the shadows of division in the army. There were those in the late Parliament who thought the peril inconsiderable, but Thuroloe tells us that "his Highness saw a necessity of raising more force, and in every county, unless he would give up his cause to the enemy." This involved a new standing militia for all the counties of England, and that again involved a new money charge. "What so just as to put the charge upon those whose disaffection was the cause of it?" Such a plan needed no more than the "decimation" of those against whom, after personal inquisition made, they chose to set the mark of delinquency or disaffection. From such persons they were instructed to exact one tenth of their annual income. For these exactions there was no pretense of law; nor could they be brought into the courts, the only appeal being to the Protector in Council. The Parliament had been dissolved for meddling with the Instrument of Government. Yet all this was contrary to the Instrument. The scheme took some time to complete, but by the last three months of 1655 it was in full operation.

Two other remarkable measures of repression belong to this stern epoch. An edict was passed for securing the peace of the Commonwealth (November, 1655), ordering that no ejected clergyman should be kept in any gentleman's house as chaplain or tutor, or teach in a school, or baptize, or celebrate marriages, or use the Prayer-book. That this was a superfluity of rigor is shown by the fact that it was never executed. It is probable that other measures of the time went equally beyond the real necessities of the crisis, for experience shows that nothing is ever so certain to be overdone as the policy of military repression against civil disaffection. The second measure was still more significant of the extent to which despotic reaction was going in the policy of the government. Orders were issued that no person whatever do presume to publish in print any matter of public news or intelligence without leave of the Secretary of State. The result of this was to reduce the newspaper press in the capital of the country to a single journal coming out twice a week under two different names. Milton was still Latin secretary, and it was only eleven years since the appearance of his immortal plea for

unlicensed printing. "Our ministers are bad," one of the major-generals reports in 1655, "our magistrates idle, and the people all asleep." The new authorities set resolutely to work. They appointed commissioners to assess the decimation of delinquents, not, however, without constant reference to the Protector and Council for directions how individuals were to be dealt with. The business of taxing the Cavaliers in this high manner was "of wonderful acceptance to all the Parliament party, and men of all opinions joined heartily therein." That men of one opinion should heartily rejoice at the compulsory exaction of the taxes from men of another opinion, is in accord with human nature—not that the activity of the major-generals prevented the imposition of a general property tax in 1656. The Cavaliers submitted with little ado. Wider irritation was created by stringent interference with ale-houses, bear-baiting, and cock-fighting. Lord Exeter came to ask Whalley whether he would allow the Lady Grantham cup to be run for at Lincoln, for if so, he would start a horse. "I assured him," reports Whalley to the Protector, "that it was not your Highness's intention, in the suppressing of horse-races, to abridge gentlemen of that sport, but to prevent the great confluences of irreconcilable enemies," and Exeter had his race. Profane and idle gentry, whose lives were a shame to a Christian commonwealth, were hunted out, and the government was adjured to banish them.

The defense of reason of state is success, and here the result soon proved to be not success, but failure. While so many individuals and orders were exasperated, no great class of society was reconciled. Rigid order was kept, plotters were cowed, money was squeezed, but the keenest discontent was quickened in those various organized bodies of men with lively minds and energetic interests, by whom, in the long run, effective public opinion in every community is generated. Oliver must soon have seen that this vast change of system would cut up his policy of healing and conciliation by its roots.

XXXV. THE REACTION.

WANT of money has ever been the wholesome check of kings, parliaments, and cabinets, and now it pinched the Protector. In spite of the decimation screw, the militia often went short of their pay, and suffered many jeers in consequence. Apart from the cost of domestic administration, Cromwell

had embarked, as we shall see, on a course of intervention abroad; and he was soon in the same straits as those against which

advised him to raise money on his own direct authority by forced loans or general taxation. There is reason to suppose that



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY ROBERT WALKER IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, BY PERMISSION OF THE ART FOR SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Strafford had long ago warned his master, as the sure result of a foreign policy to be paid for by discontented subjects. In June, 1656, the Protector held a conference with his Council and some of the principal officers of the army. There were those who

Cromwell himself leaned this way, for, before long, he chid the officers for urging the other course. The decision, however, was taken to call a new Parliament.

The election that went forward during the summer of 1656 had all the rough animation

of the age, and well deserves consideration. Thurloe writes to Henry Cromwell that there is the greatest striving to get into Parliament that ever was known; every faction is bestirring itself with all its might, and all sorts of discontented people are incessant in their endeavors. The major-generals on their side were active in electioneering arts, and their firmly expressed resignation to the will of overruling Providence did not hinder the most alert wire-pulling. They pressed candidates of the right color, and gave broad hints as to any who were not sober and suitable to the present work. Every single major-general was himself a candidate and was elected. At Dover the rabble was strong for Cony, who had fought the case of the customs dues, and the major-general thought he was likely to be elected unless he could be judiciously "secluded." At Preston, once the scene of perhaps the most critical of all Cromwell's victories, the major-general expected much thwarting through the peevishness of friends and the disaffection of enemies. In Norwich an opposition preacher of great popularity was forbidden to go into the pulpit. A sharp eye was kept upon all printed matter finding its way through the post. Whalley reports that the heart is sound in what he calls the mediterranean part of the nation; people know that money will be wanted by the government, but they will not grudge it as the price of a settlement. One opposition candidate assured his audience that his Highness had sent for three thousand Swiss to be his body-guard; that he had secretly sold the trade of England to the Dutch, and would grant no convoy from Holland; that most of the counties in England would bring up their numbers in thousands, in spite of Oliver and his redcoats; and that he would wager his life that not five hundred in the whole army would resist them. Another cry was that the free people of England would have no more swordmen, no more decimators, nor anybody in receipt of a salary from the state.

An energetic manifesto was put out against the government, stating with unusual force the reasons why dear Christian friends and brethren should bestir themselves in a day of trouble, rebuke, and blasphemy; why they should make a stand for the pure principles of free-born Englishmen against the power and pomp of any man, however high he might bear himself. Half the books in the Old Testament are made to supply examples and warnings, and Heze-

kiah and Sennacherib, Jethro and Moses, Esther, Uzzah, Absalom, are all turned into lessons of what a voter should do or abstain from doing. The whole piece gives an instructive glimpse of the state of mind of the generation.

The Parliament met in September, 1656, and Oliver addressed it in one of his most characteristic speeches. He appealed at great length to the hatred of Spain, on the standing-ground of its bondage to the Pope; for its evil-doings upon Englishmen in the West Indies; for its espousal of the Stuart interest. Then he turned to the unholy friendliness at home between papists, all of them "Spaniolized," and Cavaliers; between some of the republicans and the Royalists; between some of the Commonwealth men and some of the mire and dirt thrown up by the revolutionary waters. He recalled all the plots and the risings and attempted risings, and warned them against the indolent supposition that such things were no more than the nibbling of a mouse at one's heel. For the major-generals and their decimation of royalist delinquents he set up a stout defense. Why was it not righteous to make that party pay for the suppression of disorder which had made the charge necessary? Apart from the mere preservation of the peace, was it not true that the major-generals had been more effectual for discountenancing vice and settling religion than anything done these fifty years? The mark of the Cavalier interest was profaneness, disorder, and wickedness; the profane nobility and gentry, that was the interest that his officers had been engaged against. "If it lives in us, I say, if it be in the general heart, it is a thing I am confident our liberty and prosperity depend upon—reformation of manners. By this you will be more repairer of breaches than by anything in the world. Truly these things do respect the souls of men and the spirits—which are the men. The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is between him and a beast."

Of the real cause of their assembling, deficit and debt, the Protector judiciously said little. As he observed of himself on another occasion, he was not much better skilled in arithmetic than he was in law, and his statement of accounts would not satisfy the standards of a modern exchequer. Incapacity of legal apprehension and incapacity in finance are a terrible drawback in a statesman with a new state to build. Before

business began the Protector took precautions after his own fashion against the opposition critics. He and the Council had already pondered the list of members returned to the Parliament, and as the gentlemen made their way from the Painted Chamber to their House soldiers were found guarding the door. There was no attempt to hide the iron hand in a velvet glove. The clerk of the Commonwealth was planted in the lobby with certificates of the approval of the Council of State. Nearly a hundred there found no such tickets, and for them there was no admission. This strong act of purification was legal under the Instrument, and the House, when it was reported, was content with making an order that the persons shut out should apply to the Council for its approbation. The excluded members, of whose fidelity to his government Cromwell could not be sure, comprised a faithful remnant of the Long Parliament; and they and others, ninety-three in number, signed a remonstrance in terms that are a strident echo of the protests which had so often been launched in old days against the king. Vehemently they denounced the practice of the tyrant to use the name of God and religion and formal fasts and prayer to color the blackness of the fact, and to command one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred to depart, and to call the rest a Parliament by way of countenancing his oppression. The present assembly at Westminster, they protested, sits under the daily awe and terror of the Lord Protector's armed men, not daring to consult or debate freely the great concerns of their country, nor daring to oppose his usurpation and oppression, and no such assembly can be the representative body of England. We may be sure if such was the temper of nearly one fourth of a Parliament that was itself just chosen under close restrictions, this remonstrance gives a striking indication how little way had even yet been made by Cromwell in popular opinion.

XXXVI. A CHANGE OF TACK.

THE Parliament speedily showed signs that, winnowed and sifted as it had been, and loyally as it always meant to stand to the person of the Protector, yet, like the Rump, like the Barebones convention, and like the first Parliament under the Instrument, all of them one after another banished in disgrace, it was resolved not to be a cipher in the constitution, but was full of that spirit of corporate self-esteem without which any Parliament is

a body void of soul. The elections had taught them that the rule of the swordmen and the decimators was odious even to the honest party in the country. Oliver, anxiously watching the signs of public feeling, had probably learned the same lesson, that his major-generals were a source of weakness and not of strength to his government. The hour had come when the long struggle between army and Parliament, which in various forms had covered nine troubled years, was to enter a fresh and closing phase.

The opportunity for disclosing the resolve of the Parliament to try a fall with the military power soon came. It was preceded by an incident that revealed one of the dangers so well known to Oliver, and viewed by him with such sincere alarm as attending any kind of free Parliament, whether this or another. The general objects of the new Parliament of 1656, like the objects of its immediate predecessor of 1654, were to widen the powers of Parliament, to limit those of the Protector, to curb the soldiers, and finally, although this was kept in discreet shade, to narrow the area of religious tolerance. A test of tolerance occurred almost at once. Excesses of religious emotion were always a sore point with Protestant Reformers, for all such excesses seemed a warrant for the bitter predictions of the Catholics at the Reformation, that to break with the church was to open the flood-gates of extravagance and blasphemy in the heart of unregenerate man. Hence nobody was so infuriated as the apostle of private judgment with those who carried private judgment beyond a permitted point.

James Nayler was an extreme example of the mystics whom the hard children of this world dismiss as crazy fanatics. For several years he had fought with good repute in the Parliamentary army, and he was present on the memorable day of Dunbar. Then he joined George Fox, by and by carried Quaker principles to a higher pitch, and in time gave to his faith a personal turn by allowing enthusiastic disciples to salute him as the Messiah. In October, 1656, he rode into Bristol, attended by a crowd of frantic devotees, some of them casting branches on the road, all chanting loud hosannas, several even vowing that he had miraculously raised them from the dead. For his share of these transactions Nayler was brought before a committee of Parliament. No sworn evidence was taken. Nobody proved that he had spoken a word. The worst that could be alleged was that he had taken part in a

hideous parody. The House found that he was guilty of blasphemy, that he was a grand impostor, and a seducer of the people. It was actually proposed to inflict the capital sentence, and the offender escaped death only by a majority of fourteen in a division of a hundred and seventy-eight members. The debate lasted over many days. The sentence finally imposed was this: to stand in the pillory two hours at Westminster; to be whipped by the hangman from Westminster to the old Exchange, and there to undergo another two hours of pillory; to have his tongue bored through with a hot iron; to be branded on the brow with the letter B; then to be sent to Bristol, carried on a horse barebacked with his face to the tail, and there again whipped in the market-place; thence to be brought back to London to be put into solitary confinement with hard labor during the pleasure of Parliament, without use of pen, ink, or paper. So horrid a thing could Puritanism be, so little was there to choose between the spirit of Laud and the hard hearts of the people who cut Laud's head off.

Cromwell showed his noblest quality. The year before he had interposed by executive act to remove John Biddle, charged with Socinian heresy, from the grasp of the courts. Cromwell denounced the blasphemy of denying the godhead of Jesus Christ, but he secluded Biddle from harm by sending him to Scilly, with an allowance of ten shillings a week and a supply of books. So now in Nayler's case he hated the cruelty, and he saw the mischief of the assumption by Parliament of the function of a court of law. The most ardent friends of Parliament must still read with a lively thrill the words that Oliver now addressed to the Speaker: "Having taken notice of a judgment lately given by yourselves against one James Nayler, although we detest and abhor the giving or occasioning the least countenance to persons of such opinions and practice, . . . yet we, being interested in the present government on behalf of the people of these nations, and not knowing how far such proceeding, entered into wholly without Us, may extend in the consequence of it, Do desire that the House will let Us know the grounds and reasons whereupon they have proceeded" (December 12, 1656). This rebuke notwithstanding, the execrable sentence was carried out to the letter. It galled Cromwell to find that under the Instrument he had no power to interfere with the parliamentary assumption of judicial attributes, and this became an

additional reason for that grand constitutional revision which was now coming into sight.

A few days after the disposal of Nayler a bill was brought in that raised the great question of the major-generals, their arbitrary power, and their unlawful decimations. By the new bill the system was to be continued. The lawyers argued strongly against it, and the members of the Council of State and the major-generals themselves were, of course, as strongly for it. The debate was long and heated, for both sides understood that the issue was grave. When the final division was taken the bill was thrown out by a majority of thirty-six in a House of two hundred and twelve.

"Some gentlemen," Thurloe tells Henry Cromwell, "do think themselves much trampled upon by this vote against their bill, and are extremely sensible thereof." That is to say, most of the major-generals, with the popular and able Lambert at their head, recognized that the vote was nothing less than a formal decision against the army and its influences. So bold a challenge from a Parliament in whose election and purification they had taken so prominent a part roused sharp anger, and the consequences of it were immediately visible in the next and greater move. Cromwell's share in either this first event or in that which now followed is as obscure as his share in the removal of the king from Holmby, or in Pride's Purge, or in the resolve to put Charles to death. The impression among the leaders of the army undoubtedly seems to have been that in allowing the recent vote the Lord Protector had in effect thrown his major-generals over.

As we are always repeating to ourselves, Cromwell from 1647 had shown himself ready to follow events rather than go before. He was sometimes a constitutional ruler, sometimes a dictator, sometimes the agent of the barrack, each in turn as events appeared to point and to demand. Now he reverted to the part of constitutional ruler. The elections and the Parliament showed him that the "little invention" of the major-generals had been a mistake, but he was not so sure of this as to say so. Ominous things happened. Desborough, his brother-in-law, brought in the bill, but Claypole, his son-in-law, was the first to oppose it. Parliaments are easily electrified by small incidents, and men felt that a new chapter was about to open. It was evident that Cromwell, who had, only a few days before, so strongly defended the

major-generals, was now for sailing on a fresh tack.

About this time was published the pamphlet with the famous title of "Killing no Murder." It sets out with truculent vigor the arguments for death to tyrants, with a direct deadly exhortation to apply them to the case of the Lord Protector. The Royalists did not conceal their approval of this doctrine of dagger and pistol. It is a most excellent treatise, says Nicholas, the king's Secretary of State. Cromwell had no more right to law than a wolf or a fox; and the exiles found comfort in telling one another that the Protector went about in as much fright as Cain after he had murdered Abel. Three weeks before this pungent incitement began to circulate, its author had almost succeeded in a design that would have made pamphlets superfluous. Sexby, whom Cromwell had described at the opening of the new Parliament as a wretched creature, an apostate from all honor and honesty, one of the republicans whom Oliver's later proceedings had turned into a relentless enemy, was deep in plots with Royalists abroad, and even with the Spaniards, against the life of the Protector. Diligent watch was kept upon Sexby, and for long his foreign employers got nothing for their money. At length he secured a confederate as determined as himself, and less well known to Thurloe's police, in Miles Sindercombe, an old trooper of Monk's, and a hater of tyrants rather after Roman than Hebrew example. Sindercombe dogged the Protector with a pistol in his pocket, took a lodging in the road between Whitehall and Hampton Court, where Oliver passed every week, offered bribes to the guards, and at last his pertinacity came very near to success in a plan for setting fire to the Protector's apartments in Whitehall. He was arrested, brought before a jury,—a substantial body of men, most of them justices of the peace,—and was condemned. He died in his bed in the Tower the night before the execution.

Sindercombe's plot was exploded in January (1657), and the Protector's narrow escape made a profound impression on the public mind. It awoke sober men, who are a majority in most countries when opportunity gives them a chance, to the fact that only Oliver's life stood between them and either anarchy on the one hand, or a vindictive restoration on the other.

The confusion of the sects may have involved less direct political peril than some of the government supposed, but it marked

a social chaos without a parallel. Oliver was denounced as the Serpent, the Beast, the Bastard of Ashdod. The saints, on the other hand, were engaged, on life and death, to stand or fall with the Lord Jesus, their Captain-General on his red horse, against the Beast's government. Cromwell was infinitely patient and even sympathetic with the most fanatical of them. He could not bear to quarrel with the brave and open-hearted Harrison. He sent for him to Whitehall, gave him a handsome feast, and then discharged the duty of a friend by admonishing him to quit deceitful and slippery ways. Like the sensible statesman that he was, he always liked to carry as many of his old friends with him as he could, and if they would not go with him, then he went on alone.

It is now (1654) that the Quakers enter into history. It was indeed high time, for the worst of Puritanism was that in so many of its phases it dropped out the Sermon on the Mount, and left the best texts in the New Testament to Arianizing heretics. Militant Puritanism was often only half Christian. Quakerism has undergone many developments, but in all of them it has been the most devout endeavor to turn Christianity into the religion of Christ. In uncouth phrases, but with glowing souls, they carried to its furthest point the protest against all outer form and ceremonial as degrading to the life of the spirit. They fell in with the corresponding principle of antagonism to powers and institutions as hindrances to human freedom. No other sect so alarmed and exasperated the authorities, for much the same military and political reasons as had made statesmen persecute the Christian professors in the early days of imperial Rome. Cromwell treated them as kindly as he could. He listened in his chamber at Whitehall with attention and emotion to one of George Fox's exhortations, saying, "That is very good," or "That is true," and when they parted Cromwell said to him: "Come again to my house; if thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I do to my own soul." When Fox lay in prison a friend went to Cromwell and begged to be allowed to suffer in his stead. The Protector answered that it was contrary to the law, "and turning to his Council, 'Which of you,' quoth he, 'would do as much for me if I were in the same condition?'"

Notwithstanding his own good will, the

Quakers suffered much bitter usage from county justices, from judges, and from military officers. These Friends complained that justices delighted in tendering to them the oath of abjuration, knowing that they could not take it, and so designing to make a spoil of them. "It was never intended for them," cried Oliver; "I never so intended it." When they were harshly punished for refusing to pay their tithe, Oliver disclaimed all share in such severities, and assured them that all persecution and cruelty was against his mind. Thurloe, on the other hand, who represented that secular spirit which is so apt to be the counterfeit of statesmanship, saw in the Quakers foes of civil government, and regarded them as the most serious enemies the government had. The chapter of Quaker persecution must be considered a dark blot on the administration of the Protectorate.

A curious interview is recorded (1654) between the Protector and some of his angry critics. John Rogers had denounced him from the pulpit, and written pamphlets lamenting over Oliver, Lord Cromwell, from that most useful of all texts, the everlasting "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," and for these and other proceedings he was arrested. Cromwell admitted Rogers and a crowd of followers to an audience. Before they reached him they were struck, hustled, and abused as a pack of cursed dogs and damned rogues by the guards down-stairs. When they came to the presence, "the Great Man had with him two gentlemen more, who stood by the fireside, and a pistol lay prepared at the window where he himself at first was. Then he came to the fireside in great majesty, without moving, or showing the least civility of a man, though all stood bare to him, and gave respect."

Cromwell listened to them with rough good nature, trying with homely banter to bring them to the point. "I believe ye speak many things according to the gospel, but what you suffer for is railing and evil-doing," and so forth, like a good-humored police magistrate trying to bring street preachers to reason for blocking the thoroughfare.

Even with Anglicanism he was, in spite of the ordinance of 1656, for fair play. A deputation of London ministers waited upon the Protector and complained that the Episcopal clergy got their congregations away from them. "Have they so?" said Oliver, making as if he would say something to the captain of the guard. "But hold," said he; "after what manner do the Cavaliers de-

bauch your people?" "By preaching," said the ministers. "Then preach back again," said Oliver, and so left them to their reflections.¹ Yet Cromwell's tolerance did not prevent a major-general from sending the harmless and virtuous Jeremy Taylor arbitrarily to prison.

When Mazarin (1656) pressed for the same toleration for Catholics in England as was asked for Protestants abroad, the Protector replied that he believed Mazarin had less reason to complain of rigor on men's consciences under him than under the Parliament. "And herein it is my purpose as soon as I can remove impediments to make a further progress," but "I may not—shall I tell you I cannot?—at this juncture of time answer your call for toleration; I say I cannot, as to a public declaration of my sense on that point."

As constable of the parish, Cromwell's power was limited only by the council of officers, but national leadership in the field of opinion he did not possess. In 1655 a retrograde proclamation was issued for the execution of the laws against Jesuits and priests, and for the conviction of popish recusants. Sensible men like Whitelocke protested that it was not needed, and little came of it. In 1651 Peter Wright, a priest, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, along with a group of ordinary criminals, for seducing the people, and in 1654 another priest, John Southworth, an old man of seventy-two, suffered the same fate for the same offense. In 1657 the Independents, whose political existence had begun with a protest for toleration, passed an act by which anybody over sixteen suspected of being a papist might be called upon to abjure the leading articles of Catholic belief, and if he failed to purge himself should forfeit two thirds of his property. From this flagitious law the Protector did not withhold his assent. It was one of the last legislative performances of the Cromwellian Parliament.

The Jews had been banished by law from England since the end of the thirteenth century, yet it is pretty certain that their presence was not entirely unknown in either country or town. Shakspeare and Marlowe had made dark figures of them on the stage, though Shakspeare's glorious humanity had put into the mouth of *Shylock* one of the most pathetic appeals in all literature against the cruelty of theological hate. Puritanism was impregnated with ideas, language, argument, and history, all borrowed from Jewish antiquity and sacred books. Roger Williams,

¹ Neal, 501 n.

most unswerving of the advocates of toleration, argued strongly for breaking down the wall of superstition between Jew and Gentile. Stern men like Whalley saw reasons both of religion and policy why Jews should be admitted, for they would bring much wealth into the state, and they would be all the more likely to be converted. Cromwell with great earnestness held the same view, but though the question was debated candidly and without heat, opinion in his Council was divided. In the end, all that he felt himself able to do was to grant a certain number of private dispensations to individuals, and to connive at a small synagogue and a cemetery. It was enough to show him on the side of freedom, pity, and light.

But the tolerance of the Puritanism around him was still strictly limited. It would be graceless indeed to underestimate or forget the debt we owe to both Quakers and Independents; they it was who, at a critical time, made liberty of conscience a broad, an actual, and a fighting issue. Yet it was from the rising spirit of rationalism, and neither from the liberal Anglicans like Taylor, the latitudinarians, nor from the liberal Puritans like Cromwell and Milton, that the central stream of toleration flowed, with volume enough in time to mitigate law and pervade the national mind.

XXXVII. KINGSHIP.

MEANWHILE a new and striking scene was opening. The breakdown of military rule, consternation caused by plot upon plot, the fact that four years of dictatorship had brought settlement no nearer, all gave an irresistible impetus to the desire to try fresh paths. Christopher Packe, an active and influential representative of the City of London and once lord mayor, startled the House one day (February 23) by asking leave to bring forward a proposal for a new government, in which the chief magistrate was to take upon himself the title of king, and the Parliament was to consist of two Houses. Violent controversy immediately broke out, and Packe was even hustled to the bar to answer for his boldness. The storm quickly died down; he had only precipitated a move for which the mind of the House was ready; leave was given to read his paper; and "The Humble Petition and Advice," as the paper came in time to be called, absorbed the whole attention of the public for four months to come.

That Cromwell should have had no share

in such a step as this may seem incredible in view of the immense power in his hands, and of his supreme command over popular imagination. Yet the whole proceeding was obviously a censure of some of his most decisive acts. He had applauded the Instrument of Government that had made him Protector. The Instrument was now to be remodeled, if not overthrown. He had broken the first Parliament of the Protectorate for wasting its time on constitutional reform; yet constitutional reform was the very task that his second Parliament was now setting about more earnestly than ever. He had tried government by major-generals and exacted taxes for which no sanction was given by law. That system was swept away, and in the new project a clause was passed against taxation without consent of Parliament, stringent enough to satisfy the sternest of popular reformers. Only six months ago he had shut the doors of the House against a hundred duly elected members; and in the previous Parliament he had in the same way insisted that no member should sit who had not signed a recognition of his authority. All these high-handed acts were now formally stamped as wrong. It was laid down that persons legally chosen by free election could be excluded from Parliament only by judgment and consent of that House whereof they were members. The substitution of the title of king for protector was therefore the least part of the matter. Cromwell slowly, ponderously, and after long periods of doubt and misgivings decided to acquiesce. Yet the change of title was a momentous thing in itself, in the eyes alike of those who sought it and those who resisted. The strongest advocates of the kingship were the lawyers, that powerful profession of which historians and politicians do not always recognize the permeating influence even through the motions of revolutionary politics. The lawyers argued for a king, and their points were cogent. The only argument by which Cromwell could have refuted them was a demonstration that the Protectorate had brought a settlement, and this was just what the Protectorate had as yet notoriously failed to do. It is impossible not to believe that in this crisis of things Cromwell had convinced himself that the lawyers were right.

From the balance of argument he turned, as statesmen must or should, to the balance of forces; to that formidable host of armed men whom he had welded into the most powerful military instrument in Europe;

whom he had led to victory after victory in nine years of toil and peril; whom he had followed rather than led in all the successive stages of their revolutionary fervor; whose enthusiasms were as the breath of his nostrils. How would these stern warriors view the sight of their chief putting on the mantle of that hated office and title which they had been taught to regard as the ensigns of bondage, and against which the Lord of hosts had borne such crushing witness?

With angry promptness the officers showed their teeth. Lambert and others of the military leaders instantly declared against the new design. Within three days of Packe's announcement, a hundred of them waited on the Protector, and besought him not to listen to the proffer of the crown. It would displease the army and the godly; it would be a danger to the nation and to his own person; it would one day bring back the exiled line. Cromwell dealt very faithfully with them in reply. He liked the title as little as they liked it, a mere feather in a hat, a toy for a child. But had they not themselves proposed it in the Instrument? Here he glanced at Lambert, formerly the main author of such a proposal in 1653, and now, in 1657, the main instigator of opposition. He continued in the same vein of energetic remonstrance, like a man wearied, as he said, of being on all occasions made a drudge. Strangely does he light up the past. His reply was a double arraignment of himself and of them for the most important things that both of them had done. He said it was they who had made him dissolve the Long Parliament. It was they who had named the convention that followed, which went to such fantastic lengths that nobody could be sure of calling anything his own. It was they who had pressed him to starve out the ministers of religion. Was it not they, too, who must needs dissolve the Parliament in 1655 for trying to mend the Instrument, as if the Instrument did not need to be mended? They had thought it necessary to have major-generals, and the major-generals did their part well. Then after that nothing would content them till a Parliament was called. He gave his vote against it, but they were confident that somehow they would get men chosen to their heart's desire. How they had failed therein, and how much the country had been disobliged, was only too well known. Among other things, this string of reproaches helps to explain the curious remark of Henry Cromwell while walking in the

garden of Ludlow's country house at Monkstown, in Dublin Bay. "You that are here," he said, "may think that my father has power, but they make a very kickshaw of him at London."

Oliver's rebuke made the impression that he had calculated. Time was gained, and a compromise agreed to. The question of the kingly title was postponed until the end of the bill, and the rest of its proposals went forward in order. When the clause was at last reached (March 25) the title of king was carried by 123 to 62. Operations in the House were completed by the end of March, and on the last day of the month (1657) the new constitution, engrossed on vellum, was submitted to the Protector at Whitehall. He replied in a tone of dignity, not without pathos, that it was the greatest weight of anything that ever was laid upon a man; that he might perhaps be at the end of his work; that were he to make a mistake in judgment here, it were better that he had never been born; and that he must take time for the utmost deliberation and consideration. Then began a series of parleys and conferences that lasted for the whole of the month of April, with endless dubitations, postponements, and adjournments, iteration and reiteration of arguments. Cromwell's speeches were found "dark and promiscuous," nor can a modern reader wonder; and he undoubtedly showed extraordinary readiness in keeping off the point and balking the eager interlocutor. One passage (April 13) is famous. He told them that he had undertaken his position originally, not so much out of a hope of doing any good, as from a desire to prevent mischief and evil. "For truly I have often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good constable set to keep the peace of the parish."

At last Cromwell declared to several members that he was resolved to accept. Lambert, Desborough, and Fleetwood warned him that if he did they must withdraw from all public employment, and that other officers of quality would certainly go with them. Desborough, happening, after he knew the momentous decision, to meet Colonel Pride, told him that Cromwell had made up his mind to accept the crown. "That he shall not," said the unfaltering Pride. "Why," asked the other, "how wilt thou hinder it?" "Get me a petition drawn," answered Pride, "and I will prevent it." The petition was drawn, and on the day when

the House was expecting Oliver's assent a group of seven-and-twenty officers appeared at the bar with the prayer that they should not press the kingship any further. Pride's confidence in the effect of a remonstrance from the officers was justified by the event. When news of this daring move against both the determination of the Protector and the strong feeling of the Parliament reached Whitehall, Cromwell was reported as extremely angry, calling it a high breach of privilege, and the greatest injury they could have offered him short of cutting his throat. He sent for Fleetwood, reproached him for allowing things to go so far, while knowing so well that without the assent of the army he was decided against the kingship, and bade him go immediately to Westminster to stay further proceedings on the petition, and instantly invite the House to come to Whitehall to hear his definite reply. They came. He gave his decision in a short, firm speech, to the effect that if he accepted the kingship, at the best he should do it doubtfully, and, assuredly, whatever was done doubtfully was not of faith. "I cannot," he said, "undertake this government with the title of king; and that is mine answer to this great and weighty business." This was all he said, but everybody knew that he had suffered his first repulse, a wound in the house of his friend. He set his mark on those who had withstood him, and Lambert was speedily dismissed.

The House proceeded with their measure on the new footing, and on June 26 Oliver was solemnly installed as Lord Protector under the new law. Though the royal title was in abeyance, the scene marked the conversion of what had first been a military dictatorship, and then the protectorate of a republic, into a constitutional monarchy. A rich canopy was prepared at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and under it was placed the royal coronation chair of Scotland, which had been brought from the Abbey. On the table lay a magnificent Bible and the sword and scepter of the Commonwealth. When the Lord Protector had entered, the Speaker, in the name of the Parliament, placed upon his shoulders a mantle of purple velvet lined with ermine, girt him with the sword, delivered into his hands the scepter of massy gold, and administered the oath of fidelity to the new constitution. A prayer was offered up, and then Cromwell, amid trumpet-blows and loud shouting from the people who thronged the hall, took his seat in the

chair, holding the scepter in his right hand, with the ambassador of Louis XIV on the one side and the ambassador of the United Provinces on the other. "What a comely and glorious sight it is," said the Speaker, "to behold a lord protector in a purple robe, with a scepter in his hand, with the sword of justice girt about him, and his eyes fixed upon the Bible! Long may you enjoy them all, to your own comfort and the comfort of the people of these nations." Before many months were over Oliver was declaring to them: "I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, that I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertake such a government as this."

The Protectorate has sometimes been treated as a new and original settlement of the crucial question of parliamentary sovereignty. On the contrary, the history of the Protectorate in its two phases, under the two instruments of 1653 and 1657, by which it was constituted, seems rather to mark a progressive return to an old system than the creation of a new one. "The Agreement of the People" (1649) was the embodiment of the idea of the absolute supremacy of a single elective House. "The Instrument of Government" (1653) went a certain way toward mitigating this supremacy by intrusting executive power to a single person, subject to the assent and cooperation of a council, itself the creation, at first direct and afterward indirect, of the single House. "The Humble Petition and Advice" (1657) in effect restored the principle of monarchy, and took away from Parliament the right in future to choose the monarch. The oath prescribed for a privy councilor was an oath of allegiance to the person and authority of the Lord Protector and his successors, and he was clothed with the more than regal right of deciding who the successor should be. On the other hand, the Council or Cabinet, by whose advice the Lord Protector was bound to govern, was to be approved by both Houses, and to be irremovable without the consent of Parliament. The Protectorate, then, was finally established, so far as constitutional documents go, and in rudimentary forms, on the same principles of parliamentary supremacy over the executive and of ministerial responsibility which have developed our modern system of government by parliamentary cabinet.

(To be concluded.)



DRAWN BY E. R. HUGHES. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE SECOND INSTALLATION OF CROMWELL.

THE THAMES FROM WAPPING TO BLACKWALL.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

WITH PICTURES BY PHIL MAY AND JOSEPH PENNELL.

OUTSIDE the docks begins the hamlet called Wapping. It used to be Wapping in the Ouze or Wapping on the Wall. I have spoken of the embankment of the marsh. All along the river, all round the low coast of Essex, stands the "wall," the earthwork by which the river is kept from overflowing these low grounds at high water. This wall, which was constantly getting broken down and cost great sums of money to restore, was the cause of the first settlement of Wapping. It was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that people were encouraged to settle here, in order that by building houses on and close to the wall this work would be strengthened and maintained.

Stow says that about the year 1560 there were no houses here at all, but forty years later the place was occupied and thickly settled by "seafaring men and tradesmen dealing in commodities for the supply of shipping and shipmen." If this had been all, there would have been no harm done; but the place was outside the jurisdiction of the City, and grave complaints were presently heard that in all such suburbs a large trade was carried on in the making and selling of counterfeit goods. The arm of the law was apparently unable to act outside the boundaries of the lord mayor's authority; therefore the honest craftsman was encouraged by impunity to make counterfeit indigo, musk, saffron, cochineal, wax, nutmegs, steel, and other things. "But," says Strype, "they were bunglers in their business." They took too many apprentices, they kept them for too short a time, and their wares were bad, even considered merely as counterfeits. The making of wooden nutmegs has been unjustly attributed to New England. It was a practice in vogue in East London so far back as the sixteenth century. The craftsmen of the City petitioned James I on the subject. A royal commission was appointed, who recommended that the City companies should receive an extension of their power and should have control of the various trades within a circle of five or six miles' radius. Nothing,

however, seems to have come of the recommendation.

Before this petition, and even in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth, there was alarm about the growth of the suburbs. There were too many people already; they were too crowded; there were not enough provisions for so many; if the plague came back there would be a terrible mortality; and so on. Therefore orders were issued that no new buildings should be erected within three miles of the City, and that not more than one family should live in one house. Nothing could be wiser than these ordinances. But nature is not always so wise as human legislators. It is therefore intelligible that children went on being born; that there continued to be marrying and giving in marriage; that the population went on increasing; and since one cannot, even in order to obey a wise law, live in the open air, this beneficent law was set at defiance: new houses were built in all the suburbs, and if a family could not afford a house to itself, it did just what it had always done—took part of a house. In the face of these difficulties East London began to create itself, and riverside London not only stretched out a long arm upon the river wall, but threw out lanes and streets to the north of the wall.

Not much of the original Wapping survives. The London docks cut out a huge cantle of the parish. The place has since been still further curtailed by the creation of a recreation ground of the newest type. Some of the remaining streets retain in their names the memory of the gardens and fields of the early settlements. Such are Wapping Wall, Green Bank, Rose Lane, Crabtree Lane, Old Gravel Lane, Hermitage street, Love Lane,—no London suburb is complete without a Love Lane or a Lovers' Walk,—Cinnamon street. Does this name recall the time of the wooden nutmegs?

Let me at this point introduce you to Raine's charity and our only London rosière. The excellent Raine, who flourished during

the last century, built and endowed a school for girls, who were trained for domestic service. He also left money for giving, once a year, a purse containing a hundred golden sovereigns to a girl upon her wedding-day.

church, a massive structure of stone built a hundred and fifty years ago, stands a little off a certain famous street, once called Ratcliffe Highway, of which more anon.

The marriage service was celebrated in a



IN AN EAST-END GIN-SHOP.

She had to be a girl from his own school, and one who could show four years' domestic service with unblemished character. On the occasion when I assisted at this function there was observed—I do not think that the custom has since been abolished—a quaint little ceremony. The wedding was held in the Church of St. George's in the East. This

church crowded with all the girls, children, and women of the quarter. This spontaneous tribute to the domestic virtues, on the part of a people concerning whom so many cruel things have been alleged, caused a glow in the bosom of the stranger. Indeed, it was a curious thing to watch this intense interest in the reward of the *rosière*. The women

crowded the streets and filled the galleries; they thronged the great stone porch; they made a lane outside for the passage of the bridal party; they whispered eagerly, without the least sign of scoffing; when the bride in her white dress walked through them, they gasped, they trembled, the tears came into their eyes. What did they mean, those tears?

After the service the clergyman, with the vestry, the bridal party, and the invited guests, marched in procession from the church through the broad churchyard at the back to the vestry hall. With the procession walked the church choir in their surplices. Arrived at the vestry hall, the choir sang an anthem composed in the last century especially for this occasion. The rector of St. George's delivered a short oration, congratulating the bride and exhorting the bridegroom; he then placed in the hands of the bridegroom an old-fashioned long silk purse containing fifty sovereigns at each end. This done, cake and wine were passed round, and we drank with enthusiasm to the health of the bride and her bridegroom. The bride, I remember, was a blushing, rosy maiden of two-and-twenty or so. It was a

great day for her, the one day of all her life; but she carried herself with a becoming modesty. The bridegroom, a goodly youth about the same age, was proposing, we understood, something creditable, something superior, in the profession of carter or carman. It is more than ten years ago. I hope that the gift of the incomparable Raine—the anthem said that he was incomparable—has brought good luck to this London rosière and her bridegroom.

The Church of St. George's in the East stands, as I have said, beside the once infamous street called the Ratcliffe Highway. This street was formerly the home of Mercantile Jack when his ship was paid off. Here, where every other house was a drinking-den, where there was not the slightest attempt to preserve even a show of deference to respectability, Jack and his friends drank and sang and danced and fought,—Portugal Jack and Italy Jack and Lascar Jack have always been very handy with their knives,—while no one interfered, and the police could walk about only in little companies of three and four. Within these houses, their windows, their doors, their fronts stained and discolored like a drunk-



THE TURN OF THE TIDE ON THE LOWER THAMES.

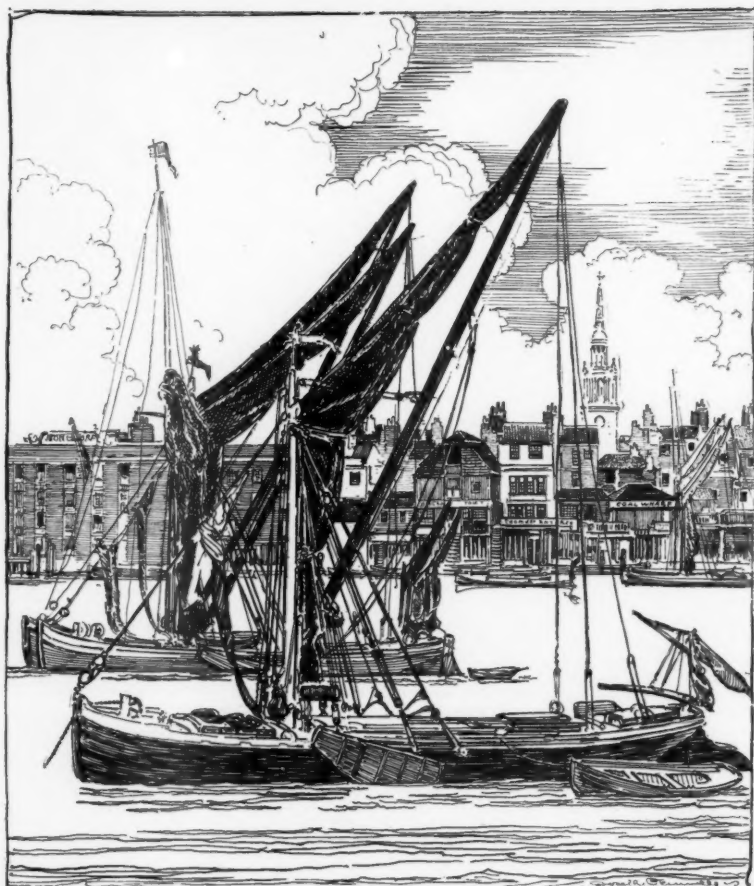


COMING UP THE LOWER THAMES WITH THE TIDE.

ard's face, there lay men stark and dead after one of these affrays—the river would be their churchyard; there lay men wounded and men in fevers sick unto death, with no one to look after them; and all the time, day and night, the noise of the revelry went on, for what matters a few more sick or dead? The fiddler kept it up; Jack footed it, one Jack after the other, heel and toe with folded arms, to the sailor's hornpipe; there were girls who could dance him down; there was delectable singing; and the universal thirst was like unto the thirst of Gargantua.

The street is changed; it has now assumed a certain air of respectability, though it has not yet arrived at the full rigors, so to speak, of virtue. Still the fiddle may be heard from the frequent public house; still Mercantile Jack keeps it up, heel and toe, while his money lasts; still there are harmonic evenings and festive days: but there are changes. One may frequently, such is the degeneracy, walk down the street, now called St. George's, without seeing a single fight, without being hustled or assaulted, without coming across a man too drunk to lift himself from the curb. It is a lively, cheerful street,

with points which an artist might find picturesque. It is growing in respectability, but it is not yet by any means so clean as it might be; and there are fragrances and perfumes lingering about its open doors and courts which some parts of London, too dainty, perhaps, will not admit within their boundaries. There are two squares in the middle of the street. In one of them is the Swedish church, where, on a Sunday morning, you may see rows of light-haired, blue-eyed mariners listening to the sermon in their own tongue. In a corner, if you look about, you may chance upon the quaintest little Jewish settlement you can possibly imagine. It is an almshouse, with a synagogue and all, complete. If you are lucky, you will find one of the old beadsmen, who will show you the place and talk to you. St. George's street, also, rejoices in a large public garden. No street, indeed, ever wanted one so badly. It is made out of the great churchyard, where dead sailors and dead bargemen and dead roisterers lie together by the hundred thousand. And one must never forget Jamrack's. This world-wide merchant imports wild beasts. In his



OFF SHADWELL.

place—call it not shop or warehouse—you will find pumas and wild cats of all kinds, jackals, foxes, wolves, wolverenes. It is a veritable ark of Noah.

In the very heart of Wapping stands a group of early eighteenth-century buildings, with which every right-minded visitor straightway falls in love. They consist of schools and a church. To these may be added a churchyard. I suppose we may say that a churchyard is built when it is full of tombs. This churchyard is partly separated from the church by the road. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and within there is a little coppice of lilac, laburnum, and other shrubs and trees, which have grown up between the tombs, so that in the spring and summer the monuments become half revealed and half concealed; the sunshine falling on

them, quivering and shifting through the light leaves and blossoms, glorifies the memorials of these dead mariners. The schools are adorned with wooden effigies of boys and girls, stiff and formal in their ancient garb. The church is not without a quiet dignity of its own, such a dignity as may be observed in the simplicity of a meeting-house in a small American town. In some unexplained manner it seems exactly the sort of church which should have been built for captains, mates, quartermasters, and bo's'ns of the mercantile marine, in the days when captains wore full wigs and waistcoats down to their knees. The master boat-builder and master craftsman in all the arts and mysteries pertaining to ships and boats, their provision and their gear, were also admitted within these holy walls. The church seems to have

been built only for persons of authority. Surely nothing under the rank of quartermaster, except the charity children, would sit within these dignified walls. You can see the tombs of former congregations; they are solid tombs, signifying rank in the mercantile marine. The tombs are in the churchyard about the church, and in the churchyard on the other side of the road. As you look upon the old-fashioned church, this Georgian church, time runs back, the ancient days return. There stands in the pulpit the clergyman in his full wig, reading his learned and doctrinal discourse in a full, rich monotone. Below him sit the captains and the mates and the quartermasters; with them the master craftsmen, all with wigs. The three-cornered hat is hanging on the door of the high pew. For better concentration of thought, the eyes of all the honest gentlemen are closed. The ladies, however, sit upright, aware of their Sunday best; besides, one might, in falling asleep, derange the nice balance of the head. When the sermon is over they all walk home in neighborly conversation to the Sunday dinner and the after-dinner bottle of port. The tombs in the churchyard belong to the time when a part of Wapping was occupied by this better class, which has long since vanished, though one or two of the houses remain. Of the baser sort who crowded all the lanes I have spoken already. They did not go to church. Always on Sunday the doors stood wide open to them if they would come in, but they did not accept the invitation; they stayed outside. The church, however, received this part of her flock three times in the life of each—for the christening, for the wedding, for the burial. Whatever the life has been, the church receives all alike for the funeral service, and asks no questions. After their brief term of yielding to all temptations, after their sprightly course along the primrose path, they are promised, if in the coffin one can hear, a sure and certain hope.

Here are Wapping Old Stairs. Come with me through the narrow court and stand upon the stairs leading down to the river. They are now rickety old stairs and deserted. Time was when the sailors landed on these stairs when they returned from a voyage. Their sweet-hearts ran down the steps to meet them.

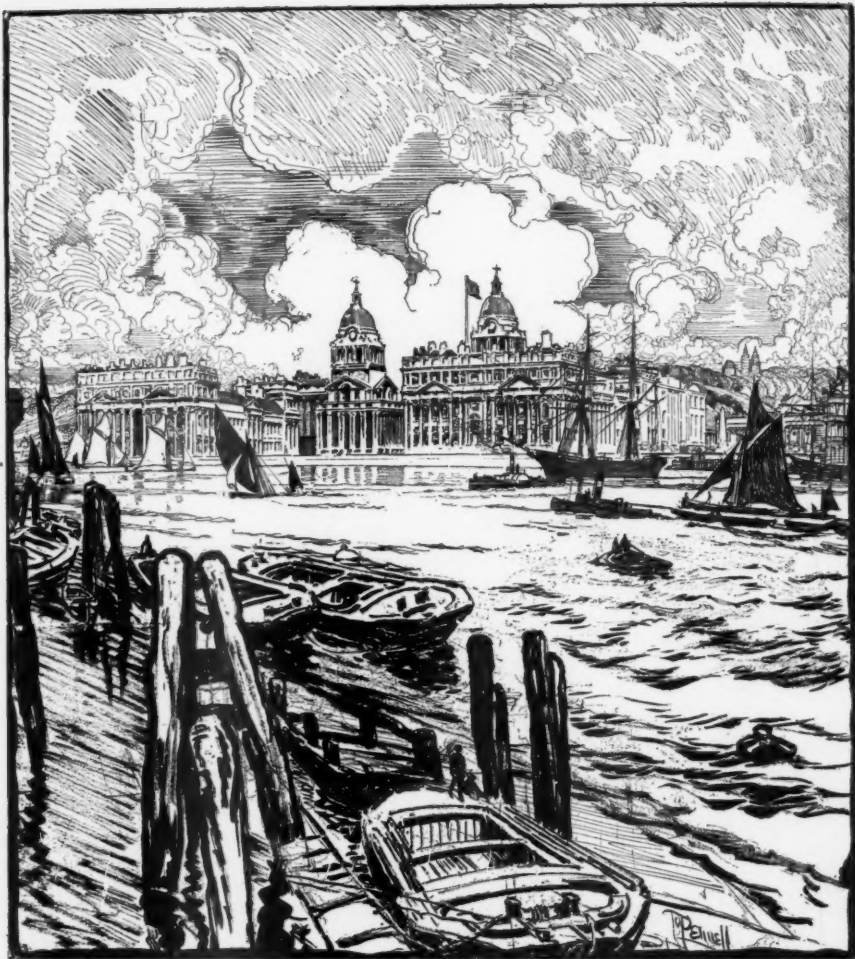
Your Polly has never been faithless, she swears. Since last year we parted on Wapping Old Stairs.

And here, when Polly had spent all his money for him, Jack hugged her to his

manly bosom before going aboard again. Greeting and farewell took place in the presence of a theaterful of spectators. They were the watermen, who lay off the stairs by dozens waiting for a fare, at the time when the Thames was the main highway of the City. The stairs were noisy and full of life. Polly herself had plenty of repartee in reply to the gentle badinage of the young watermen. Her Tom had rivals among them. When he came home the welcome began with a fight with one or other of these rivals. The stairs are silent now; a boat or two, mostly without any one in them, lie despondently alongside the stairs, or in the mud at low tide.

Sometimes the boats pushed off with intent to fish. The river was full of fish, though there are now none left. There were all kinds of fish that swim, including salmon. The fishery of the Thames is responsible for more rules and ordinances than any other industry of London. The boatmen were learned in the times and seasons of the fish. For instance, they could tell by the look of the river when a shoal of roach was coming up-stream. At such times they took up passengers who would go a-fishing and landed them on the sterlings, the projecting piers of London Bridge, where they stood angling for the fish all day long with rod and line.

Next to Wapping Old Stairs is Execution Dock. This was the place where sailors, mutinous or murderous, were hanged, and all criminals sentenced for offenses committed on the water. They were hanged at low tide on the foreshore, and they were kept hanging until three high tides had flowed over their bodies, an example and an admonition to the sailors on board the passing ships. Among the many hangings at this doleful spot is one which is more remarkable than the others. It was conducted up to a certain point with the usual formalities. The prisoner was conveyed to the spot in a cart beside his own coffin, while the ordinary sat beside him and exhorted him. The prisoner also wore the customary white night-cap and carried a prayer-book in one hand, while a nosegay was stuck in his bosom. He preserved a stolid indifference to the exhortations. He did not change color when the cart arrived at the head of the stairs; but it was remembered afterward that he glanced round him quickly as if expecting something. They carried him to the fatal beam, and they hanged him up. Now, if you come to think of it, as the spot had to be



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

approached by a narrow lane and by a narrow flight of steps, while the gallows stood in the mud of the foreshore, the number of constables on guard could not have been many. On this occasion, no sooner was the man turned off than a boat's company of sailors armed with bludgeons appeared most unexpectedly, rushed upon the constables, knocked down the hangman, hustled the chaplain, overthrew the sheriff's officers, cut down the man, carried him off, threw him into a boat, and were away and in midstream, going down swiftly with the current, before the officers understood what was going on.

When they picked themselves up they gazed stupidly at the gallows with the rope

still dangling. Where was the man? He was in the boat, and the boat was already a good way down the river, and, by that kind of accident which often happened at that time when the arrangements of the executive were upset, there was not a single wherry within sight or within hail.

Then the ordinary closed his book and pulled his cassock straight, the hangman sadly removed the rope, the constables looked after the vanishing boat, and there was nothing to be done but just to return home again. As for the man, that hanging was never completed, and those rescuers were never discovered.

As an illustration of the solitude of this

place before the migration under Queen Elizabeth, one observes that there was a field called Hangman's Acre, situated more than a quarter of a mile from the river, where in the year 1440 certain murderers and pirates were hanged in chains upon a gallows set on rising ground, so that they should be seen by the sailors in the ships going up and down the river. There was not, therefore, at that time a single house to obstruct this admonitory spectacle.

The hamlet of Shadwell is only a continuation of St. George's or Ratcliffe Highway. Its churchyard is converted into a lovely garden, one of the many gardens which were once burial-grounds. The people sit about in the shade or in the sun. Along the south wall is a terrace commanding a cheerful view of the London docks with their shipping. There is a fish-market here, the only public institution of Shadwell. There are old houses which we may look at and represent, but there is little about its people that distinguishes them from the folk on either hand.

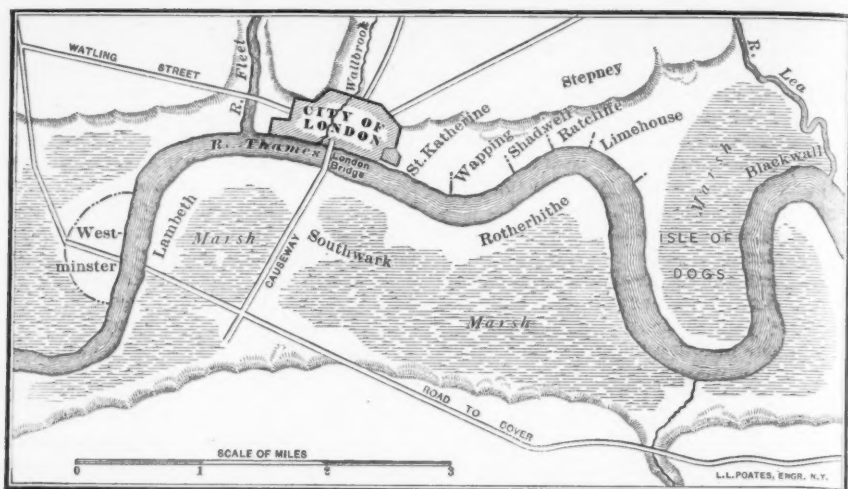
In the year 1671 the church was built. Shadwell was already a place with a large population. The church was built in order to minister to their spiritual wants. What could be better? But you shall learn how the best intentions may be frustrated, and how the riverside folk were suffered to go from bad to worse, despite the creation of the parish and the erection of the church. The first rector was a nephew of that great divine and philosopher, Bishop Butler. He was so much delighted with the prospect of living and working among this rude and ignorant folk, he was so filled and penetrated with the spirit of humanity and the principles of the Christian religion, that his first sermon was on the text, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesek, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!" This good man, however, received permission from the bishop to live in Norfolk street, Strand, about three miles from his church; and so, with a non-resident clergy, with no schools, with no restraints of example or precept, with little interference from the law, what wonder if the people reeled blindly down the slopes that lead to death and destruction?

The name of Ratcliffe, or Redcliff, marks a spot where the low cliff which formerly rose up from the marsh curved southward for a space and then receded. It is a hamlet which at first offers little to interest or to attract. It consists of mean and dingy streets; there is not a single street which is

not mean and dingy. None of the houses is old, none is picturesque in the least; all are rickety, dirty, shabby, without one redeeming feature. There is a church, but it is not stately like St. George's in the East, nor venerable like Stepney. It is unlovely. There are stairs to the river, and they are rickety; there are warehouses which contain nothing and are tumbling down; there are public houses which do not pretend to be bright and attractive — low-browed, dirty dens, which reek of bad beer and bad gin. Yet the place, when you linger in it and talk about it to the clergy and the ladies who work for it, is full of interest, for it is a quarter entirely occupied by the hand-to-mouth laborer. The people live in tenements; it is thought luxury to have two rooms. There are eight thousand of them, three quarters being Irish. In the whole parish there is not a single person of what we call respectability except two or three clergymen and half a dozen ladies who work for the church. There are no good shops; there are no doctors or lawyers; there is not even a news-vender, for nobody in Ratcliffe reads a newspaper. But the place swarms with humanity. The children play by thousands in the gutters and on the door-steps; the wives and mothers sit all day long and in all weathers, carrying on a perpetual parliament of grievances. Here once, I know not when, stood Ratcliffe Cross, and the site of the cross, removed I know not when, was one of the spots where, in 1837, Queen Victoria was proclaimed. Why the young queen should have been proclaimed at Ratcliffe Cross I have never been able to discover. I have asked the question of many persons and many books, but I can find no answer. The oldest inhabitant knows nothing about it. None of the books can tell me if the accession of the queen's predecessors was also proclaimed by ancient custom at Ratcliffe Cross. Unfortunately, it is now extremely difficult to find persons who remember the accession of the queen, not to speak of that of William IV.

Ratcliffe has other historical memories. Here stood the hall of the Shipwrights' Company. This was a very ancient body; it existed as the Fraternity of St. Simon and St. Jude from time immemorial. The Shipwrights' Company formerly had docks and building-yards on the south of the Thames; then they moved their hall to this place on the north bank, and seem to have given up their building-yards.

Here was a school founded and maintained



ANCIENT LONDON AND ITS OUTLYING HAMLETS.

by the Coopers' Company, where, among others, Lancelot Andrewes, the learned bishop, was educated.

There is another historical note concerning Ratcliffe. It belongs to the year 1553. It was in that year that Admiral Sir Hugh Willoughby embarked on that voyage of discovery from which he was destined never to return. He was sent out on a roving commission to "discover regions, dominions, islands, and places unknown," and he began by an attempt to discover the Northeast Passage. Remember that geographers knew nothing in those days of the extent of Siberia. Willoughby had three ships. Their tonnage was respectively one hundred and sixty tons, one hundred and twenty tons, and ninety tons. His crews consisted of fifty men, thirty-five men, and twenty-seven men, respectively. With such tiny craft they put forth boldly to brave the unknown arctic seas. It was from Ratcliffe Stairs that Willoughby went on board on May 10, 1553. Half a mile down the river the flotilla passed Greenwich Palace, where the young King Edward VI was residing. It was within a few weeks of his death; consumption had laid him low. When the ships passed the palace, they "dressed" with flags and streamers, they fired cannons of salute, they blew their trumpets. The young king was brought out to see them pass. It was his last appearance in public; on the 6th of July he was dead. As for Willoughby, he parted with one of his ships, and after being tossed about off the coast of Lapland he resolved to winter

at the mouth of a river. Here in the following spring he was found, with his companions, all dead and frozen. A strange story of English enterprise to be connected with these forlorn and ramshackle stairs!

Here is another story about Ratcliffe. Close down by the river, beside the stairs, are two or three big, ruinous warehouses, mostly deserted. One of these has a double front, the left side representing a private house, the right a warehouse. What was stored in the warehouse I know not. The whole riverside is lined with warehouses and stores. The place is now for a third time deserted, and stands with broken windows. It has been deserted, so far as its original purpose is concerned, for many years. Some thirty years ago a young medical man began to live and to practise in Ratcliffe. He became presently aware that the death-rate among the children was frightful. There was no hospital nearer than the London Hospital in the White-chapel Road, and that was two miles away. There were no nurses to be obtained, there were no appliances. If a child was taken ill it had to lie in the one room occupied by the whole family, without ventilation, without proper food, without skilled care, without medicines. Therefore in most cases of illness the child died.

He found this rickety old warehouse empty. He thought that he would do what he could, being a poor man, to make a hospital for children. He did so. With his slender funds he got a few beds and filled

them with children. He was physician, surgeon, dispenser, druggist, everything. His wife was nurse and everything else. Together these two devoted people started their hospital. Well, it grew; it became known; money began to come in; other doctors and nurses were taken on; all the rooms—there were many—were filled; the children began to recover. Presently the hospital became so well off that it was resolved to remove it from the old warehouse, and to build a separate children's hospital, which was done, and you may see it—a noble place. But for the founder it was too late. The work killed him before the new hospital, the crown of his labors, was completed. One of the wards, the Heckford Ward, is named after the man who gave all his strength, all his mind, all his knowledge, all his thoughts; who gave his life and his death; who gave himself, wholly and ungrudgingly, to the children. His patients recovered, but their physician died. He had offered his own life to stay the hand of death, and the offer was accepted.

Then the house stood empty for a time. It was presently taken over by the vicar of the parish, and made into a playhouse for the little children in the winter after school hours, from four to seven. You have seen how the children swarm in the Ratcliffe streets. After seven the house was converted into a club for the rough riverside lads, where they could box and play single-stick and subdue the devil in them, and so presently could sit down and play games and listen to reading and keep out of mischief. But the house is now condemned. It is really too ramshackle. It is empty again and is to be pulled down.

There is still another story the scene of which is laid at Ratcliffe. The house beside the church is now the vicarage. It is a square, solid house, built about the end of the seventeenth century. It is remarkable for a dining-room the walls of which are painted with Italian landscapes. The story is that there lived here early in the eighteenth century a merchant who rode into London every day, leaving his only daughter behind. He desired to decorate his house with wall-paintings, and engaged a young Italian to stay in the house and to paint all day. Presently he made a not unusual discovery, that the Italian and his daughter had fallen in love with each other. He knew what was due to his position as a City merchant, and, as might have been expected, he rose with dignity to the occasion. That is to say, he ordered the

young man to get out of the house within half an hour. The young man obeyed, so far as to mount the stairs to his own room. Here, however, he stopped, and when the angry parent climbed the stairs after the expiration of the half-hour to know why he was not gone, he found the young lover dead, hanging to the canopy of the bed. His ghost was long believed to haunt the house, and was only finally laid, after troops of servants had fled shrieking, when the wife of the vicar sat up all night by herself in the haunted chamber, and testified that she had neither seen nor heard anything, and was quite willing to sleep in the room. That disgusted the ghost, who then went away of his own accord. I wish I could show you one room in the house. It was the old "powdering-room." When your wig had been properly curled and combed, you threw a towel or dressing-gown over your shoulders, and sat in this little room, with your back to the door. Now, the door had a sliding panel, and the barber on the other side was provided with the instrument which blew the white powder through the panel upon the wig. The operation finished, you arose, slipped off the dressing-gown, and descended to your coach with all the dignity of a gold-laced hat, a wig as white as the driven snow, lace ruffles, a lace tie, and a black velvet coat—if you were a merchant—with gold buttons and white silk stockings. A beautiful time it was for those who could afford the dignity and the splendor which made it beautiful. For those who could not—humph! not quite so beautiful a time.

After Ratcliffe we pass into Limehouse. It was at Limehouse Hole that Rogue Riderhood lived. The place is more marine than Wapping. The public houses have a look, an air, a something that suggests the sea; the shops are conducted for the wants of the merchantman; the houses are old and picturesquely dirty; the streets are narrow. One may walk about these streets for a whole afternoon and find something to observe in every one—either a shop full of queer things, or a public house full of strange men, or a house that speaks of other days, of crimps, for instance, and of press-gangs, and of encounters in the streets. There are ancient docks used for the repair of wooden sailing-ships; there are places where they build barges. A little inland you may see the famous church of Limehouse, with its lofty steeple; it was built only in 1730. Before that time there was no church to which the people of Limehouse could go. Since

that time nobody has gone to church at Limehouse, speaking of the true natives, the riverside folk, not of those who dwell respectably in the West India Dock Road. It is, however, doubtless a great advantage and benefit to a sea-going population to have a churchyard to be buried in. We will come back to Limehouse in another place.

At Limehouse the river suddenly bends to the south and then again to the north, making a loop within which lies a peninsula. This is a very curious place. It occupies an area of a mile and a half from north to south, and about a mile from east to west. The place was formerly a dead level, lower than the river at high tide, and therefore a broad tidal marsh; it was, in fact, part of the vast marsh of which I have already spoken, now reclaimed, lying along the north bank of the river. This marsh was dotted over with little eyots, or islets, sometimes swept away by the tide, then forming again, composed of rushes living and dead, the rank grasses of the marsh, and sticks and branches and leaves carried among the reeds to form a convenient and secure place where the wild birds could make their nests. When the river wall was built the marsh became a broad field of rich pasture, in which sheep were believed to fatten better than in any other part of England. Until quite recently it had no inhabitants. Probably the air at night was malarious, and the sheep wanted no one to look after them. The river wall was adorned with half a dozen windmills. Dead men hanging in chains preached silent sermons by their dolorous example to the sailors of the passing craft. These decorations were not attractive.

There was instituted at some time or other before the seventeenth century a ferry between its southern point and Greenwich, and a road to meet the ferry running north through the island. Pepys crossed once by this ferry in order to attend a wedding. It was in the plague year, when one would have thought weddings were not common, and wedding festivities dangerous things; but there was still marrying and giving in marriage. He was with Sir George and Lady Carteret. They got across from Deptford in a boat, but found that their coach, which ought to have met them, had not come over by ferry, the tide having fallen too low. "I being in my new colored silk suit and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands very rich and fine, . . . so we were fain to stay there in the unlucky Isle of Dogs, in a chill place, the morning cool, the

wind fresh, to our great discontent." Why does he call the Isle of Dogs unlucky?

In the middle of the island stood, all by itself, a little chapel. Nothing is known about the origin of this chapel in the marsh, with no houses near it. I am inclined to think that, like many other chapels built on this river wall, on town walls, and on bridges, it was intended to protect the wall by prayers and masses sung or said "with intention." We have already found a hermitage by or on the wall at Wapping, another place of prayer for the maintenance of this important work.

Why this peninsula was called the Isle of Dogs no one knows. One learned antiquary says that the king kept his hounds there when he stayed at Greenwich Palace. Perhaps. But the antiquary produces no proof that the royal kennels were ever set up here, and the person who trusts a little to common sense asks why the king should have sent his hounds across a broad and rapid river by a dangerous ferry, when he had the whole of Greenwich Park and Black Heath in which to build his kennels. "Drowned dogs," suggests another, but doubtfully. No; I have never heard of drowned dogs being washed ashore in any number either here or elsewhere. Drowned dogs, it is certain, were never an appreciable factor in the flotsam and jetsam of the Thames. "Not the Isle of Dogs," says another, "but the Isle of Ducks. Ducks, you see, from the wild ducks which formerly—" No; when the wall was built, which was probably in the Roman time, the wild ducks vanished, and as no tradition of any kind can be traced among the Saxons concerning the Roman occupation, they never heard of these ducks. For my own part, I have no suggestion to offer except a vague suspicion that, as Pepys thought, there was a tradition of bad luck attaching in some form to the place, which was named accordingly. If a man on the downward path is said to be going to the dogs, a place considered unlucky might very well have been called the Isle of Dogs. Now, a level marsh without any inhabitants, and adorned by gibbets and dangling dead bodies, would certainly not be considered a lucky place.

You must not now expect anything in the place of the least antiquity. Yet a walk round the Isle of Dogs is full of interest. To begin with, the streets are wide and clean; the houses are all small, built for workingmen—there are no houses of the better sort at all; the children swarm and

are healthy, well fed, and rosy; the shops are chiefly those of provisions and cheap clothing. All round the shore there runs an unbroken succession of factories. These factories support the thousands of workmen who form the population of the Isle of Dogs. All kinds of things are made, stored, received, and distributed in the factories of this industrial island. Many of them are things which require to be carried on outside a crowded town, such as oil-storage, paint, color, and varnish works, disinfectant-fluid works, boiler-makers, lubricating-oil works. There are foundries of brass and iron, lead-smelting works, copper-depositing works, antimony and gold-ore works. All kinds of things wanted for ships are made here—cisterns and tanks, casks, steering-gear, tarpaulin, wire rope, sails, oars, blocks, and masts. There are yards for building ships, barges, and boats.

Of public buildings there are few—two churches, one of them, apparently, of an extreme ritualist type, one or two chapels, board schools and church schools. There are not any places of amusement, but posters indicate that theaters and music-halls are within reach. On the south of the island the County Council has erected a most lovely garden. It is four or five acres in extent. There are lawns, trees, and flower-beds; there is a stately terrace running along the river; there are seats dotted about, and on certain evenings in the summer a band plays. Above all, there is the view across the river. All day long that pageant of which we have already spoken goes up and down, never ending. The ships follow each other, great ships, small ships, splendid ships, mean ships. The noisy little tugs plow their way, pulling after them a long string of lighters heavily laden. The children peeping through the iron railings know all the ships, where they come from, and to what line they belong. Beyond the river is Greenwich Hospital, once a splendid monument of the nation's gratitude to her old sailors, now a shameful monument of the nation's thanklessness. Would any other country so trample upon sentiment as to take away their hospital from the old sailors, to whom it belonged, and to whom it had been given? The pensioners are gone, and the people have lost the education in patriotism which the sight and discourse of these veterans once afforded them.

It is needless to say that there is not a single book-shop in the Isle of Dogs. We do not expect a book-shop anywhere in East

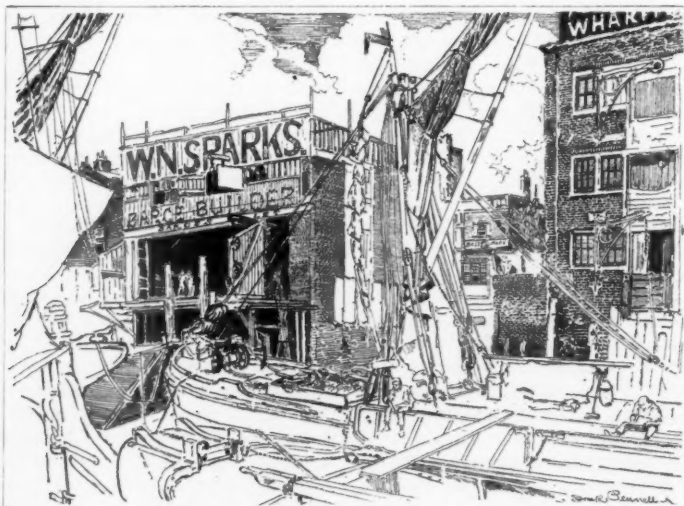
London. There are also very few news-agents. I saw one the whole of whose window was tastefully decorated with pictures from the "Illustrated Police Budget." These illustrations are blood-curdling: a lady bites another lady, such is the extremity of her wrath; a burglar enters a bedroom at night; a man with a revolver shows what revenge and jealousy can dare and do; and so on. I am sure that the people read other things, the "Police Budget" is not their only paper; but I confess that this was the only evidence of their favorite reading which I was able to discover when I was last on the island. There are no slums, I believe, on the Isle of Dogs. I have never seen any Hooligans, Larrikins, or any of that tribe—perhaps because they were all engaged in work, the harder the better. You will not see any drunken men, as a rule, nor any beggars, nor any signs of misery. We may conclude that the Isle of Dogs contains an industrious and prosperous population. The air that they breathe, when the fresh breeze that comes up with the tide is not blowing, is perhaps too heavily charged with the varied fragrance of multitudinous works, and with the noise of various industries, the hammering of hammers, the grinding and blowing and whirling of engines; to these one gets accustomed. It is a place where one might deliberately choose to be born, because, apart from the general well-being of the people and the healthfulness of the air, there is a spirit of enterprise imbibed by every boy who grows up in this admirable island. It is engendered by the universal presence of the sailor and the ship. Wherever the sailor and the ship are found there springs up naturally, in every child, the spirit of adventure. A large part of the island is occupied by docks—the West India Docks, the Blackwall Basin, and the Millwall Dock. We need not enter into the statistics of the tonnage and the trade. It is sufficient to remember that the docks are always receiving ships, and that the sailors are always getting leave to go ashore, and that some of them have their wives and families living in the Isle of Dogs. That would be in itself sufficient to give this suburb a marine flavor; but think what it means for a boy to live in a place where at every point his eyes rest upon a forest of masts, where he is always watching the great ships as they work out of dock or creep slowly in; think what it means when, in addition to living beside these great receiving-docks, he can look through doors half open and see the old-fashioned repairing-dock

with the wooden sailing-ship shored up, and the men working at her ribs, while her battered old figurehead and her bowsprit stick out over the wall of the dock and over the street itself. The Tritons and the Oceanides, the spirits of the rolling sea, open their arms with invitation to such a boy. "Come," they say, "thou, too, shalt be a sailor. It is thy happy fate. Come with a joyful heart. We know the place, deep down among the tiny shells of ocean, where thou shalt lie, but not till after many years. Come. It is the sweetest life of any; there is no care or cark for money; there is no struggle on the waves for casual work and for bare food; no foul diseases lurk on the broad Atlantic; the wind of the sea is pure and healthy; the fo'c's'le is cheerful, and the wage is good." And so he goes, this favorite of fortune, and enjoys life and meets his fate.

For some strange reason the gates of the docks are always bright and green in spring and summer with trees and Virginia creepers, which are planted at the entrance and grow over the lodge. Within, flower-beds are planted. Outside, the cottages for the dock-people also have bright and pleasant little front gardens. To the forest of masts, to the

bowsprit sticking out over the street, to the ships that are warped in and out of the dock, add the pleasing touch of trees and flowers and creepers before we leave the Isle of Dogs—that "unlucky" isle, as Pepys called it.

The last of the East London riverside hamlets is Blackwall. Where Blackwall begins no one knows. Poplar Station is in the middle of the place included in the map within the letters which spell Blackwall. And where are the houses of Blackwall? It is covered entirely with docks. There are the East India Docks and the Poplar Docks and the Basin. There are also half a dozen of the little old repairing-docks left, and there is a railway-station with a terrace looking out upon the river. There is a street running east, and another street running north. Both streets are stopped by Bow Creek. The aspect of both causes the visitor to glance nervously about him for a protecting policeman. And here, as regards the riverside, we may stop. Beyond Bow Creek we are outside the limits of London. There follow many more hamlets—West Ham, East Ham, Canning Town, Silvertown, and others, which for us, in this place, must remain names.



BARGE-BUILDERS.



"THE VERY TODDLERS OF THE PLANTATION, WHITE AND BLACK, LOOKED DOWN UPON HIM—AND LOVED HIM."

THE CALLING OF CAIRO.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.



HE first really great event which I can remember is Mammy's wedding—an event great in my eyes for its astounding unexpectedness no less than for what seemed to me its magnificence. For, childlike, I had looked upon Mammy as being somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred, she being, I suppose, about fifty, a gaunt yellow woman, of boundless capacity for self-devotion and an uncertain temper.

In her bridal finery, her white frills and flounces, her long veil, and her wreath of snowy pop-corn, she seemed to me a radiant vision—pageant enough if there had been no bridegroom, as, indeed, there was next to none. For Cairo, a small, meek, smiling black man, was barely able to inspire respect even in his wedding splendor—in his black coat, noticeably too large, his baggy white trousers, his tall beaver, which he retained upon his head during the ceremony, and his large white yarn gloves, with a considerable length of string depending from each finger. In every-day life the very toddlers of the plantation, white and black, looked down upon him—and loved him; rode on his back, levied tribute of willow whistles and partridge eggs, and imposed what tasks their fancy dictated. For Cairo was a man

of leisure almost as boundless as his good nature, as the very aspect of the little plot of ground around his cabin in the old slave quarters bore silent witness in its scantiness of crops and gorgeousness of weeds. But how could he be expected to work hard with a chronic "mis'ry in de laig"?

It was this "mis'ry in de laig," and his consequent inability to get on in the world, it seemed, which determined Mammy's choice. As she said at the wedding, "*Somebody hatter take keer o' Cairo.*"

There was at all times in Mammy a strong instinct for martyrdom, which, under any feeling of protest or injury, would vent itself in wild paroxysms of house-cleaning, in frantic scourings and sweepings, in prodigies of exhausting and reproachful labor. It was in these fits of stormy industry that my admiration for Mammy was greatest, albeit most fearful, for I considered that she herself then strikingly exhibited the "high-mindedness" which she had been careful to secure to each baby of the family by carrying it *up-stairs* (into the garret) before it ever went *down-stairs*. I had early decided that when Mammy was a baby (if she ever *was* a baby) somebody had taken her up to the top of a steeple—which, however, I was not at all

sure was generally advisable, for I dimly perceived that high-mindedness in excess was apt to be, to other people, just a trifle "wearing."

Of the self-sacrifice involved in her marriage Mammy made no secret, nor did she profess any illusions concerning Cairo, of whom she invariably spoke with slighting frankness, so that the cook, unable to appreciate the elevation of Mammy's character and motives, openly proclaimed the theory (behind Mammy's back) that Mammy was marrying Cairo simply because she "did n' wan' have 'Miss' on her tombstone."

But I knew better, especially when I considered that she was not likely to have a tombstone, and nobody ever called her "Miss." No; it was clearly some stern sense of duty alone which impelled her to take upon her the galling yoke of wedlock.

As Mammy's wedding stands out in my memory as the first pageant of my life, so with her departure from us is associated my earliest distinct recollection of remorse. For I was shocked to find myself not wholly sorry. It is true that since my own babyhood she had been a "mammy" only in name, with her usual force of character retaining, while discharging the functions of housemaid and seamstress, the title and authority which of right belonged to Aunt Chloe, the nurse. But I remembered the multiplied labors in my behalf which she had so often pointed out for my confusion of face, and was troubled at the baseness of my own ingratitude—troubled most of all when, at the last moment, she caught me to her breast and cried over me.

Mammy henceforth "took in washing" at her home in Cairo's transformed cabin, which, from that time forth, nobody, by any chance, ever thought of as Cairo's. "Cairo'd be right smart he'p totin' de clo'es," she said in the first halcyon days of wedlock, "ef 't wa'n' for his laig." But his leg, so far from improving under the "wroppin'" with "flan-nen" and rubbings with "spets turkumtime" and "karrysene" which Mammy in the beginning energetically bestowed upon it (for, as she said, she "did n' wan' have no no-'count man roun' her"), became worse with astonishing rapidity, speedily incapacitating him for all manner of work whatsoever, except fishing and picking the banjo, and an occasional possum-hunt, to which, by a happy chance, "de mis'ry in de laig" was no obstacle. Nor did it, indeed, interfere in any way with his friendly offices for his young friends. He never ceased to be able to tramp with them

and for them after coveted woodland treasures, and to "tote" the little ones when they tired or the way grew rough, or to climb agilely enough after "honey-shucks" and scaly-barks, empty birds' nests and "flyin' squir'ls," for their delectation.

Not even I, at last, could quite believe in Cairo's "laig," and Mammy, even in the first year of wedlock, openly avowed her conviction that he "wa'n' no lamer 'n he wanted to be," and that his sole complaint was utter laziness—a conviction which, as time went on, she habitually clothed in fluent, forcible, and picturesque language for the edification of her spouse, who met with a wide, wistful smile, or a meek and deprecatory rubbing of his round head, both her voluble upbraidings and the silent reproach of her fits of frenzied and awe-inspiring industry.

But possibly he did not breathe quite freely in the rarefied atmosphere of Mammy's high-mindedness, and more and more he grew prone to enjoy the fragrance of his pipe and the "plunk" of his banjo anywhere rather than upon his own door-step or by his own fireside, if his they could be called.

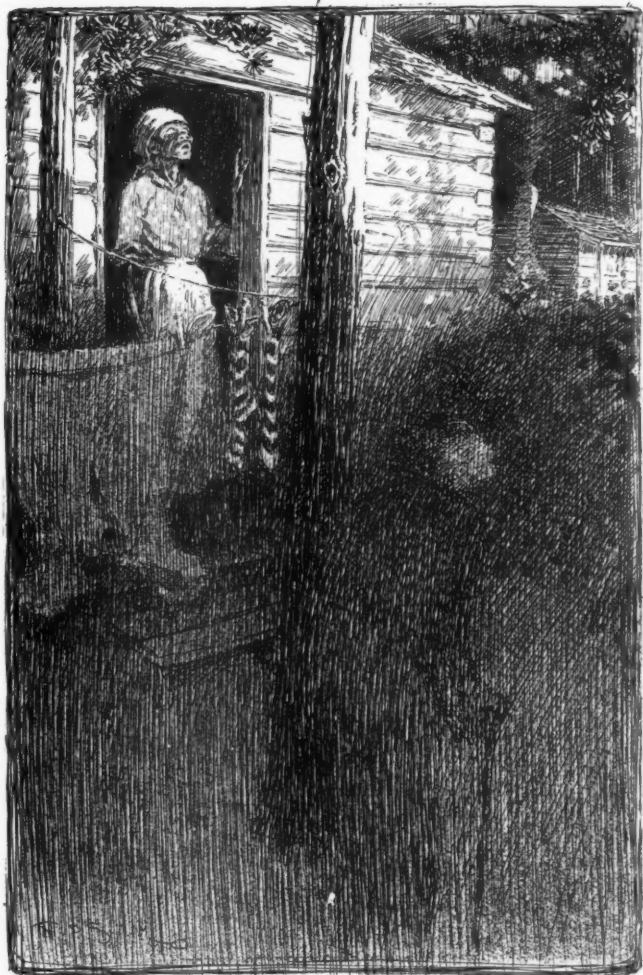
Up at the "gre't house" we would hear her calling him to his meals:

"Cai-ro! Cai-ro! Cai-ro!
You-u Cai-ro!
U-ur Cai-ro!"

—hear her especially in the quiet of evening. And in my own mind I could supply the sharp challenge which never failed to greet him: "Cairo, whar you been?"

But one day no Cairo came to the dinner-call; the next summons spent itself in vain; the next, the next, and still the next. Cairo was gone!

One of his last deeds had been the gift to me of a nondescript yellow dog, which I considered a present of unparalleled richness, placing me upon a plane of ownership with my two brothers, who both had dogs of their own. My Tagger, by the way (otherwise, I suppose, Tiger), was not a welcome addition to the family circle, and so, with my tearful and reluctant consent, he was repeatedly sent into banishment, from which he invariably returned in a flurry of delighted excitement and renewed his residence with us; the last time, after which he stayed on undisturbed, rushing, with a broken chain jingling after him, into the dining-room, where we were kneeling at evening prayer, and congratulating each member of the family in turn upon his restoration to us by



"ON HER CABIN STEP SHE PAUSED."

an exceedingly moist and loving lick in the face. Countless other benefits of Cairo's in which I had participated might be recalled, from the catching of "Juney-bugs," to buzz and circle, green-bronze, bewildered, at the end of a string, for the reception of which their beautiful, shining "hind legs" seemed to our tender minds specifically designed by nature, to elaborate feats of handicraft in our behoof, specimens of which, in the shape of a doll's house and furniture, I still have. Cairo it was who could find stores of may-pops and papaws, the first shriveled and candied persimmons, the earliest ripe chinkapins. It was he who had

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taught us the chant which would lure doodle-bugs from their holes; how to make granddaddy-long-legs "p'int" at their cows; how to catch jack-snappers with straws; and the exquisite sport of putting live coals on "tarypins'" backs to make them break into uncharacteristic runs (though the exact connection between the coal of fire and their sudden haste he never mentioned, and I, for one, never remotely suspected).

In view of all this and more, I, with all the young of the plantation, heartily mourned his loss. And even among his older and more critical acquaintances, when it had become clear that he had really gone "for good,"

there were expressions of mild and tolerant regret for him and his banjo, and half-kindly, half-scornful reminiscences of his skill in a hundred idle and unprofitable things. There was even a general agreement, though with the evident accompaniment of surprise, that "Cairo leavin' mek right smart difunce."

To Mammy, however, it apparently made none. But even I could dimly understand how Mammy's utter disapproval of Cairo could express itself in a refusal to recognize as praiseworthy or pleasing any act of his, even one so acceptable as his relieving her of his presence. Certainly she scrupulously refrained from noticing it by any comment, by any change in her demeanor or her mode of life. She even declined an opportunity to return to the "gre't house," which I had imagined she would embrace with joy.

"I here now," she said. "I jes will stay here."

It had been before, as it was now, she who spaded and hoed and planted the little plot of ground about the cabin; and there was not a weed the more, nor an ear of corn the less, for the absence of Cairo. There was not even a pone of bread the less upon the table, which bore its same two plates and mugs; and still at every meal Mammy would go to the door and call:

"Cai-ro! Cai-ro! Cai-ro!
You-u Cai-ro!
U-ur Cai-ro!"

precisely as before.

Whether she took this way of emphasizing her high-minded determination to ignore the trivial incident of his leaving (as, to me, seemed probable), or whether, as some contended, she was skeptical of his actual going, and wanted him to know that he "wa'n' foolin' her" if he was skulking around in temporary hiding, remained an open question. Nobody, it is needless to say, ventured to question Mammy herself, or even to refer to her procedure as at all unusual. For Mammy would brook no liberty, real or fancied, as well I knew from long and sometimes painful experience. I had even drawn down her high displeasure upon myself once, during her days at the "gre't house," by the innocent pedantry of telling her, when she had demanded the time,—which she never could tell,—that it was twenty-six minutes after nine, which it was, exactly. I remember still the sternness of her eye.

"G' way fum here, chile!" she said. "You know d' ain' no sich time as dat!"

And Mammy's temper, even after her re-

lease from the burden of Cairo, showed the strain which her three years' contemplation of his irritating unworthiness had put upon it by a steadily increasing infirmity.

Naturally, as I grew older, I visited the quarters less frequently, and Mammy, as years went on, seldom left the precincts of her cabin. But I had a daily reminder of her, if I had needed a reminder, in the call, so clear in the stillness of evening:

"Cai-ro! Cai-ro! Cai-ro!
You-u Cai-ro!
U-ur Cai-ro!"

"It is a weird sound," people who heard it for the first time would often say, while among the negroes of the neighborhood there gradually grew up a distinct conviction of its uncanniness—a conviction which generated around Mammy an atmosphere of fearful respect. "T is cunjer call!" was tremblingly whispered about; and what it portended to the luckless Cairo was the favorite subject of darkly unctuous speculation. But to us at the "gre't house" the call became, in the course of years, merely one of the myriad sounds of evening, as disregarded as the monotonous chirp of the crickets, or the plaintive cry of the whippoorwills.

I was ten years old, I remember, just about the time that Cairo went. Tagger, in fact, together with a fine (empty) hornets' nest, which I almost equally appreciated, had been his birthday present to me. When I had reached twenty Tagger still remained to me, and was still dear to me in spite of his many and various shortcomings, which were all atoned for by his lavish affection. Perhaps if there had been danger in the solitary walks which I sometimes took, he, now grown old, and, as his decriers said, more worthless than ever, would hardly have been an efficient guard; but he furnished companionship, if not protection. And so I had him with me one brisk November evening as I was returning home at sunset.

Near Mammy's cabin I came to a standstill among the scattered pines and underbrush, and looked about me,—for where was Tagger?—and my eyes rested on her idly as she came to her cabin door to utter her habitual call:

"Cai-ro! Cai-ro! Cai-ro!
You-u Cai-ro!
U-ur Cai-ro!"

Meaninglessly almost it fell upon my long-accustomed ears; but I vaguely noticed the

querulousness into which her voice had fallen, and for a moment I was chilled by a faint touch of the mysterious dread with which the ignorant invested her, so witch-like, so grim of aspect was she.

On her cabin step she paused, with the light of the fading west full in her wrinkled face, and my glance was passing from her carelessly in renewed search for Tagger, when suddenly I saw her start, then stiffen in feature and frame to a rigidity death-

like, awful. I looked where she stared, and there, creeping toward her, was a small, bent, ragged figure, and Tagger was following it! For a moment, I confess, a sensation of blind, irrational horror clutched at my heart; for I knew it was Cairo—Cairo answering the "cunjer call."

Face to face they stood in utter silence, and then I heard the sound of a mighty sob.

"Cairo," she said, "what you been?"

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MASON.

THIRD PAPER.

ACCEPTED BY LISZT.



WHEN we rose from the table and went into the drawing-room, Liszt said: "I have a new piano from Érard of Paris. Try it, and see how you like it." He asked me to pardon him if he moved about the room, for he had to get together some papers which it was necessary to take with him, as he was going to the palace of the grand duke. "As the palace is on the way to the hotel, we can walk as far as that together," he added.

I felt intuitively that my opportunity had come. I sat down at the piano with the idea that I would not endeavor to show Liszt how to play, but would play as simply as if I were alone. I played "*Amitié pour Amitié*," a little piece of my own which had just been published by Hofmeister of Leipsic.

"That's one of your own?" asked Liszt when I had finished. "Well, it's a charming little piece." Still nothing was said about my being accepted as a pupil. But when we left the Altenburg, he said casually, "You say you are going to Leipsic for a few days on business? While there you had better select your piano and have it sent here. Meanwhile I will tell Klindworth to look up rooms for you. Indeed, there is a vacant room in the house in which he lives, which is pleasantly situated just outside the limits of the ducal park."

I can still recall the thrill of joy which passed through me when Liszt spoke these words. They left no doubt in my mind. I was accepted as his pupil. We walked down

the hill toward the town, Liszt leaving me when we arrived at the palace, telling me, however, that he would call later at the hotel and introduce me to my fellow-pupils. About eight o'clock that evening he came.

I had no idea then, neither have I now, what his means were, but I learned soon after my arrival at Weimar that he never took pay from his pupils, neither would he bind himself to give regular lessons at stated periods. He wished to avoid obligations as far as possible, and to feel free to leave Weimar for short periods when so inclined—in other words, to go and come as he liked. His idea was that the pupils whom he accepted should all be far enough advanced to practise and prepare themselves without routine instruction, and he expected them to be ready whenever he gave them an opportunity to play. The musical opportunities of Weimar were such as to afford ample encouragement to any serious-minded young student. Many distinguished musicians, poets, and literary men were constantly coming to visit Liszt. He was fond of entertaining, and liked to have his pupils at hand so that they might join him in entertaining and paying attention to his guests. He had only three pupils at the time of which I write, namely, Karl Klindworth from Hanover, Dionys Pruckner from Munich, and the American whose musical memories are here presented. Joachim Raff, however, we regarded as one of us, for although not at the time a pupil of Liszt, he had been in former years, and was now constantly in association with the master, acting frequently in the capacity of private secre-



THE ALTENBURG, LISZT'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

tary. Hans von Bülow had left Weimar not long before my arrival, and was then on his first regular concert-tour. Later he returned occasionally for short visits, and I became well acquainted with him. We constituted, as it were, a family, for while we had our own apartments in the city, we all enjoyed the freedom of the two lower rooms in Liszt's home, and were at liberty to come and go as we liked. Regularly on every Sunday at eleven o'clock, with rare exceptions, the famous Weimar String Quartet played for an hour and a half or so in these rooms, and Liszt frequently joined them in concerted music, old and new. Occasionally one of the boys would take the pianoforte part. The quartet-players were Laub, first violin; Störr, second violin; Walbrühl, viola; and Cossmann, violoncello. Before Laub's time Joachim had been concertmeister, but he left Weimar in 1853 and went to Hanover, where he occupied a similar position. He occasionally visited Weimar, however, and would then at times play with the quartet. Henri Wieniawski, who spent some months in Weimar, would occasionally take the first violin. My favorite as a quartet-player was Ferdinand Laub, with whom I was intimately acquainted, and I find that the greatest violinists of the present time hold him in high estimation, many of them regarding him as the greatest of all quartet-players. We were always quite at our ease in those lower rooms, but on ceremonial occasions we were invited

up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Liszt had his favorite Érard piano. We were thus enjoying the best music, old and new, played by the best artists. In addition to this there were the symphony concerts and the opera, with occasional attendance at rehearsal. Liszt took it for granted that his pupils would appreciate these remarkable advantages and opportunities and their usefulness, and I think we did.

THE ALTENBURG.

LISZT's private studio, where he wrote and composed, was at the back of the main building in a lower wing, and may easily be distinguished in the picture by the awnings over the windows. I was not in this room more than half a dozen times during my stay in Weimar, and one of these I remember as the occasion of Liszt's playing the Beethoven "Kreutzer Sonata" with Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, and giving him a lesson in conception and style of performance. Remenyi was a violinist of fine musical talent, but not a classicist, his style being after the fashion of the class represented by Ole Bull. He was, as is well known, a genuine Hungarian, thoroughly at home in the musical characteristics of his native country. He was unconsciously disposed to color and mark the music of all composers with Hungarian peculiarities, and this habit gave rise to a story about his treatment of the concluding strain of the first theme in the slow

movement of the "Kreutzer Sonata," namely, that, forgetting himself, he added to Beethoven's music the peculiar Hungarian termination,



as a final ornament. Whether this story is true or not, it was widely circulated and caused a great deal of merriment all over Germany.

The picture gives a very good view of the house as it appeared in 1853-54. In the nearest corner of the building were the two large rooms on the ground floor to which reference has already been made, of which we boys had the freedom at all times, and where strangers were unceremoniously received. The Fürstin Sayn-Wittgenstein had apartments, I think, on the *bel étage* with her daughter, the Prinzessin Marie. Any one who was to be honored with an introduction to them was taken to a reception-room upstairs; adjoining this was the dining-room. This print is from a water-color painted for me by my friend Mr. Thomas Allen of Boston. It is copied from a photograph of the original,—a water-color by Carl Hoffman,—which Mr. Hoffman painted expressly for his friend Mr. James M. Tracy, a former pupil of Liszt, who is now a professional pianist and teacher in Denver, Colorado, and to whom I am indebted for permission to publish it here. Mr. Tracy writes me that it has been published before, but without his permission.

We boys saw little of the Wittgensteins, and I remember dining with them only once. I sat next to the Princess Marie, who spoke English very well, and it may have been due to her desire to exercise in the language that I was honored with a seat next to her.

Rubinstein met her when he was at Weimar (I shall have more to tell of his visit later), and composed a nocturne which he dedicated to her. When he came to this country in 1873 he told me that he had met her again some years later at the palace in Vienna, but that she had become haughty, and had not been inclined to pay much attention to him. There are many of these Wittgensteins in Russia. When I was in Wiesbaden in 1879-80 I saw half a dozen Russian princes of that name. There was but one Rubinstein.

Returning to the Gasthaus zum Erbprinzen, after smoking a cigar and chatting half an hour, Liszt proposed going down to the

café, saying, "The gentlemen are probably there, as this is about their regular hour for supper." Proceeding to the dining-room, we found Messrs. Raff, Pruckner, and Klindworth, to whom I was presented in due form, and who received me in a very friendly manner.

Liszt had the pick of all the young musicians in Europe for his pupils, and I attribute his acceptance of me somewhat to the fact that I came all the way from America, something more of an undertaking in those days than it is now. I became very well acquainted with those whom I have mentioned, especially with Klindworth and Raff, and before many days we were all "Dutzbrüder."

This first evening Raff, whom I had previously never heard of, struck me as being rather conceited; but when I grew to know him better, and realized how talented he was, I was quite ready to make allowance for his little touch of self-esteem. We became warm friends, dining together every day at the table d'hôte, and after dinner walking for an hour or so in the park. Nineteen years later I went abroad again and visited Raff at the Conservatory in Frankfort. He interrupted his lessons the moment that he heard I was there, came running downstairs, threw his arms around my neck, and was so overjoyed at seeing me that I felt as if we were boys once more at Weimar. Of the pupils and of the many musicians who came to Weimar to visit Liszt at that time,—"*Die Goldene Zeit*" (the Golden Age), as it is still called at Weimar,—Klindworth and I, I think, are the only survivors. Klindworth is one of the most distinguished teachers in Europe, and taught for many years at the Conservatory in Moscow. He is now in Berlin.

HOW LISZT TAUGHT.

WHAT I had heard in regard to Liszt's method of teaching proved to be absolutely correct. He never taught in the ordinary sense of the word. During the entire time that I was with him I did not see him give a regular lesson in the pedagogical sense. He would notify us to come up to the Altenburg. For instance, he would say to me, "Tell the boys to come up to-night at half-past six or seven." We would go there, and he would call on us to play. I remember very well the first time I played to him after I had been accepted as a pupil. I began with the "Ballade" of Chopin in A flat major; then I played a fugue by Handel in E minor.

After I was well started he began to get

excited. He made audible suggestions, inciting me to put more enthusiasm into my playing, and occasionally he would push me gently off the chair and sit down at the piano and play a phrase or two himself by way of illustration. He gradually got me worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that I put all the grit that was in me into my playing.

I found at this first lesson that he was very fond of strong accents in order to mark off periods and phrases, and he talked so much about strong accentuation that one might have supposed that he would abuse it, but he never did. When he wrote to me later about my own piano method, he expressed the strongest approval of the exercises on accentuation.

"PLAY IT LIKE THIS."

WHILE I was playing to him for the first time, he said on one of the occasions when he pushed me from the chair: "Don't play it that way. Play it like this." Evidently I had been playing ahead in a steady, uniform way. He sat down, and gave the same phrases with an accentuated, elastic movement, which let in a flood of light upon me. From that one experience I learned to bring out the same effect, where it was appropriate, in almost every piece that I played. It eradicated much that was mechanical, stilted, and unmusical in my playing, and developed an elasticity of touch which has lasted all my life, and which I have always tried to impart to my pupils.

At this first lesson I must have played for two or three hours. For some reason or other Raff was not present, but Klindworth and Pruckner were there. They lounged on a sofa and smoked, and I remember wondering if they appreciated the nice time they were having at my ordeal. However, not many days afterward came my opportunity to light a cigar and lounge about the room while Liszt put them through their paces.

Two or three hours is not a long time for a professional musician to practise, and I had often spent many more hours at the piano, but never under such strong incitement. I was exceedingly tired afterward, and actually felt stiff the next day, as if I had performed some very arduous physical work. Liszt heard of this, and turned it into a joke, telling people that at the time set for the next lesson I appeared at the Altenburg with my hand in a sling, and said that I had strained my wrist while hunting, and would be unable to play. I think this is *non è vero ben trovato*, as I have no recollection of it.

LISZT IN 1854.

THE best impression of Liszt's appearance at that time is conveyed by the picture which shows him approaching the Altenburg. His back is turned; nevertheless, there is a certain something which shows the man as he was better even than those portraits in which his features are clearly reproduced. The picture gives his gait, his figure, and his general appearance. There is his tall, lank form, his high hat set a little to one side, and his arm a trifle akimbo. He had piercing eyes. His hair was very dark, but not black. He wore it long, just as he did in his older days. It came almost down to his shoulders, and was cut off square at the bottom. He had it cut frequently, so as to keep it at about the same length. That was a point about which he was very particular.

HIS FASCINATION.

AS I remember his hands, his fingers were lean and thin, but they did not impress me as being very long, and he did not have such a remarkable stretch on the keyboard as one might imagine. He was always neatly dressed, generally appearing in a long frock-coat, until he became the Abbé Liszt, after which he wore the distinctive black gown. His general manner and his face were most expressive of his feelings, and his features lighted up when he spoke. His smile was simply charming. His face was peculiar. One could hardly call it handsome, yet there was in it a subtle something that was most attractive, and his whole manner had a fascination which it is impossible to describe.

I remember little incidents which are in themselves trivial, but which illustrate some character-trait. One day Liszt was reading a letter in which a musician was referred to as a certain Mr. So-and-so. He read that phrase over two or three times, and then substituted his own name for that of the musician mentioned, and repeated several times, "A certain Mr. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt," adding: "I don't know that that would offend me. I don't know that I should object to being called 'a certain Mr. Liszt.'" As he said this his face had an expression of curiosity, as though he were wondering whether he really would be offended or not. But at the same time there was in his face that look of kindness I saw there so often, and I really believe he would not have felt injured by such a reference to himself. There was nothing petty in his feelings.

LISZT'S INDIGNATION.

ON one occasion, however, I saw Liszt grow very much excited over what he considered an imposition. One evening he said to us: "Boys, there is a young man coming here to-morrow who says he can play Beethoven's 'Sonata in B Flat, Op. 106.' I want you all three to be here." We were there at the appointed hour. The pianist proved to be a Hungarian, whose name I have forgotten.

He sat down and began to play in a conveniently slow tempo the bold chords with which the sonata opens. He had not progressed more than half a page when Liszt stopped him, and seating himself at the piano, played in the correct tempo, which was much faster, to show him how the work should be interpreted. "It's nonsense for you to go through this sonata in that fashion," said Liszt, as he rose from the piano and left the room.

The pianist, of course, was very much disconcerted. Finally he said, as if to console himself: "Well, he can't play it through like that, and that's why he stopped after half a page."

When the young man left I went out with him, partly because I felt sorry for him, he had made such a fiasco, and partly because I wished to impress upon him the fact that Liszt could play the whole movement in the tempo in which he began it. As I was walking along with him, he said, "I'm out of money; won't you lend me three louis d'or?"

A day or two later I told Liszt by the merest chance that the hero of the Op. 106 fiasco had tried to borrow money of me. "B-r-r-r! What?" exclaimed Liszt. Then he jumped up, walked across the room, seized a long pipe that hung from a nail on the wall, and brandishing it as if it were a stick, stamped up and down the room in almost childish indignation, exclaiming, "Drei louis d'or! Drei louis d'or!" The point is, however, that Liszt regarded the man as an artistic impostor. He had sent word to Liszt that he could play the great Beethoven sonata, not an inconsiderable feat in those days. He had been received on that basis. He had failed miserably. To this artistic imposition he had added the effrontery of endeavoring to borrow money from some one whom he had met under Liszt's roof.

OBJECTS TO MY EYE-GLASSES.

I HAVE mentioned that Liszt was careful in his dress. He was also particular about the appearance of his pupils. I remember two

instances which show how particular he was in little matters. I have been near-sighted all my life, and when I went to Weimar I wore eye-glasses, much preferring them to spectacles. Eye-glasses were not much worn in Germany at that time, and were considered about as affected as the mode of wearing a monocle. The Germans wore spectacles. I had not been in Weimar long when Liszt said to me: "Mason, I don't like to see you wearing those glasses. I shall send my optician to fit your eyes with spectacles."

I hardly thought that he was serious, and so paid no attention to him. But, sure enough, about a week later there was a knock at my door, and the optician presented himself, saying he had come at the command of Dr. Liszt to examine my eyes and fit a pair of spectacles to them. As I was evidently to have no say in the matter, I submitted, and a few days later I received two pairs, one in a green and one in a red case. I thought them extremely unbecoming, but I was very particular to put them on whenever I went to see Liszt.

Not long afterward Liszt went to Paris, and when we called to see him after his return, and he was talking about his experiences there, he said casually: "By the way, Mason, I find that gentlemen in Paris are wearing eye-glasses now. In fact, they are considered quite *comme il faut*, so I have no objection to your wearing yours." As he did not ask me to send him the spectacles, I kept them, and have them to this day.

Klindworth, Pruckner, and I had played the Bach triple concerto in a concert at the town hall, and had been requested to repeat it at an evening concert at the ducal palace. An hour before the ducal carriage arrived to take me to the concert, a servant came from the Altenburg with a package which he said Liszt had requested him to be sure to deliver to me. On opening it, I found two or three white ties. It was a hint to me from Liszt that I must dress suitably to play at court.

This incident shows the care that Liszt bestowed on little things relating to the customs and amenities of social life. He evidently sent the ties as a precautionary measure. Possibly he was not sure whether Americans were civilized enough to wear white ties with evening dress, and was afraid I might appear in a red-white-and-blue one. Seriously, however, it was very kind of him to think of a little thing like this.



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF UNCERTAIN DATE.

LISZT IN MIDDLE LIFE.

A MUSICAL BREAKFAST.

BEFORE I went to Weimar I had not been of a very sociable disposition. At Weimar I had to be. Liszt liked to have us about him. He wished us to meet great men. He would send us word when he expected visitors, and sometimes he would bring them down to our lodgings to see us. In every way he tried to make our surroundings as pleasant as possible. It would have been strange if, under such circumstances, we had not derived some benefit from our intercourse with our great master and his visitors.

I shall always recall with amusement a breakfast which, at Liszt's request, Klindworth and I gave to Joachim and Wieniawski, the violinists, then, of course, very young men, and to several other distinguished visitors. Liszt had been entertaining them for several days. We knew that it was about time for him to bring them down to see one of us. So I was not surprised when he turned to me one evening and said, "Mason, I want you and Klindworth to give us a breakfast to-morrow." I asked him what we should have. "Oh," he replied, "some *Semmel* [rolls], caviar, herring," etc.

The next morning Liszt and his visitors came. I remember looking out of my window and watching them cross the ducal park, over the long foot-path which ended directly opposite the house where Klindworth and I lived. It had been raining, and the path was slippery, so that their footsteps were somewhat uncertain.

The breakfast passed off all right. When he had finished, Liszt said, "Now let us take a stroll in the garden." This garden was about four times as large as the back yard of a New York house, and it was unflagged and, of course, muddy from the rain of the previous night. Never shall I forget the sight of Liszt, Joachim, Wieniawski, and our other distinguished guests "strolling" through this garden, wading in mud two inches deep.

LISZT'S PLAYING.

TIME and again at Weimar I heard Liszt play. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that he was the greatest pianist of the nineteenth century. Liszt was what the Germans call an *Erscheinung*—an epoch-making genius. Taussig is reported to have said of him: "Liszt dwells alone upon a solitary mountain-top, and none of us can approach him." Rubinstein said to Mr. William Steinway in the year 1873: "Put all the rest

of us together and we would not make one Liszt." This was doubtless hyperbole, but nevertheless significant as expressing the enthusiasm of pianists universally conceded to be of the highest rank. There have been other great pianists, some of whom are now living, but I must dissent from those writers who affirm that any of these can be placed upon a level with Liszt. Those who make this assertion are too young to have heard Liszt other than in his declining years, and it is unjust to compare the playing of one who has long since passed his prime with that of one who is still in it. In the year 1873 Rubinstein told Theodore Thomas that it was fully worth while to make a trip to Europe to hear Liszt play; but he added: "Make haste and go at once; he is already beginning to break up, and his playing is not up to the standard of former years, although his personality is as attractive as ever."

Stavenshagen and Remenyi were dining at my house some five years ago, and the former began to speak in enthusiastic terms of Liszt's playing. Remenyi interrupted with emphasis: "You have never heard Liszt play—that is, as Liszt used to play in his prime"; and he appealed to me for corroboration, but, unhappily, I never met Liszt again after leaving Weimar in July, 1854.

The difference between Liszt's playing and that of others was the difference between creative genius and interpretation. His genius flashed through every pianistic phrase, it illuminated a composition to its innermost recesses, and yet his wonderful effects, strange as it must seem, were produced without the advantage of a genuinely musical touch.

I remember on one occasion Schulhoff came to Weimar and played in the drawing-room of the Altenburg house. His playing and Liszt's were in marked contrast. He has been mentioned in Part II of these papers as a parlor pianist of high excellence. His compositions, exclusively in the smaller forms, were in great favor and universally played by the ladies.

Liszt played his own "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude," as pathetic a piece, perhaps, as he ever composed, and of which he was very fond. Afterward Schulhoff, with his exquisitely beautiful touch, produced a quality of tone more beautiful than Liszt's; but about the latter's performance there was intellectuality and the indescribable impressiveness of genius, which made Schulhoff's playing, with all its beauty, seem tame by contrast.

I was not surprised to hear from Theodore Thomas what Rubinstein had told him concerning Liszt's "breaking up," for as far back as the days of "die Goldene Zeit" it had seemed to me that there were certain indications in his playing which warranted the belief that his mechanical powers would begin to wane at a comparatively early period in his career. There was too little pliancy, flexion, and relaxation in his muscles; hence a lack of economy in the expenditure of his energies.

He was aware of this, and said in effect on one occasion, as I learned indirectly through either Klindworth or Pruckner: "You are to learn all you can from my playing, relating to conception, style, phrasing, etc., but do not imitate my touch, which, I am well aware, is not a good model to follow. In early years I was not patient enough to 'make haste slowly'—thoroughly to develop in an orderly, logical, and progressive way. I was impatient for immediate results, and took short cuts, so to speak, and jumped through sheer force of will to the goal of my ambition. I wish now that I had progressed by logical steps instead of by leaps. It is true that I have been successful, but I do not advise you to follow my way, for you lack my personality."

In saying this Liszt had no idea of magnifying himself; but it was nevertheless genius which enabled him to accomplish certain results which were out of the ordinary course, and in a way which others, being differently constituted, could not follow. His advice to his pupils was to be deliberate, and through care and close attention to important, although seemingly insignificant, details to progress in an orderly way toward a perfect style.

Notwithstanding this caution, and falling into the usual tendency of pupils to imitate the idiosyncrasies and mannerisms, even faults or weak points, of the teacher, some of the boys, in their effort to attain Lisztian effects, acquired a hard and unsympathetic touch, and thus produced mere noise in the place of full and resonant tones.

Before going to Weimar I had heard in various places in Germany that Liszt spoiled all of those pupils who went to him without a previously acquired knowledge of method and a habit of the correct use of the muscles in producing musical effects. It was necessary for the pupil to have an absolutely sure foundation to benefit by Liszt's instruction. If he had that preparation Liszt could develop the best there was in him.

LISZT AND PIXIS.

In his concertizing days Liszt always played without the music before him, although this was not the usual custom of his time; and in this connection I remember an anecdote told to me by Theimer, one of Dreyschock's assistant teachers. Pixis was an old-fashioned player of considerable reputation in his day, and was the composer of chamber-music, besides pianoforte pieces. Among other works of his was a duo for two pianofortes. While this composition was yet in manuscript it was played in one of the concerts of Pixis with the assistance of Liszt. Pixis, knowing Liszt's habit of playing from memory, requested him on this occasion at least to have the music open before him on the piano-desk, as he himself did not like to risk playing his part without notes, and he felt it would produce an unfavorable impression on the public if Liszt should play from memory while he, the composer, had to rely on his copy. Liszt, as the story goes, made no promise one way or the other. So when the time came the pianists walked on the stage, each carrying his roll of music. Pixis carefully unrolled his and placed it on the piano-desk. Liszt, however, sat down at the piano, and, just before beginning to play, tossed his roll over behind the instrument and proceeded to play his part by heart. Liszt was young at that time, and—well—somewhat inconsiderate. Later on he very rarely played even his own compositions without having the music before him, and during most of the time I was there copies of his later publications were always lying on the piano, and among them a copy of the "*Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude*," which Liszt had used so many times when playing to his guests that it became associated with memories of Berlioz, Rubinstein, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Joachim, and our immediate circle, Raff, Bülow, Cornelius, Klindworth, Pruckner, and others. When I left Weimar I took this copy with me as a souvenir, and still have it; and I treasure it all the more for the marks of usage which it bears. I also have a very old copy of the Handel "E Minor Fugue," which was given to me by Dreyschock and which I studied with him and afterward with Liszt. Dreyschock had evidently used this same copy when he studied the fugue under Tomaschek. It has penciled figures indicating the fingering, made by both Dreyschock and Liszt. A few years ago I missed this valuable relic for a while, and was much grieved by my loss.

Fortunately it was discovered in the ash-barrel at the back of the house. Shades of Tomaschek, Dreyschock, and Liszt!

LISZT CONDUCTING.

IN his conducting Liszt was not unerring. I do not know how far he may have progressed in later years, but when I was in Weimar he had very little practice as a conductor, and was not one of the highest class. He conducted, however, and with good results on certain important occasions, such as, for instance, when "Lohengrin" was produced.

On account of his strong advocacy of Wagner and modern music generally, he had many enemies, as was to be expected of a man of his prominence. If perchance a mishap occurred during his conducting there were always petty critics on hand to take advantage of the opportunity and to magnify the fault.

One of these occasions happened at the musical festival at Karlsruhe in October, 1853, while he was conducting Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony." In a passage where the trombone enters on an off beat the player made a mistake and came in on the even beat. This error, not the conductor's fault, occasioned such confusion that Liszt was obliged to stop the orchestra and begin over again, and the little fellows made the most of this royal opportunity to pitch into him.

LISZT'S SYMPHONIC POEMS—REHEARSING "TASSO."

WHEN Liszt first began his career as an orchestral composer two parties were formed, one of which predicted success, the other disaster. The latter asserted that he was too much of a pianist and began too late in life for success in this direction. Even in Weimar, in his own household, so to speak, opinions were divided. I remember one of my fellow-pupils saying that he did not think it was his forte. Raff had pretty much the same opinion, and I inclined to agree with them. Liszt was in earnest, however, and availed himself of every means of preparation for the work. Frequently upon his request the best orchestral players came to the Altenburg, and he asked them about their instruments, their nature, and whether certain passages were idiomatic to them. About the time I came to Weimar to study with him he had nearly finished "Tasso," and before giving it the last touches he had a rehearsal of it, which we attended. We went to the theater, and he took the orchestra into a room which would just about

hold it. Imagine the din in that room! The effect was far from musical, but to Liszt it was the key to the polyphonic effects which he wished to produce.

THE WEIMAR STRING QUARTET.

WEIMAR had an excellent string quartet in those days, or rather it might better have been called Liszt's household quartet, for while the occasions of the quartet's public performances were rare, it was the custom to meet at the lower room in the Altenburg house regularly every Sunday at eleven o'clock in the morning; and this was a custom rigidly observed, and we never missed being present.

The members of the quartet were Laub, violin; Störr, second violin; Walbrühl, viola; and Cossmann, violoncello. Before Laub and Cossmann came, Joachim, then concertmeister, had been the first violin.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

As an illustration of some of the advantages of a residence at Weimar almost *en famille* with Liszt during "die Goldene Zeit," a few extracts from my diary are presented, showing how closely events followed upon one another:

"Sunday, April 24, 1853. At the Altenburg this forenoon at eleven o'clock. Liszt played with Laub and Cossmann two trios by César Franck."

This is peculiarly interesting in view of the fact that the composer, who died about ten years ago, is just beginning to receive due appreciation. In Paris at the present time there is almost a César Franck cult, but it is quite natural that Liszt, with his quick and far-seeing appreciation, should have taken especial delight in playing his music forty-seven years ago. Liszt was very fond of it.

"May 1. Quartet at the Altenburg at eleven o'clock, after which Wieniawski played with Liszt the violin and pianoforte 'Sonata in A' by Beethoven."

"May 3. Liszt called at my rooms last evening in company with Laub and Wieniawski. Liszt played several pieces, among them, I think, my 'Amitié pour Amitié.'"

"May 6. The boys were all at the Hotel Erbprinz this evening. Liszt came in and added to the liveliness of the occasion."

"May 7. At Liszt's, this evening, Klindworth, Laub, and Cossmann played a piano trio by Spohr, after which Liszt played his recently composed sonata and one of his concertos. In the afternoon I had played during my lesson with Liszt the 'C Sharp

Minor Sonata' of Beethoven and the 'E Minor Fugue' by Handel."

"May 17. Lesson from Liszt this evening. Played Scherzo and Finale from Beethoven's 'C Sharp Minor Concerto.'"

"May 20, Friday. Attended a court concert this evening which Liszt conducted. Joachim played a violin solo by Ernst."

"May 22. Went to the Altenburg at eleven o'clock this forenoon. There were about fifteen persons present—quite an unusual thing. Among other things, a string quartet of Beethoven was played, Joachim taking the first violin."

"May 23. Attended an orchestral rehearsal at which an overture and a violin concerto by Joachim were performed, the latter played by Joachim."

"May 27. Joachim Raff's birthday. Klindworth and I presented ourselves to him early in the day and stopped his composing, insisting on having a holiday. Our celebration of this event included a ride to Tiefurt and attendance at a garden concert."

"May 29, Sunday. At Liszt's this forenoon as usual. No quartet to-day. Wieniawski played first a violin solo by Ernst, and afterward with Liszt the latter's duo on Hungarian airs."

"May 30. Attended a ball of the Erholung Gesellschaft this evening. At our supper-table were Liszt, Raff, Wieniawski, Pruckner, and Klindworth. Got home at four o'clock in the morning."

"June 4. Dined with Liszt at the Erbprinz. Liszt called at my rooms later in the afternoon, bringing with him Dr. Marx and lady from Berlin, also Raff and Winterbeyer. Liszt played three Chopin nocturnes and a scherzo of his own. In the evening we were all invited to the Altenburg. He played 'Harmonies du Soir, No. 2,' and his own sonata. He was at his best and played divinely."

"June 9. Had a lesson from Liszt this evening. I played Chopin's 'E Minor Concerto.'"

"June 10. Went to Liszt's this evening to a bock-beer soirée. The beer was a present to Liszt from Pruckner's father, who has a large brewery in Munich."

"Sunday, June 12. Usual quartet forenoon at the Altenburg. 'Quartet, Op. 161,' of Schubert's was played, also one of Beethoven's quartets."

The last entry may not seem to be particularly important, but it may be as well not to end the quotations from a musical diary with a reference to a bock-beer soirée.

OPPORTUNITIES.

THE period covered by these extracts was chosen at random, and they give a fair idea of the many musical opportunities which were constantly recurring throughout the entire year.

Ferdinand Laub, the leader of the quartet, was about twenty-one years of age, and already a violinist of the first rank.

Wieniawski and Joachim, young men of the age of twenty-two and nineteen years respectively, were among the most welcome visitors to Weimar. Joachim, already celebrated as a quartet-player, was regarded by some as the greatest living violinist. The playing of Wieniawski appealed to me more than that of any other violinist of the time, and I remember it now with intense pleasure.

BRAHMS IN 1853.

ON one evening early in June, 1853, Liszt sent us word to come up to the Altenburg next morning, as he expected a visit from a young man who was said to have great talent as a pianist and composer, and whose name was Johannes Brahms. He was to come accompanied by Eduard Remenyi.

The next morning, on going to the Altenburg with Klindworth, we found Brahms and Remenyi already in the reception-room with Raff and Pruckner. After greeting the newcomers, of whom Remenyi was known to us by reputation, I strolled over to a table on which were lying some manuscripts of music. They were several of Brahms's yet unpublished compositions, and I began turning over the leaves of the uppermost in the pile. It was the piano solo, "Op. 4, Scherzo, E Flat Minor," and, as I remember, the writing was so illegible that I thought to myself that if I had occasion to study it I should be obliged first to make a copy of it. Finally Liszt came down, and after some general conversation he turned to Brahms and said: "We are interested to hear some of your compositions whenever you are ready and feel inclined to play them."

NERVOUS BEFORE LISZT.

BRAHMS, who was evidently very nervous, protested that it was quite impossible for him to play while in such a disconcerted state, and, notwithstanding the earnest solicitations of both Liszt and Remenyi, could not be persuaded to approach the piano. Liszt, seeing that no progress was being made, went over to the table, and taking up the first piece at

hand, the illegible scherzo, and saying, "Well, I shall have to play," placed the manuscript on the piano-desk.

We had often witnessed his wonderful feats in sight-reading, and regarded him as infallible in that particular, but, notwithstanding our confidence in his ability, both Raff and I had a lurking dread of the possibility that something might happen which would be disastrous to our unquestioning faith. So, when he put the scherzo on the piano-desk I trembled for the result. But he read it off in such a marvelous way—at the same time carrying on a running accompaniment of audible criticism of the music—that Brahms was amazed and delighted. Raff thought, and so expressed himself, that certain parts of this scherzo suggested the Chopin "Scherzo in B Flat Minor," but it seemed to me that the likeness was too slight to deserve serious consideration. Brahms said that he had never seen or heard any of Chopin's compositions. Liszt also played a part of Brahms's "C Major Sonata, Op. 1."

DOZING WHILE LISZT PLAYED.

A LITTLE later some one asked Liszt to play his own sonata, a work which was quite recent at that time, and of which he was very fond. Without hesitation, he sat down and began playing. As he progressed he came to a very expressive part of the sonata, which he always imbued with extreme pathos, and in which he looked for the especial interest and sympathy of his listeners. Casting a glance at Brahms, he found that the latter was dozing in his chair. Liszt continued playing to the end of the sonata, then rose and left the room. I was in such a position that Brahms was hidden from my view, so that I was not an eye-witness of the event; but I was aware that something unusual had taken place, and I think it was Remenyi who afterward told me of the untoward episode. It is very strange that among the various accounts of this Liszt-Brahms first interview—and there are several—there is not one which gives an accurate description of what took place on that occasion; indeed, they are all far out of the way. The events as here related are perfectly clear in my own mind, but not wishing to trust implicitly to my memory alone, I wrote to my friend Klindworth two or three months ago,—the only living witness of the incident except myself, as I suppose,—and requested him to give an account of it as he remembered it. He immediately wrote a reply and cor-

roborated my description in every particular excepting one, viz.: according to my recollection, Brahms left Weimar on the afternoon of the day on which the meeting took place; Klindworth writes that it was on the morning of the following day—a discrepancy of very little moment.

Brahms and Remenyi were on a concert tour at the time of which I write, and were dependent on such pianos as they could find in the different towns in which they appeared. This was unfortunate, and sometimes brought them into extreme dilemma. On one occasion the only piano at their disposal was just a half-tone at variance with the violin. There was no pianoforte-tuner at hand, and although the violin might have been adapted to the piano temporarily, Remenyi would have had serious objections to such a proceeding. Brahms therefore adapted himself to the situation, transposed the piano part to the pitch of the violin, and played the whole composition, Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," from memory. Joachim, attracted by this feat, gave Brahms a letter of introduction to Schumann. Shortly after the untoward Weimar incident Brahms paid a visit to Schumann, then living in Düsseldorf. The acquaintanceship resulting therefrom led to the famous article of Schumann entitled "Neue Bahnen," published shortly afterward (October 23, 1853) in the Leipzig "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," which started Brahms on his musical career. It is doubtful if up to that time any article had made such a sensation throughout musical Germany. I remember how utterly the Liszt circle in Weimar were astounded. This letter was at first, doubtless, an obstacle in the way of Brahms, but as it resulted in stirring up great rivalry between two opposing parties it eventually contributed much to his final success.

"LOHENGGRIN" FOR THE FIRST TIME IN LEIPSIK.

LISZT never questioned Wagner's sincerity. He considered "Lohengrin" Wagner's greatest work up to the time at which it was composed. It was dedicated to Liszt, and, as Raff told me, the good man could not conceive that Wagner would dedicate anything but his best and greatest to his friend and champion, such was Liszt's faith in the struggling composer whose cause he had made his own.¹

¹ In a letter written twenty-four years later, in 1878, Liszt says of "Parsifal": "The composition of the first act is finished; in it are revealed the most wondrous depths and the most celestial heights of art."

On the occasion of the first performance of a Wagner opera in any neighboring town, a delegation from Weimar was apt to be on hand for the purpose of making propaganda; and this was the case on Saturday, January 7, 1854, when the opera of "Lohengrin" was given in Leipsic for the first time.

We boys were demonstrative claqueurs, and almost always succeeded in making a sensation, especially in a town like Leipsic, where we had acquaintances among the Conservatory students and could get them to help us.

The general public and a large majority of the musicians were not at all favorably disposed toward Wagner's music in those days, and in this connection a remark of Joachim Raff made to me in 1879-80, on the occasion of my second visit to Germany, was significant. Raff had been in earlier years, perhaps, the most ardent of all pioneers in the Wagner cause, but as much of the work he accomplished was under Liszt's direction, the latter received most of the credit for it. A quarter of a century had elapsed since I had seen Raff, and naturally one of my first questions was, "Raff, how is the Wagner cause?" "Oh," said he, "the public have gone 'way over to the other extreme. You know how hard it was to force Wagner upon them twenty-five years ago, and now they go just as much too far the other way, and are unreasonable in their excessive homage." "Well," I replied, "I suppose the matter will find its level and be adjusted as time passes on."

BRAHMS AGAIN.

AFTER the performance of "Lohengrin," which, by the way, was successful, the whole Liszt party, by invitation, went to supper at the house of the concertmeister, Ferdinand David. Quite a number of other guests were present. Among them I remember with pleasure my Boston friends and fellow-townsmen, Charles C. Perkins and J. C. D. Parker, who were temporarily located in Leipsic, pursuing their musical studies.

Brahms was also present, and during the evening he played the andante from his "F Minor Sonata, Op. 5."

THE SCHUMANN "FEIER" IN BONN, 1880.

OVER a quarter of a century elapsed before I saw Brahms again, and then the meeting occurred at Bonn on the Rhine, on May 3, 1880. He was there, in company with Joachim and other artists, to take part in the

ceremonies attendant on the unveiling of the Schumann *Denkmal*.

There were also musical performances, and at a morning recital of chamber-music the program consisted solely of Schumann's works, vocal and instrumental, with the addition of the Brahms "Violin Concerto," played by Joachim. The concluding number was Schumann's "Piano Quartet in E Flat Major, Op. 47," Brahms playing the piano part, and Joachim, Heckmann, and Bellman playing respectively violin, viola, and violoncello.

BRAHMS'S PIANOFORTE-PLAYING.

THE pianoforte-playing of Brahms was far from being finished or even musical. His tone was dry and devoid of sentiment, his interpretation inadequate, lacking style and contour. It was the playing of a composer, and not that of a virtuoso. He paid little if any attention to the marks of expression as indicated by Schumann in the copy. This was especially and painfully apparent in the opening measures of the first movement. This introductory passage is marked, "Sostenuto assai," followed by the main movement marked, "Allegro ma non troppo." Instead of accommodating himself to the quiet and subdued nature of the introduction, the pianist quite ignored Schumann's esthetic directions, and began with a vigorous attack, which was sustained throughout the movement. The continued force and harshness of his tone quite overpowered the stringed instruments. As an ensemble the performance was not a success.

On going home to dinner, and learning that Brahms was stopping at the hotel, I gave my card to the porter, with instructions to deliver it to Brahms as soon as he came in. When about half-way through the table d'hôte the porter entered and said that Brahms was in the outer hall, waiting to see me. He was very cordial. At the moment I had quite forgotten about meeting him at David's house in Leipsic, so I said: "The last time I met you was in Weimar on that very hot day in June, 1853; do you remember it?"

"Very well indeed, and I am glad to see you again. Just now my time is very much engaged, but we are going up the river on a picnic this afternoon—Joachim and others; will you come along? We are going to a summer restaurant on the Rhine, where they have excellent beer, and it will be *ganz gemüthlich*."

I regretted extremely that I had to forego the pleasure of this excursion, and fully

realized the opportunity I was losing; but my party—there were four of us, my wife and I and two children—had previously arranged our plans, and in order to make connections we were obliged to go on to Cologne that day.

Here was a companion-piece to the disappointment occasioned by my having to forego the pleasure and profit of a foot-tramp through the Tyrol with Richard Wagner, as already related in these "Memories." But so the Fates ordained.

Partly on account of the untoward Weimar incident, and partly for the sake of his own individuality, I took a peculiar interest in Brahms. His work is wonderfully condensed, his constructive power masterly. By his scholarly development of themes through augmentation, diminution, inversion, imitation, and other devices, he seems to be introducing new thematic material, while the fact is, as will be seen on close investigation, that he is presenting the original theme in varied form and shape, and gradually unfolding and expanding its possibilities to the uttermost. In other words, his treatment is exhaustive and complete. In his later piano compositions this is readily apparent, and as these pieces are short, and at the same time complete in form, they furnish excellent opportunities to the student for analytical studies. In all that relates to the intellectual faculty Brahms is indisputably a master. I find this to be the consensus of opinion among intelligent musicians. But there are differences of opinion as regards his emotional susceptibilities, and it is just this fact that prevents many from fully accepting him. The emotional and intellectual should be in equipoise in order to attain the highest results, but in the music of Brahms the latter seems to predominate. In sympathetic and affectionate treatment, so far as relates to his piano composition, he does not compare with Chopin.

A HISTORICAL ERROR CORRECTED.

I HAVE read in a recent number of a musical magazine the following sentence: "We have seen with what ardor the first compositions of this serious young man [Brahms] were greeted by Schumann and Liszt." I have already mentioned the fact that all of the published accounts of the first meeting of Liszt and Brahms were far from accurate, and in fact convey an impression directly opposite to the truth; and the foregoing statement, according to my belief, is just as far from being in accordance with

the facts. I am quite sure that Liszt was not enthusiastic about Brahms at the time of the first interview in Weimar heretofore described, and the letter received from my friend Karl Klindworth, in Berlin, within the last three months, sustains me in this belief. Liszt was of too kindly a disposition to treasure up animosity against Brahms on account of the mishap on that occasion. The fact that Brahms was put forward by the anti-Wagnerites as their champion may possibly have influenced him somewhat. A coolness also sprang up between Joachim and Liszt, although during my stay in Weimar the violinist had been welcomed so frequently at the Altenburg. During the entire career of Brahms he and Joachim were close friends.

MORE ABOUT LISZT'S WONDERFUL SIGHT-READING.

LISZT's playing of the Brahms scherzo was a remarkable feat, but he was constantly doing almost incredible things in the way of reading at sight. Another instance of his skill in this direction occurs to me and is well worthy of mention. Raff had composed a sonata for violin and pianoforte in which there were ever-varying changes in measure and rhythm; measures of $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{4}{4}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, alternated with common and triple time, and seemed to mix together promiscuously and without regard to order. Notwithstanding this apparent disorder, there was an undercurrent, so to speak, of the ordinary $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{4}$ time, and to the player who could penetrate the rhythmic mask the difficulty of performance quickly vanished. Raff had arranged with Laub and Pruckner that they should practise the sonata together, and then, on a favorable occasion, play it in Liszt's presence. So on one of the musical mornings at the Altenburg these gentlemen began to play the sonata. Pruckner, of sensitive and nervous organization, found the changes of measure too confusing, especially when played before company, and broke down at the first page. Another and yet a third attempt was made, but with the like result. Liszt, whose interest was aroused, exclaimed: "I wonder if I can play that!" Then, taking his place at the instrument, he played it through at sight in rapid tempo and without the slightest hesitation. He had intuitively divined the regularity of movement which lay beneath the surface.

LISZT'S MOMENTS OF CONTRITION.

DEEP beneath the surface there was in Liszt's organization a religious trend which

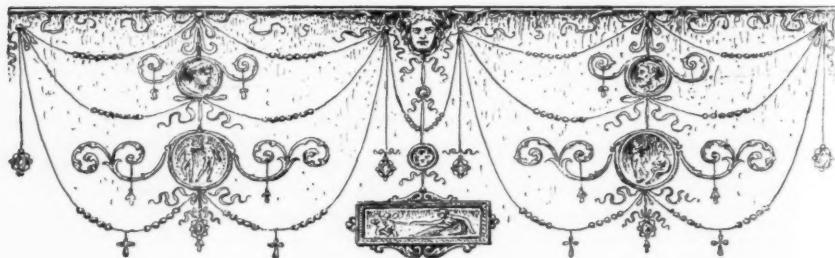
manifested itself openly now and then, and there were occasions upon which his contrition displayed itself to an inordinate degree. Joachim Raff, long his intimate friend and associate, told me that these periods were sometimes of considerable duration, and while they lasted he would seek solitude, and going frequently to church, would throw himself upon the flagstones before a *Muttergottesbild*, and remain for hours, as Raff expressed it, so deeply absorbed as to be utterly unconscious of events occurring in his presence.

Rubinstein also told me that on one occasion he had been a witness of such an act on the part of Liszt. One afternoon at dusk they were walking together in the cathedral at Cologne, and quite suddenly Rubinstein missed Liszt, who had disappeared in a mysterious way. He searched for quite a while through the many secluded nooks and corners of the immense building, and finally found Liszt kneeling before a *prie-dieu*, so deeply engrossed that Rubinstein had not the heart to disturb him, and so left the building alone.

PETER CORNELIUS.

SOMETIME, I think late, in 1853 Peter Cornelius, nephew of the celebrated painter of that name, and composer of the comic opera "The Barber of Bagdad," came to Weimar and was added to the Altenburg circle. He was well known and highly esteemed by musicians, and as he was always cheery and bubbling over with musical enthusiasm, I at once became very fond of him as a friend, and later on paid due homage to his decided talent

as a composer. As an illustration of how easy it is to underrate the abilities of a new acquaintance the following incident is both interesting and instructive. In October, 1853, or thereabouts, quite a large musical festival took place in Karlsruhe, which was under the general direction of Liszt, who also conducted the orchestra. It goes without saying that under the management of Liszt a number of selections from the Wagner operas were played, and one of these happened to be the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin." Wagner at that time was an entirely new experience to Cornelius, and after the concert, while speaking to Liszt of the beauty of Wagner's music, he instanced this bright and pretty melody, emphasizing its beauty as though it were the special object of his admiration. We boys, while we recognized the beauty of the bridal march and its fitness for the place in which it occurs, were apt to coddle ourselves upon our superior knowledge of Wagner, and would have saved our enthusiasm for the more completed and distinctly Wagnerian characteristics. The enthusiasm of Cornelius for the purely melodic phrases of Wagner, which were in no wise characteristic of his genius, rather led us to look down upon the musical perceptions of Cornelius—or perhaps I should speak only for myself and give these as my personal impressions; but it was not long before his great talent was duly recognized and acknowledged, at least by musicians. Cornelius was a charming fellow, and I enjoyed his society because he was so enthusiastically and intensely musical.




DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART SEVEN.

XIII.

HE Vincents had rented a small farm-house on Frenchman's Bay, upon the shores of Mount Desert Island, and we,—my wife and child and I,—having accepted their invitation, settled down for a long stay in the delightful summer climate of Maine. It was still half wilderness; the people simple and interesting, with a flavor of the salt seas and fish. The hills were trackless, the roads bad, and the contrast with our city life very grateful to us all. Vincent's yacht lay at anchor in the bay, and there were boats and canoes on or at the landing-slip.

One day I went away a little thoughtful to take my afternoon pull on the water. As I passed, I heard Sibyl call from her favorite nest in a hammock, "May I go with you?"

I said, "Yes, of course. Delighted to have you."

"Then the canoe, please."

I settled her comfortably on the red cushions in the birch, and knelt, Indian fashion, in the stern, facing her, as I paddled out on to the broad waters of Frenchman's Bay.

"Let us not talk for a while," she said.

Sibyl sat quiet a short time, as she was apt to do when considering something of interest. Then she sat up rather abruptly, and said, "Mr. St. Clair—"

"What, Sibyl?"

"Mr. St. Clair is on the water. I hear him coming."

"Nonsense."

"I do, doctor. Do not you hear?" She was plainly excited. She sat up erect of a sudden, staring down the bay.

"Lie down. Keep still, Sibyl." I feared more hysterics, and this, in a frail birch half a mile from land, presented me with a new terror. "Take care," I said. "Lie still."

"But he is coming."

Her voice betrayed her excitement.

"Well, what then? Sit still."

My own ear now detected the splash of a

paddle. I turned toward the landing. Another boat drew near. As we paddled in through the dark, I heard St. Clair call, "Is that you, Owen North? Good evening, Miss Maywood."

To my surprise, she was suddenly as quiet as any woman of half a dozen social campaigns. I felt relieved. She had come again, for the hour at least, into healthy self-command of her unstable nervous system.

As we walked toward the house, St. Clair said: "Glad to see you. I have been camped on Iron Bound Island, and then on the shore at Seal Harbor. As you know, for I wrote from Portland, I came in my canoe by sea from New York. Last night my little tent took fire. I could not find a corner in the village, and so here I am. Luckily your clothes fit me. I have not a garment except what is on me."

I was a little annoyed, thinking of Sibyl, but the poet was made welcome, and it was soon clear that Sibyl was mistress of herself. She neither sought nor shunned St. Clair, and his pleasure in her serene and tender face had apparently gone the way of many another such possession. Very soon we all felt easier, and he was so charming a companion that not to be glad of his company was impossible. My wife declared herself reassured, and said: "Victor, tell us of your voyage."

"Certainly, but first here is a queer thing. You may remember that Alcott bought, years ago, my Indian standing unarmed, with his pipe in his hand, on a peak of the Catskills, looking down sadly on the land where once his tribe had hunted. Alcott failed, and at the sale of his gallery Xerxes bought my chief. I grieve to say it cost him very little."

"That is queer," said Vincent.

"Look out for mischief," said I.

"But what," said Mrs. Vincent, "can he do?"

"I do not know," I replied. "The devil is ingenious. He may roast it to make lime of it."

"Well," said St. Clair, "we shall see."

"Let us drop Xerxes," said Vincent. "But what of the voyage, Victor?"

"Oh, I wrote all about it to Owen."

"I never saw your letters," said my wife, reproachfully. "Owen has so trained himself to hold his tongue that I never, never hear anything."

"I could not read his letter," said I. "An intoxicated beetle, just out of an ink-pot and crawling over the page, would have scrawled his maudlin dreams as clearly." Having said as much in my defense, I went out and brought back with me the letter. "Read it yourself," said I.

He took it and, spinning round on the piano-stool, faced us and the letter with a puzzled look. How much of what we heard was letter and how much was added, I do not know.

At last he said: "It is not fair to ask a man to read his own letters aloud—I mean two weeks after writing them. How can he remember?"

This was greeted with wild laughter, and, thus reviled, he began:

"I left New York at noon in my Rob Roy canoe, and ran up the sound, with my little red silk sail spread, and a gentle southwester after me, and much chaff from coasters. Toward evening, next day, I stood out to sea, using my paddle. I soon lost sight of land. Then about midnight I lashed my paddles together, lighted my small lantern, and lay on a moveless ocean under a starlit sky. I fell back at ease on my cushions. I was folded about with peace as with a mantle. Around me and above was the night, and below the deeper darkness of the sea. A great ocean liner went by a few hundred yards away. I heard the pulse of her propeller, and saw the upheaval of white water at her bow. The touch of peril made sweet the sense of solitude, the voiceless loneliness of the ocean. The darkness deepened toward dawn. A strange feeling of the imminence of death possessed me. All life was so far away, with its busy contradictions of life's inevitable ending. I was alone as God is alone, as the unpeopled stars are alone. I seemed to be a soul in space, thought-bereft, without hopes or memories, a child-soul to drift on to alien shores. Then a great white bird swept by on hesitative wing, and far to the east the day welled up on the edge of the night; and so a gentle joy fell upon me, and I slept till the fuller light awakened me, saying, 'Here is time again.'" The rest," he said, "is worthless." Upon this he turned to the piano and sang song after song. He rose at last, and

said, "I have kept the floor rather long, dear people. Good night and good by, for I must be off early in the morning." Then he turned back, and said, "Have you ever at evening on the ocean, alone, watched a gull hovering overhead, he and you alone, both silent?"

"I have been in that good company," said I.

"Then you will like this. I made it while I watched him. I have never written it." He played some sort of improvised accompaniment, and chanted, or rather intoned. It was not singing.

We rose silently. No words can convey the effect he could produce when in one of these rapt moods. I have never seen any one else who had this power.

"Thank you," said my wife. "Leave us with this to dream on. Come, Anne."

While I was dressing next morning, Mrs. Vincent knocked and asked me to see Sibyl before I breakfasted. I found Miss Maywood in bed, and was more than ever struck with her singular beauty. The spinal distortion was, of course, unseen as she lay with her perfect hands outside of the cover. I have as a physician a great horror of deformities. They usually represent incompetence, vice, neglect, or ignorance. Because some doctor did not know his business this girl was to be whipped through life with a lash he would never feel. Sibyl's first welcome was usually a smile like the ready smile of childhood—mysterious coinage before mirth is conscious. Now she did not smile. Clearly she was not well, had slept ill, and, as I found, had a slight fever. It was nothing, she said. I advised rest for a day.

As I went from her bedside I saw something which caused me to take Mrs. Vincent aside after breakfast. I said to her: "Last night, after Sibyl left us, she heard St. Clair reading or singing. She went halfway down the stair and listened. He began just after she left us."

"How do you know that, Owen North?"

"She dropped candle-grease on the stair and also on her gown."

"Oh, I am glad you are not my doctor. And what next?"

"I do not think that she knew what she was doing."

"Can that be?"

"Yes. I do not think that she realizes her own condition. Perhaps she never will. The mischief is done. It is vain to talk to her. Common sense is a tonic which here is useless. Time, which some one brutally

called the opium of grief, time will not help her."

"Then this is serious? Her physical state, I mean."

"Yes."

Mrs. Vincent stood still. "I have come to love this girl more than I thought I could love so peculiar a person. Is there no way to help her? What can we do or help you to do? St. Clair must not know. He is more really sorry for what has occurred than I ever saw him about anything in life. He thinks it is over; that it was on her side a brief fancy. But he does not like to talk of it or of her. I have sometimes thought—but no matter."

"Ah, me!" I said. "First some fool costs her this crippled life, then this unthoughtful fellow adds an unendurable pain. And yet, how could he dream that she is a woman capable of love, of passion, of despair? We are apt not to credit physical incompleteness with the moral or even the mental equipment of the physically competent."

"Yes, that is true. I myself have the feeling. Poor Sibyl, I see it all now. At times she gives way as in the garden, or as she did last night. And then there is a new Sibyl. It is a strange nature."

SOME days later, when we were all together, Mrs. Vincent exclaimed in the middle of the conversation: "Ah, here is the mail. I must see my letters."

The talk again became general, while Mrs. Vincent, excusing herself, ran over the letters.

"One for you, Fred, and two for you, doctor. Oh, and one from St. Clair."

Presently Mrs. Vincent said: "Fred, come here. You were right. Read that."

Fred took the letter. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed, laughing. "This is too good to keep."

"What is it?" said I.

"Oh, Xerxes has revenged himself. I was sure he would."

"The letter, the letter!" said we.

"Read it, oh, do read it!" said Sibyl.

"It is long."

"No matter; let us have it."

Thus urged, she read: "DEAR MRS. VINCENT: Xerxes has got even with me. He presented my Indian to a Cuban cigar-shop on Broadway. Now he stands outside for a sign. He draws crowds every day. As Xerxes goes down-town he buys a cigar and grins at my chief. Oh, here is a clipping from the 'Tribunal's' art column: 'The well-

known railway man whose bust by St. Clair we noticed must have come to a realizing sense of that too remarkable marble. Is it a vendetta? He has presented St. Clair's noble statue of the "Indian Chief" to Diego's cigar-shop. If it be a vendetta, it is otherwise appreciated by the public, as every one pauses to look at the chief. But what will he do with the bust of the R. R. R.?"

Mrs. Vincent continued: "I wrote and thanked Xerxes for giving the public so good a chance, and advised him to keep the bust for his tombstone, in place of an epitaph. Oh, 't is a very pretty quarrel. I should like to hear what Mrs. Xerxes thinks of it. Let him wallow. Here is something better."

"I went to Marquette, bought a canoe and a tent, and slipped away at daybreak over Muscawewininy Gitchie, that is, Big Water, Lake Superior. It was as smooth as a mill-pond. I slept at Grand Isle. Next day at sunset I ran up on the shore, midway of the Pictured Rocks. Here is a beach of pink-and-white pebbles. A cascade falls onto it from the bluff above. East and west stretch these cliffs of white sandstone cut into fantastic forms by the water when the land was lower or the lake higher. From the strata oozes out moisture tinted with the purples of manganese, the greens of copper, the yellow or brown of iron. Lichens, silver, golden, gray, or black, grow where the water trickles forth. At evening I stole out through the twilight in my canoe under the purple lights, with every pebble seen in forty feet of water. Here, to my right, is a vast cave facing the lake. It is eighty feet high by a hundred and fifty feet wide, half of a vast dome, a mass of brilliant color like a town afire. A little beyond is a great smooth rock, on which one sees a procession of men in black robes walking over ice, and before them the headsmen with his ax. No one lands here. I went up onto the bluff and saw a bear. He ate berries twelve feet away apparently, neither scared nor hostile. Meanwhile I half filled a pail with blueberries, plucking leaves and fruit, without more than turning round. I took them down to the lake and filled up my bucket with water at 45° F., letting the leaves float out. Good for breakfast they are, alluring with the chill on them. I took a few trout, and after supper and making camp, I wandered down the shore. The moon was a scarlet shield flashing a long track of ruddy color to my feet. I sat down in a druidical temple, the weary work of wave

and storm through countless ages. Vast columns upheld the stone roof, on which tall trees were growing. I lit my pipe and lay quiet. Now and then rose and fell strange noises from the wood-people somewhere behind me. The long, wild tremolo of the loons shook across the lake as they sailed shoreward, lured by the red glow of my camp-fire. How I wished you all were with me, for, indeed, I am at my best here. You would—"

"Oh, Fred, do take me there next summer."

"Certainly, my dear, and as you want to see Xerxes, we will ask him, and as you are planning a country house, we shall build there."

We laughed. Mrs. Vincent said he was unpardonably disagreeable, and went on again: "'Here, dear, undeserved friend, you would forget all my naughty ways. Here is no material possibility of weakness or wickedness; not a woman, not a man—not one. How that simplifies life! The devil could not be bad here. What commandment could he break? You will say he can bear false witness, but who is his neighbor? The bears don't care. He cannot lie; but there is no commandment as to that, and, at all events, no one to lie to. Envy, hatred, and malice require objects. The bear is my only neighbor. We are on terms of amity and divide the berries. In a word, this is Eden before Eve came and tempted that innocent snake to tempt her in turn, as a poet has once said.

"Dear love to all. Here I am Saint Clair."

"The hermits understood how to manufacture inevitable virtue," said Vincent.

My wife, laughing, quoted:

"Such was that happy garden state
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there.
Two paradises are in one
To live in paradise alone."

It was aptly quoted, and I said so with a nod. Then returning to the letter, I came upon a postscript: "'Xerxes has been given a degree by Cucumber College. Imagine Xerxes LL.D.! I do not quite recall the real name of the college. It is a bisexual university, I think. L.S.D. were a better degree, but the joke is no good on this side the seas. I think of sending it to 'Punch.'"

"How like him!" I said, returning the letter to Mrs. Vincent.

"One moment," said Mrs. Vincent. "This is so like him—a second postscript: 'I have seen the most beautiful woman. It was at Muskrat Bay. Her husband is a German. He advertised for a wife, and got this glorious creature. It is such a pretty story. We sat on a log and smoked pipes while he told me all about it. I keep it for you, dear lover of tales. V. St. C.'"

XIV.

Two days later we sailed in Vincent's yacht around the entire coast of Mount Desert Island. Mrs. Vincent, who hated the sea, preferred a buckboard drive to Somesville with Sibyl. We started very early, but were delayed on our way because Clayborne desired to go up Somes Sound that he might see the Jesuits' well and the meadow where the earliest French settlement was made. Thus, despite favoring winds, it was near to dusk when, on our return, we walked up the grass slope to Vincent's house.

"By Jove! Vincent," said I, "there is Xerxes."

It was true. Large, in spotless white flannel, the big man was comfortably seated on Vincent's back porch, smoking a huge Cabaña. What Vincent said is not to be repeated. My wife, enjoying the situation, murmured, "What can Vincent do now?"

"Hush!" said I.

Mr. Crofter came down the steps in a leisurely way. "A young woman said you would be late, so I guessed I would wait. I'm right glad to see you, Mr. Vincent, and Mrs. Vincent, I suppose."

I corrected him. "Let me present you to Mrs. North. Mrs. Vincent is not in."

"Pleased to see you," said Xerxes. "It is rather curious we should never have met."

Vincent was coldly polite.

Said Xerxes, as we went up the steps to the porch: "Thought I would wait for you outside. Don't you find it rather cool here toward evening?" He spoke as if he were receiving us as guests.

To this Vincent made no reply, except to say, "Mrs. Vincent is away." He was in the temperate zone of mere civility.

I passed on into the house with my wife, leaving the others on the porch. "Oh, if only Anne Vincent were here!" she said, quivering with suppressed laughter.

"The man has a talent, Alice. He can forget. Can a man forget and not forgive?" For I recalled what Vincent had said to him on a former occasion. "We must not leave Vincent alone."

"No. But I wish Mr. Clayborne had heard your remark. He would say entire forgetfulness eliminates the need to forgive, and that you were very near to a bull. Do not leave poor Mr. Vincent alone."

"He has Clayborne," I said.

"Who will be silent—dumb. You know that."

"Very well, dear. Where are you going?"

"I must look after the child, Owen. I shall return at once."

I went out again on to the porch, where I found all three men smoking, while Xerxes, quite at ease, was joyfully sustaining the weight of the talk. To my disgust, he was relating at length the story of our first meeting and that famous game of chess: He told it well, and not to be amused was impossible. Clayborne was shaking with laughter, and Vincent, after a sorry effort to listen calmly, had also broken down.

"And he never told you?" said Xerxes.

"Why, I spread it all over the country. It was well worth the price of admission. A right good circus; and you never told it, doc—Dr. North?"

"Never."

"And why not?"

"Because," said I, "I was ashamed; because I beat you with weapons I do not like to use, and because I was not pleased with myself for using them."

In the red glow of his cigar I saw my friend Vincent's face light up pleasantly.

"Well, that is curious," returned Crofter, reflectively. "Can't understand it. I've done a heap of things in my time, but, Lord! they're done."

"And so," thought I, "is a murder, a theft."

Presently we heard the sound of wheels, and a moment later Mrs. Vincent sailed out. There was, in fact, something stately and like a noble ship in her way of moving. She said graciously, "Mr. Crofter, I believe. I am glad to see you." She was well pleased. She had been very curious about Xerxes, and fate had favored her. My wife soon returned, and both sat down, while Sibyl dropped into her hammock. Vincent shamelessly abandoned the conversation to the newcomers, and Clayborne said as little as possible.

"You came up in your yacht, I think," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes. I am a bit hard up for amusement in the summer-time, since I came East. As long as I had to fight for a living I enjoyed life. Then I took to railroading, and while

that was a scrimmage I had a good time. Now I have married and settled down in New York, I sometimes find it dull."

"I should think so," said my wife, sympathetically. "And does yachting amuse you?"

"Yes, as long as there is risk in it. Between times it is poor fun. Now and then I make 'em carry a lot of sail in a big blow. My captain don't like it. I do. You must risk money or life if you want to be happy."

"I hope, Fred," said Mrs. Vincent, "that you will not take to either of these forms of happiness." She was merrily bent upon getting her husband into the talk. Vincent said, "You may rest at ease." But Sibyl, to my surprise, replied, "I can understand that."

"Let me take you all out," said Xerxes. "We will wait for a brisk sou'wester. We will run up to the Grand Manan. I can take you all and make you right comfortable, too."

"Thank you," said Vincent. "My wife never sails, and I have my own yacht."

"Well, it's an open offer. And talking of risks, off Cape Cod we were running in a gale, when I saw a canoe. We came within a few yards of her. I sung out, and the man in her looked up. It was that free-spoken young man, Saint Clair. I offered to take him in. I won't relate what he said. It was concise. You know we had a row, Mr. Vincent, and I guess he don't feel we got even. I can't see what vexed the man."

"Perhaps he can," said Vincent. "The point of view is important."

"Well, really. What was it? I like that man, and there was n't a dollar of difference between us."

Meanwhile I saw in Clayborne the usual storm-signals. He moved uneasily in his chair, laid down his cigar and took it up again, and at last said quietly: "It is not easy, Mr. Crofter, to discuss a friend's quarrels, but I believe that, as St. Clair said, you ruined two of his friends. I beg leave to say that, while I thought he should have held his tongue in my house, I did think he had some reason to speak as he did."

I saw Vincent look up at Clayborne. He clearly disapproved of the overfrank turn the talk had taken. In fact, Clayborne was guilty of the very offense for which he censured St. Clair.

"I think," said Vincent, "we had better leave St. Clair to fight his own battles. I should remind you, Clayborne, that it was not Mr. Crofter, but his former partner, who had been in fault."

There was a scarce perceptible pause, and then Xerxes spoke with entire good humor.

"Now, I'm obliged to you. I was n't in it, but I did n't care to explain. What's the good? As to Mr. Saint Clair, he is n't altogether incapable of taking care of himself; and, after all, it was more a glove-fight than a blood-quarrel. I suppose, too"—and he spoke with deliberate care—"I suppose, Mr. Vincent, my point of view and yours may be different. My wife sees that. I do suppose I ask too many questions." As he spoke he looked from us to the women.

"Oh, no," said my wife. "Pray go on."

"Well, Mrs. Crofter says everything is to be had by patient observation. I'm observing, I've been observing, but I am not patient."

Vincent began to be interested despite his dislike of the man, a dislike born generations back. He felt, too, that, whether a willing host or not, he could not remain permanently outside of the talk. He said, "Pardon me, but I do not quite understand."

Xerxes, evidently more at ease, returned:

"Well, I was born and raised and fought my way among people, Mr. Vincent, so different from you people that it's like being in China. I don't mean the heavy railroad men and bankers. I mean people like you and my wife. I like them. I did n't at first. But once I did n't know a chromo from a Constable. I do now. To be plain, I came East, and I wanted human fine arts."

"Human fine arts," murmured my wife, delighted.

"What a charming phrase!" said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes, ma'am," continued Xerxes, now under way, and habitually accustomed to be heard with respect even where hostility was imminent. "I find difficulties. My wife says, 'Time and patience.' I hate waiting, and I never was patient. A man tells me I had better not just yet be put up at the Hudson Club. Well, that is pretty plain. If I ask men like you, Mr. Vincent, to dine with me, they won't. They won't yet. Of course I shall get on top of it all some day; but I hate to wait and— Well, things in a way led up to it to-night, and so I just thought I would have it out. Fact is, I don't understand you Eastern people."

It was, socially speaking, appalling. This fearless, rude baron of dubious finance and elaborate railway theft had cast down his glove of challenge before a gentler people than he had been born to. The courage of the man was interesting. His belief that he

would be considered was no doubt the result of habit. His feeling that he would be counseled wisely was almost childlike. For a moment no one replied. Clayborne would not answer. I did not want to do so. Vincent said later, "In my own house, how could I?" Xerxes was quick to note this hesitation. He added: "Perhaps I'm making myself unpleasant. I don't want to, but I do want to know." The simplicity of his obstinacy was embarrassing. I looked at Vincent. The appeal was honest and of the utmost sincerity. I knew that Vincent must in some way accept its challenge.

He said at last: "Mr. Crofter, I fear that we are thinking more of our own difficulty than of your very natural desire; but—and you will pardon me—I do not want to reply at all; and if I wished to do so, I could not in my own house; I should want a larger freedom."

"Oh, but I don't mind, and anyway we are half out of doors."

"You must let us off this time," said Vincent, laughing. "Could we have tea, Anne?"

"Certainly." She rose and went into the house, while Clayborne said, "We are going to have a change of weather."

I said, "Yes, there is a fog on Green Mountain," and considered an awkward business disposed of. Not so Xerxes.

"I have half a mind to ask the ladies," he said.

What could one do with a man like this?

"I fear that we should follow suit," said my wife.

Sibyl had listened to this remarkable talk with silent intensity of interest. She was lying in a hammock under the porch where we sat. Now she rose on her elbow, and, to Vincent's dismay, said: "I will tell you, Mr. Crofter. We think of you as a man who has made an extravagant fortune by means which seem to us wicked. We do not like it. We say, 'Why should such a man think mere wealth gives him a right to take at will an equal place among people of stainless lives, men of honor?' That is the truth, all of it. I do not see why some one should not speak out."

During this bewildering revelation of opinion, Vincent sat smoking furiously. Clayborne smiled grimly, my wife pursued a ball of worsted down the steps, and I sat still.

Xerxes said at once: "You are a brave little woman, and I am much obliged to you. I could argue that question of my wickedness. I don't see it. Suppose we admit it or

set it aside. Here I am. I shall get where I want to soon or late."

"That is true," said Clayborne, "you will."

"More 's the pity, you will say."

"I did not."

"No. Well, Mr. Clayborne, here I am, me and my money. I can't give it away. I don't mean to. You've got me here."

This powerful human machine seemed to think we were responsible for his future.

"Do you really mean," said Sibyl, "do you honestly mean to ask—"

Here Vincent interposed: "Pardon me, Miss Maywood, if I say that all this is to me most unpleasing. What Mr. Crofter does with himself and his property should in no way concern us. I trust he will excuse your freedom and mine."

"But I like it," said the machine.

"I think," said Clayborne, with grim indifference to the amenities of life—"I think that Mr. Crofter has struck upon the opportunity of a lifetime. Let Sibyl answer, even if you and I will not, cannot."

"I am sure it is very interesting," said my wife, with appearance of ingenuous simplicity.

Vincent was furious. He lit a cigar and remained silent.

Sibyl said quietly: "May I, Mr. Clayborne? Oh, I do want to speak."

"Yes. Go on if Mr. Crofter wishes it. I see no objection."

"Now, that's all right," said the machine, cheerfully. "You go ahead, little woman. You have a clear track."

"I wanted to ask you if you did really desire a foolish little maid like me to tell you, a strong, successful man, what to do with your life and your gains."

"That's it. If you say, 'Give away money, help this or that,' I do it—oh, pretty much as my wife says."

"And why?"

"Because she tells me."

"In order to get certain things, to please certain people?"

"It's about that. What would you do?"

Sibyl laughed. "I never had enough to be troubled as to what to do with it. If I had your income I should give it away, every year, all of it, every cent."

"Would you? Got to protect property with money. Does any one do that?"

"Ask Mr. Clayborne," said Sibyl, audaciously.

"I ask him," he said, turning in his seat.

Clayborne said: "This is an unusual talk. The palace of truth was a trifle to it. Yes;

to be plain, I save no income. I used to; now I do not."

"And how about you, Mr. Vincent?" said Xerxes.

"I prefer not to discuss my private affairs. You must pardon my reticence. Miss Maywood's frankness is not to my taste. Let it suffice."

"Oh, that's all right," said Crofter. "Guess I've been to Sunday-school to-day. Perhaps I shall repent. But whether or not, I shall get at last what I want. I always do."

"You will," said Clayborne. "I have not the least doubt you will."

Crofter hesitated. Then he swung himself around and put the confiding hand of familiarity on Vincent's knee. My friend stood it bravely.

"Mr. Vincent, you people are not used to men like me. I am feeling that. I've made myself disagreeable. I want to say I did n't think any one but me could be hurt by it."

"There has been no harm done," said Vincent, coldly.

"Well, we'll drop it. Only there's one thing I don't get clear about. We had it up before at your house, Mr. Clayborne. Miss Maywood talked about men of honor. A man keeps his word, he meets his pecuniary obligations, and then some one says, 'Oh, he's straight enough, but he is n't a man of honor.' I sha'n't bother you about X. C. any more, but I want to ask my young friend here, what is honor?"

I thought of Pilate's historic question.

"The honesty of a gentleman," said Sibyl, promptly.

Crofter laughed in hearty animal enjoyment of what to us was an awkward situation.

"Miss Maywood, you are as hard to understand as another woman I ask questions of. This beats chess problems, doctor."

"And is not an answer," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Will you smoke again?" said Vincent.

"With pleasure. I went by here to-day on the shore. There I made acquaintance with Miss Mary. After she heard my name, she said, 'Why did papa say you was a plantigwade, and what is a plantigwade?' I had to own up I did n't know. Then the young lady guessed it was a kind of bear, and informed me I had hairy hands just like a bear. I laughed and said people out West used to call me Old Grizzly. Then she said I was a real nice bear, and would I play being bear on the beach."

At this we laughed, relieved by our escape

from the dilemma of silence or reproach. My wife said, "The child was impertinent."

"Oh, no," said Xerxes. "I played bear, I did. I walked on all fours, and I learned that Mr. Clayborne was n't half as nice a bear. I should like to buy that young lady."

"Not for millions," said my wife, gaily. "Oh, here is tea. One lump or two, Mr. Crofter?" And so after a little more or less perilous chat Xerxes departed.

"The dinner must be ruined," said Mrs. Vincent, rising. "You men shall not dress."

"Come in, Owen," said Vincent. "If ever you bring that fellow here again I will—"

"I did not bring him. He came to see you. He will come again. And now"—viciously—"you will have to go out to his yacht and call."

"I'll be blanked if I do."

"I like him," said Mrs. Vincent. "No doubt we seem as strange to him as he to us. Sibyl, you covered yourself with glory."

(To be concluded.)

"Did I? Oh, dear Mrs. Vincent, I wish I had held my tongue."

"It had been wiser," said Vincent.

"I don't know," said Clayborne. "'Out of the mouths of,' etc."

"So," said Vincent, "St. Clair is on his way north. What an astonishing talk!"

The conversation which Vincent had not without reason called astonishing was more than this, and so said my wife to me that evening. Here was a man with a large supply of good and bad qualities. Life, as he had used it, had educated and invigorated what was not of the best. It was strange that so much of available good remained. I was inclined to believe that his questions, his new tastes, his wish for some touch of other modes of life, were merely forms of ambition and had behind them no very worthy motive. Alice said it was a wholly uncharitable view, and time would show, because time is a fine diagnostician.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WESTERN WORLD ON CHINA.

PROGRESS, MISTAKES, AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY THE REV. D. Z. SHEFFIELD, D.D.,¹

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WESTERN civilization,—which means Christian civilization,—in its impact upon the nations of the Orient, is increasing in volume and power from decade to decade, with a kind of geometrical progression. This increase in influence springs from various causes. Inter-course through the lines of trade is rapidly extending, and the East and West are being bound together more closely from year to year by interrelated business interests. International diplomacy is becoming intimate, involved, and urgent. Rulers among Eastern nations are compelled to consider their present and prospective relations with the leading nations of the West. Western learning has awakened the spirit of research and discovery. Scholars are leaving no region of

the East unexplored, and are not only revealing to the Western World the undeveloped riches hidden among Eastern nations, but are putting new thoughts and hopes into the minds of the more intelligent and progressive men in these nations. The English language is coming to be the language of trade and general intercourse in the far East. Not only is English widely spoken by the cultivated natives of India, but it is spoken by many tens of thousands in China, Japan, and the smaller Pacific states. Through the channel of English speech and English literature Western thought is more and more commanding the attention of scholars and thinking men in the East.

We are familiar with the remarkable transformations in Japan within the last thirty years. An Oriental despotism has be-

¹ Dr. Sheffield is well known as a missionary in China for thirty years under the organization of the American Board. This article was prepared by him late in May, at the beginning of the Boxer uprising. He sailed for his post of duty from San Francisco on the 22d of June, having heard on the 8th of June of the burning

of the North China College and Mission at Tung-chau, fifteen miles from Peking.

His daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sheffield, also a missionary, connected with the girls' school at Peking, was at the capital at the time of the attack on the foreign legations.—EDITOR.

come a constitutional monarchy. The people select their representatives in the administration of government. Laws have been revised and purified. A powerful army and navy have been created for national defense. A new spirit has been awakened, and new hopes and ambitions stir in the thoughts of the people. Meanwhile the forces of progress have operated upon China, and if with smaller present results, with yet greater future promise. Two thousand Protestant Christian missionaries are now dwelling in hundreds of cities and villages in China, and are placing their lives in contact with the lives of millions of the people. Over one hundred thousand native converts have been gathered into the Christian church—men and women who have made great sacrifices for their new-found religion, and are sincere and intelligent in the choice which they have made. Christian schools are being rapidly multiplied,—primary, academic, collegiate, medical, theological,—and already many thousands of students have been gathered into these schools. They are animated with a common hope for a reconstructed China, in which a new order of life shall be revealed. The value of Western learning and the need of reformation in the old system of education are being borne in upon the minds of scholars and officials through various channels. Schools are being established, some under governmental supervision, others under the direction of private individuals, for instruction in the new lines of knowledge. The teachers employed in these schools are mostly Christian men. The students, when they have completed their studies, are reconstructed Chinamen, with their faces turned away from the past and toward the future. Many fathers are anxious that their sons should speak the English language and acquire the "new learning," to fit them for the altered conditions which they believe are near at hand. A new literature is being created in the Chinese language which is destined to have a far-reaching influence upon the people. Excellent text-books are being prepared, covering a wide range of modern learning, for use in the schools of China. There is a well-organized National Education Association, which is giving direction and assistance in the preparation of needed books. The government of necessity uses these books in its institutions of education, and thus Western history and science are being introduced into China in companionship with Christianity.

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The reform movement, so unfortunately arrested in the early stages of its evolution, was inspired by foreign thought, chiefly through literature sent out from Shanghai as a publishing center. The demand for this literature was checked by the overthrow of the emperor's plans of reform, but the tide is again turning, and this demand is on the increase. Many officials, scholars, and merchants are reading the reform papers and periodicals published in Chinese, and are waiting with deep anxiety the coming of the day of permanent reconstruction.

The Chinese customs service has been developed during the last forty years under the management of Europeans. The foreign staff consists of more than a thousand men, who speak the Chinese language, and a few of these men are distinguished scholars in the native literature. There is in addition an associate Chinese staff of several thousand English-speaking clerks and writers. This body of men is distributed among the open ports of China, bringing them into close relations with many of the officials and with the better class of merchants. The service is a constant pervasive power, operating to leaven China with new and progressive thoughts.

Official intercourse becomes another important channel of influence upon the minds of the leading men of China. Chinese officials who have resided abroad are, with rare exceptions, men who have accepted progressive ideas and cherish new hopes for their country. In China officials who have had considerable intercourse with Europeans usually set great value upon their newly acquired knowledge. The principles of international law have been rendered into the Chinese language in several important treatises, which have been widely studied by scholars, and Chinese diplomats are able to point to these principles with telling effect when the interests of their government are involved.

Foreign influence upon Chinese life is being constantly widened by increasing mercantile intercourse. Hundreds of steamboats are now carrying Chinese merchandise between the leading ports of that country, and among the traders and employees there are several thousands who speak the English language. Yet other thousands of English-speaking Chinese are employed on ocean steamships. Hongkong and Shanghai are foreign cities in their construction and appointments. A half-million Chinese now reside in these cities, and are brought into close contact with Occidental life. There are

large and growing foreign residencies in all the open ports of China, and many thousands of the natives are brought into daily contact with these representatives of Western civilization, and are impressed by their thoughts and customs.

Men from the West have been explaining to the Chinese for a round generation the vastness of the agricultural and mineral resources of the country. The stock theme of conversation on meeting scholars or officials is the value of steam and electricity, coal and iron, Western machinery and labor-saving devices. The Chinese are impressed with the evidence of the wealth and prosperity of Christian nations. Wherever the foot of a European rests, property, for some reason, seems to take on a new value. The Chinese, when there are money incentives involved, are not slow in learning. The best men among the officials, scholars, and merchants are not still sleeping and dreaming of the ancients, in ignorance and indifference as to the resources of the country and the proper means for their development. Many of them are keenly awake to the opportunities and needs of the times. They lack confidence in their government; they lack capital; they lack knowledge and skill and experience; they are aware of their need of foreign help to get possession of this wealth. They are now discussing with great earnestness the difficult question as to how they may secure the needed help, and yet prevent the lion's share of profits crossing the "great waters."

Thus many and powerful influences are already operating upon China from without, producing impressions that will be far-reaching in their results. Through the missionaries, in their evangelistic, educational, and literary work, a new moral ozone is being breathed into the life of the people, and new thoughts of material and intellectual progress are being widely propagated. Through the customs service, the home and foreign diplomatic service, the Chinese are learning that they are not, as they had supposed, the only dwellers within the circle of civilization, and that the supposed "outside barbarians" have valuable truths to communicate to them, and worthy institutions that they will do well to study and imitate. Through increasing trade they are learning that the "fire-wheel ships" bring wealth to China, and they are beginning to grapple with the new problem of gaining possession of their vast but undeveloped resources.

Western governments in intercourse with China during the past forty years have

lacked in definiteness of political policy. The need of China is reform in her institutions, and she should have been pressed steadily and consistently to set about the work of reform. Chinese officials should have been forced at the peril of loss of office to give careful respect to the treaty rights of foreigners. When life was jeopardized or property destroyed, the sin should have been traced to the perpetrators and to the officials who failed to give proper protection. Demands should have been made for the construction of railroads and telegraph lines and the opening of waterways, that the products of China might be brought to the markets of the world. Protection should have been required for foreign capital and skill and enterprise entering China, under equitable restrictions, to develop the resources of the country. China should have been pressed to reorganize her system of education, introducing modern learning into the curriculum of study, establishing colleges and universities after the Western type, and thus preparing men to become leaders of the China of the future. She should have been urged to remodel her army and build up a navy, establishing naval and military schools under competent Western instructors, that she might have power, under the direction of intelligence, to defend her rights and so take her place at length among the strong and progressive nations.

What have been the facts of international intercourse with China during the present generation? Prince Kung, on entering upon his office as regent of China, proclaimed both the need and the purpose of reform in language that left nothing to be desired, except that the work of reform should be immediately inaugurated and carried on to successful results. During subsequent years, in every conversation which Europeans have held with Chinese officials, the need of change and adjustment to new conditions has been the staple theme of discussion, and the benefits of such changes have been acknowledged with bows and smiles, and with assurance that this "lofty thought" would be taken to heart and put to the earliest practice! In 1868 the Hon. Anson Burlingame, United States minister to China, was invited by the Chinese government to be its representative as the head of an embassy to Western nations, the object being to promote a better mutual understanding, to give assurance of a purpose to introduce reforms as rapidly as the conditions of China would permit, and to urge that

foreign interests in China could be best promoted by reason and discussion, and not by dictation and force. No embassy ever achieved results more opposite to its expressed intentions. The reasons for what was called a more generous policy toward China with which Burlingame persuaded himself, he used successfully in persuading the foreign governments which he visited, and the melancholy era of forceless diplomacy—indeterminate talk—was entered upon with China. The time for treaty revision had arrived, and no additional privileges could be secured by other nations, and commerce under the terms of existing treaties was limited and embarrassed in many ways. A railroad from Shanghai to a point a short distance down the river was built by foreigners as an object-lesson, and was much patronized and admired by the Chinese. A little later it was purchased by the government and destroyed. A half-generation passed away before permission was given for the construction of the first telegraph line, and an entire generation elapsed before ground was broken for a practical railroad. Meanwhile assurances were constantly given that the time was only just ahead when these desirable improvements would be introduced. The few schools that were established for the study of foreign learning languished with a precarious life, like plants growing in the dark. Once and again the lives of foreigners were lost by violence, and after a wearisome diplomatic contest a moneyed indemnity was accepted as an atonement for the wrong. Permission to build railroads and develop mines was given, and then the work was arrested or obstructed in its progress for reasons that only the Chinese mind could understand. Work on the Kai-ping coal-mines was stopped for a half-year by imperial edict, because the shafts were piercing into the sides of the Dragon, and through his unrest misfortune would come to the nation! Twelve years ago the railroad from Tientsin to Tung-chau, already approved and surveyed, was arrested for the reason that the sleep of the dead would be disturbed, and injury would be brought upon the living, by the rumbling and screeching of the "fire-wheel carts." During this period foreigners suffering wrong at the hands of the Chinese found the way of approach to the officers of government hedged about with difficulties. Falsehood, procrastination, and often insult, have been the weapons employed to defeat the ends of justice.

It is important that we keep the fact

steadily in mind, in our efforts to understand the problems of China, that the highest officials, including the empress dowager, believe that Confucian civilization in its best thought and institutions is superior to Christian civilization. Their ideas of reform are not that it should be outward and forward, but inward and backward; not toward Western and modern ideals, but toward Eastern and ancient ideals; not along the line of the teachings of present-day political and social reformers, but along the line of the teachings of the ancient sages. The rulers of China during the past generation of contact with the outside world have seen men as trees walking. They have but vaguely comprehended the meaning of the ever-swelling tide of Western movement toward the Orient, and their thought and energy have chiefly been expended in inventing methods by which they hoped to resist the impact of this movement upon China, and so to live on in the future after the order that has existed throughout the ages of the past. Chinese officials have been taking lessons in the school of foreign diplomacy for the past sixty years, and they have not proved to be inapt pupils. They have learned through diplomacy how to bring to naught the plans of diplomats, how to set their faces toward the front when they intended to walk backward, how to make promises and manufacture the best of reasons for failing to fulfil them, how to take full advantage, in the interest of Chinese exclusiveness, of the jealousies and cross-purposes of other governments, how to tolerate the evil of foreign contact and reduce it to its smallest dimensions. Forty years have elapsed since the treaties of 1860. China has been in constant diplomatic relations with the nations of the West, and yet the studied and deliberate policy has been one of exclusion of Western thought and lines of progress. The international policy of endless talk has permitted this condition of things to continue and to bring forth its legitimate fruit. China is fast drifting toward the rocks of disintegration, and at this late hour she has no power within herself to slacken her motion or change her course.

China's danger, since her unfortunate war with Japan, has become acute. The objects of Japan in precipitating the war were to humble the pride and rebuke the arrogance of China; to secure outside territory and give added scope for the new activities of the nation; to have a vantage-ground from which to resist the encroachments of Russia;

and, finally, to prove her own military strength, thus securing a revision of humiliating treaties, which denied to her the full rights of an independent nation to fix a foreign tariff and exercise government over Europeans residing within her borders. Japan made a brilliant record in the war, and secured for herself the coveted recognition of full-grown membership in the family of nations; but she hastened by a half-generation what she most desired to hinder—the appearance of Russia as a leading power in the international politics of the far East. Previous to this time, in spite of the weak policy of England in relation to China, her prestige in the Orient was unquestioned, and she might with a word have arrested the meditated attack of Japan upon China; but her military officials were ignorant of the relative strength and preparation of the two nations, and her diplomats failed to comprehend the far-reaching issues that were involved. When under the swift strokes of her doughty foe China was prostrate, England again let slip the opportunity to extend to China a helping hand in her hour of trouble, and thus add to British power and prestige in the waters of the Pacific. China turned for help from England to Russia, and it was promptly and gladly given. Li Hung Chang, fortified with Russian assurance, yielded to the demands of Marquis Ito, and consented to the cession of Manchurian China to Japan, knowing that this act would be followed by its sequel. When Marquis Ito, a few weeks later, entered the harbor of Chi-fu to ratify the treaty, he found his coming honored with an unusual assemblage of vessels of war, Russian, German, French, with English and American vessels looking on—to protect the interests of their respective governments! The plenipotentiary of Japan was politely informed that Russia, Germany, and France preferred that Chinese territory should not be alienated to another government, and that a moneyed indemnity must be accepted in its place. The Russian bear, for the first time in history, had turned about, and was now facing east, and was standing in an attitude of benevolent determination to protect the weak! Japan, with surprising self-restraint, submitted to the inevitable, but resolved, in the bitterness of her disappointment, to make preparation for the events of the future. England was only less disappointed than Japan, but did not dare to protest against what was already accomplished. The present condition of China is the outcome of the help which she then

sought and secured. British prestige has suffered serious loss. Russian influence is dominant in the counsels of Peking. Her railroad is rapidly pushing its course across Manchuria. Port Arthur is in her possession; a strong army is behind its walls, and a powerful navy is within its waters. Germany has decided for herself the price she will accept for her kindness to China, and has laid hold of a territory the population of which is nearly as great as the empire of Japan. France has staked out a yet larger territory adjoining her possessions lying on the south of China, and is awaiting a convenient occasion to complete the work of absorption. Meanwhile England has been vacillating between hope and fear: hope that in some way her ill fortune would improve, that the doors of intercourse with China which she had opened would not be closed, that China would be preserved in her integrity and enter in earnest upon lines of reform; fear lest she could not resist the double forces setting toward disintegration, those of internal corruption and of external land-hunger.

During all this period the influence of the United States in the far East has been less than American citizens have generally understood, less certainly than it ought to have been when we consider her power and her expanding interests and needs.

When we remind ourselves of the magnitude and resources of China, of the multitudes of the people, with their capacity for political, social, and material progress, we realize that the interests of the United States in a reconstructed China are vastly greater than they can ever be in the Philippines. The weakness of China, revealed by the war with Japan, is a menace to the peace of the world, and the United States cannot be an indifferent observer of the diplomatic struggle now going on among the nations over the problem of the reconstruction of China. But our interests in China are broader than those that have their source alone in political relations. We have social and humanitarian interests in China that we ought not to disregard. We are a Christian nation, and while great in material resources, we are greater in the moral purposes and achievements of our people, that have their source and inspiration in the teachings of Christianity. Many Americans are now laboring in China to give to that people those ideals of life which constitute the chief glory of our civilization. This type of labor cannot be lightly regarded by true statesmen and leaders of men, who know that spiritual

forces are the most permanent and far-reaching in their results. Christian missionaries are accomplishing in China that which will prove to be the conservation and crown of all other activities. They are laying rock-foundations upon which the shapely structure of a new civilization is to be built in future years. They are doing for China what other hands in other ages have done for us. Such work deserves the sympathy and fostering care of Christian governments, to protect against violence and danger from within and against interference from without, that the people of China may finally possess a civilization nobler in its type than was given to their sages to conceive.

The material interests of the United States in China, though of a lower order, must not be neglected. Through the industry and inventive skill of our people, stimulated by the vast resources of the nation, our capacity for production has already exceeded our capacity for consumption. If markets are limited, production must be limited, or prices must be reduced. There is a conflict between capital and labor as to the division of the proceeds of industry, but skill and strength of muscle are forms of capital, and the laborer is equally concerned with the capitalist in a quick market for his products. Four hundred millions of people in China clothe themselves in cotton goods. This cotton can be produced in the United States, woven into cloth, and sold in the markets of China for half the price of native goods. Half the cotton goods now exported from the United States are sold in Chinese markets. The era of railroads and mining is just opening in China, and the demand for engines, cars, rails, bridges, machinery, has already set in, and there is no limit to the prospective increase. American kerosene, guns, pistols, clocks, watches, bicycles, sewing-machines, and many other articles are finding an ever-increasing market in China. China needs to sell to the outside world rice, tea, silk, porcelain, wool, camel's-hair, skins, furs, mats, rugs, and many other natural and manufactured products. A quick foreign market for these commodities enhances their value, stimulates production, and adds to the profits of both producer and exchanger. Thus the increased output of industry gives ability to purchase foreign products, and, as the Chinese say, "two benefits are realized."

The masses of the Chinese are very poor, and the scale of living is low. This condition of the people is the result of corrupt govern-

ment, insecurity of trade, lack of means of communication, trade-gilds embarrassing production, and wasteful methods of production and exchange. But in spite of these clogs upon business activity the Chinaman makes a brave fight for life and for such comforts as he may secure. His low scale of living is not of choice, but of necessity, and he is prompt to multiply his comforts, and finally to add luxuries, as rapidly as his income will permit. He likes to live well, to dress well, and is more ostentatious than are Europeans in many ways of displaying wealth.

American trade in the far East must have the protection and help of government for its best development. It is true in interstate relations with easy and unrestricted intercourse that the best goods find their way to the best markets without added protection or help; but governments are stronger than individuals, and merchants entering foreign ports with their commodities must submit to governmental restrictions upon trade, and those restrictions often prove to be prohibitive. The policy of Russia, Germany, and France is to develop their own trade by placing restrictions upon the trade of other nations within their jurisdiction. This policy if unrestrained in the far East is certain to place serious limitations upon American trade. The public has recently been informed that these nations have given assurances to the United States that the same privileges of trade now enjoyed with China will continue to be extended from those parts of Chinese territory taken under their "spheres of influence." These assurances may be of some diplomatic benefit in future trade negotiations, but if these portions of China are formally annexed by outside nations, in future treaty revisions they are certain to insist on such schedules of duties as will best promote their policy of restricted trade.

How, then, shall we regard the threatened disintegration of China? It is easy to say that it is better that China be broken up and its people reformed in its social institutions than that the past corrupt and antediluvian order of society continue; but is disintegration or continued stagnation the only alternative? What are the prospective dangers accompanying the dissolution of the Chinese government? The territory and people would be divided up between England, Russia, France, and Germany. How long could this order of things continue? As a necessity of government the Chinese in large numbers would ultimately receive Western

military training and acquire skill and experience in military evolution. Under proper conditions of discipline and direction the Chinese are courageous and hardy soldiers. The nation has a deep reverence for its ancestry, a strong race attachment, a profound regard for its customs and institutions. If the people are broken apart by foreign power in the time of their weakness, they will come together again in fierce collision with that power when they have in some measure recovered possession of their strength. China is too great a prize to be divided up among the nations of the West, to become an added element of jealousy and rivalry. The suggestion of the division taxes the diplomacy of the nations to the utmost to preserve peace in their relations. It is doubtful if it can be accomplished without war, and if successfully accomplished the possession and government of this vast disintegrated territory, with its people restless under the wrongs they have suffered, would increase the present international tension and continually jeopardize the peace of the world.

Happily, in all of this confusion the road of moral right and of political wisdom that should be pursued by the nations is not difficult of recognition. England, in spite of her faults in dealing with weaker nations, has a larger measure of conscience mixed with her trade and diplomacy and government, as a conserving element, than has been exhibited by other European nations. She has higher social ideals, and a stronger sense of the rights of men. Though her prestige has suffered by unwise diplomacy, her unrivaled strength remains, and the war in South Africa is giving fresh proof of her resources and of the courage and energy of her soldiers. England has had a leading hand in opening the doors of China to foreign intercourse. The United States, by her war with Spain, finds herself compelled to grapple with the serious problems of the Orient. She is no longer an obscure Occidental nation, but a world-power, with courage, skill, and resources fitting her to stand as the peer of England, with the same purpose to uphold the interests of truth and justice among the nations, and impart to the less favored the benefits of a higher civilization. If England and the United States will announce to the

nations that their power will be used to conserve the integrity and promote the reformation of China, Japan will gladly give her support to this policy of peace and progress, and Germany, now acting the rôle of the opportunist, will add her strength to give to it the increased assurance of success.¹

In relation to China this policy should not be one of words, but of acts. There is a pervasive and powerful reform spirit in China that has suffered temporary suppression by the unfortunate overthrow of the young emperor. That spirit is working secretly and gathering force with each added month. Let England and the United States give to the progressive element in China sympathy and support, and it will assert itself, and in due time overcome the spirit of conservatism and blind adherence to the dead past. Political reform should be urged upon China as the condition of national preservation. Western nations have established treaties with China, in which that government has promised to protect Christian missionaries in life and property while laboring among the people. It has promised to give like protection to Chinese converts to Christianity. Thus Western nations, in the interests of a higher civilization, have compelled China to make pledges of protection to its own people in the exercise of their rights of religious liberty. When that government fails to protect its Christian subjects, as it is now failing, with criminal connivance with the powers of evil, its rulers understand perfectly that they are violating treaty regulations, and they will continue to violate them with increasing contempt for Western governments until there is a display of force that means punishment if wrongs are not immediately and thoroughly righted. Old China will not fulfil her promises except under compulsion, but compulsion in the interest of the rights of men will stimulate and strengthen the spirit of reformation, and hasten the dawn of the better days of the new China.

Those who know the Chinese best have the highest confidence in the race capacities of that people. They are industrious, economical, persistent, capable of high culture and of deep moral and religious convictions, shrewd in business, bound together in strong family ties, lovers of order, patient in mis-

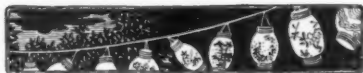
that "the policy of the government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace in China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly powers by treaty and in law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese empire."—EDITOR.

¹ On July 3, 1900, the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State of the United States, addressed to the American ambassadors in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Rome, and to the American minister at Tokio, to be communicated to the various governments, an identical note explaining the position of the United States as regards the crisis in China. In part he stated

fortune, resolute in danger, enduring in hardship, and loyal to just authority. Much as we may deplore the corruption and misrule of China, we have no reason to despair of the future of such a people. Let the spirit of Christianity regulate the intercourse of the nations with China in some moderate measure, and she will be preserved in her integrity, her institutions will be reformed,

and the best capabilities of the people will find their realization in a just and beneficent government and in an enlightened and purified society.

The opportunity of having a part in hastening the consummation of such results ought to stimulate the ambition of Christian men and influence the policy of Christian nations.



THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA AND ITS CAUSES.

BY R. VAN BERGEN.

REVOLUTION, NOT INSURRECTION.

CHAOS prevails in the Middle Kingdom. The provinces of Chi-li and Shan-tung are ablaze. All authority has ceased to exist, and the peace-loving Chinaman has taken up arms. An insignificant fire, kindled by a small band of men joined in a labor-union, has spread out into a conflagration enshrouding the capital. Smoke is noticeable in Ho-nan, far Sze-chuan, and even in Kwang-tung (Canton). The civilized world stands aghast. It forgets for the moment international jealousy, and asks: Is there such a thing as spontaneous combustion in national life? How is such simultaneous eruption possible in China, where modern means of communication are failing?

There must be very powerful reasons to induce the Chinese to stand at bay. This national movement, for such it is, did not originate in a day. China, as a nation, has enjoyed almost constant peace since the Manchu prevailed over the Ming dynasty in 1627, and the professional soldier is held in contempt. Every insurrection, even the Taiping, was local, and did not gain general support and was confined to a few of the provinces. The present movement is no insurrection; it is a revolution. China, as a nation, has evidently decided to appeal to the last resort, that of the sword, and the "Boxers" are held responsible for taking the initiative.

ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BOXERS.

ANY intelligent man who has lived at Peking for six months knows of these so-called

Boxers, and has, knowingly or not, employed one or more of them. By the term "intelligent" is meant a man who does not suppose that every human being must necessarily understand his own language, but admits the fact that there are other tongues, and also that, when he travels or resides in foreign countries, it becomes him to familiarize himself with such foreign languages.

Every resident of Peking employs a watchman or doorkeeper, and that person is, in every instance, a member of the Ta-chuan (literally, "Big Fist"), or, as it is now called, "Boxer," society. Properly considered, it is not a secret society, but bears a great resemblance to our labor-unions. Its purpose is mainly benevolent, namely, to provide for old or disabled members.

The society of the Boxers is made up of men whose physical and muscular strength has been trained purposely and from early youth, not that they may enter the athletic arena, but that they may engage in a perfectly lawful and recognized career. They are engaged as watchmen by wealthy residents, and as guards by travelers carrying a large amount of money, or to convoy specie for great distances. Such a guard or watchman insures perfect safety, for it places the property or person under the protection of the Ta-chuan union, and thieves or malefactors dread arousing its vengeance. Not a single instance is on record where a member of the Ta-chuan was faithless to his trust.

The government recognized the union, and frequently employed it to convoy treasure. The father of Prince Tuan, and

grandfather of the heir apparent, is, and has been for years, the official patron of the union.

It is evident from this explanation that a member of the Ta-chuan corresponds somewhat to the modern calling of private detective in our social arrangements. This is further confirmed, since, in either case, men may be hired for specific purposes, and not always in strict conformity to law. The history of the United States contains instances where corporations, in fear of depredations by striking workmen, have engaged a body of private detectives to repel any attack upon their plants. A man in possession of a well-filled purse could, at Peking, engage any number of Ta-chuan members for purposes which would not bear publicity.

What induced the Ta-chuan to take the initiative in the present national anti-foreign movement? Were the interests of the union threatened in any way, or were its members hired for the purpose, and did the movement outgrow the control of its instigators? These questions deserve close consideration.

REASONS FOR DISCONTENT.

THE people of northern China have undeniable causes of complaint. In Chi-li the opening of the Shanhaikwan-Tientsin-Peking Railway has brought thousands to the verge of starvation. Tientsin, at the head of the Grand Canal, and on the Pei-ho River, navigable to junks, was the point where the rice accepted in payment of federal taxes was landed, and whence it was conveyed to the capital. Besides the immense traffic from this source, Tientsin is the port of entry to the capital and the country back of it. It has gained in importance since the coal and silver extracted from Li Hung Chang's Kai-ping mines were brought there to tide-water. The opening of the railroad threw out of employment a host of donkey-drivers, carters, carriers, coolies, boatmen, innkeepers and their assistants, etc. To this army of laborers the opening of the railroad meant starvation. This, then, accounts for the discontent among the people. But the Chinese are naturally so patient and long-suffering that, as in other lands, time would have created new markets where this surplus labor could be utilized.

In Shan-tung the Germans, unfamiliar with the difficulties inseparable from colonial possession, exasperated the Chinese by superciliousness. Superstitions to which old age lends a certain veneration, and which

the Chinese hold dear, were ruthlessly violated and trampled upon. By all means let us carry our civilization to every corner of the earth, but, prior to its introduction, let us strive to make it welcome. The pioneers of our civilization have been, in almost every instance, lamentable misfits. Riding roughshod over the rights of races which, in our conceit, we consider and treat as inferior, we may now be reaping the whirlwind from the wind we have sown.

The opening of the railroad may have caused some little loss to the Ta-chuan, but decidedly not enough to induce it to head a revolution. From the nature of its occupation, its prosperity depends upon the maintenance of vested rights. The conclusion is that some of its members were hired to create a disturbance, and that the movement outgrew the control of its instigators.

This is the situation which confronts us: the active hostility of four hundred millions of people—one third of all the inhabitants of the globe; the possible butchery of helpless women and children; the disturbance of trade, and corresponding losses; and, finally, the universal war which must almost certainly follow before the political boundaries of the new map of Asia are accepted by those whose interests are endangered. In view of these momentous facts, the next material question is: Who could possibly profit by the original disturbance?

HOSTILITY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

It is unnecessary to trace the causes of hostility between Japan and Russia: they are many, and of such a nature as to demand the arbitrament of the sword. Both nations are alive to the fact that the struggle is unavoidable; yet, at this stage, neither is inclined to initiate active hostilities. Russia desires the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway; Japan is anxious to possess a fleet powerful enough to secure her territory against invasion, and, naturally, hesitates to enter upon a contest with an overwhelming foe.

Three years ago Japan's foremost statesman, Marquis Ito Hirobumi, visited England, ostensibly in the suite of Prince Takehito Arisugawa, the official representative of Japan's emperor at the Jubilee; but his independent movements revealed plainly the real purpose of his mission. The old statesman and patriot made frantic efforts to form a coalition against Russia; he discovered, to his dismay, that Japan's secret

purpose of "Asia for the Asiatics" was too well known to induce any European power to espouse Japan's cause. He also found that Great Britain and the Continental powers looked with suspicion upon Japan's sudden entrance among the great powers, and that they intended to watch the coming struggle, not without interest, but with perfect equanimity, and free from any desire to participate. When he was convinced that, so far as Europe was concerned, Japan must stand alone, Ito hurried back to Japan and informed his imperial master of the barren result of his efforts.

One hope remained: to form an alliance with China. There was their late enemy with untold millions of raw material, easily convertible into proper food for cannon, if Japan could only be trusted to superintend the operation. The late war notwithstanding, there were many reasons why Ito should count upon success.

JAPAN'S AMBITION.

PRIOR to 1867, Japan's civilization was identical with that of China; both derived whatever knowledge they possessed from the same fount. To be sure, Japan, rejuvenated, had adopted of our civilization whatever, in her opinion, could strengthen her national life; but she had by no means discarded all of her former dress. Her thought and expression had improved, but the rationation and mode of expression remain unaltered, and ideography still constitutes her script. This enables her to understand and, perhaps, to sympathize secretly with China. At all events, of all the treaty powers, Japan, and Japan only, is able to comprehend China's leaders and their policy.

Besides these hopeful signs, the Occidental world noticed with pleasure the evident purpose of Emperor Kwang Su to emulate Mutsuhito of Japan in opening his country to modern progress. Marquis Ito announced his intention to visit Peking, and Kwang Su issued orders for a suitable reception. Scarcely had Ito set foot in the capital when the palace revolution forced him to depart in undignified haste. Here these queries are pertinent:

1. What government was interested in preventing Japan's *entente cordiale* with China?

2. What government insisted quite recently upon the restoration of the dowager empress, to the exclusion of Kwang Su, and upon the preservation of the *status quo ante*?

Checkmated temporarily, but by no means crestfallen, Ito returned to Japan. It took some time before Japan acquiesced in China's new government; but, once convinced of the utter futility of opposition, Ito proceeded to resume his attempts. To secure success, it was absolutely necessary that Li Hung Chang, Russia's friend and Japan's implacable foe, should leave Peking. It is impossible to guess even what means were taken to induce the dowager empress to part with her old friend and adviser. It is enough to remember that Japan was successful. Li Hung Chang's so-called "promotion" was a diplomatic defeat for Russia, and that power accepted it as a defiance.

The first step thus successfully taken, the second move was made with consummate skill. Poor Ito! At the moment when success was achieved, the whole plan miscarried, owing to the man whom he had employed. Ito has openly rebuked Japanese conceit and vanity, qualities so prominent as to have excited the hatred of Chinese and Koreans, whom Japanese daring, patriotism, and simplicity should have converted into friends. In this instance, after Yano, Japan's minister at Peking, had secured the ear and good will of the dowager empress, he permitted his personal vanity to reveal the secret. He announced openly that he had been appointed as foreign adviser to the dowager empress, and that he was going to Tokio for instructions; that the Chinese army would be reorganized under Japanese officers, and hinted at a secret offensive-defensive alliance between China and Japan. Indeed, a commission left for Tokio, accompanied by the Japanese consul at Shanghai.

RUSSIA'S COUNTER-DIPLOMACY.

ITO's well-conceived scheme failed for the second time. M. de Giers, the Russian minister at Peking, officially warned the Tsungli Yamun, or Foreign Office, that any alliance with Japan would be considered an "unfriendly act" by his government. To counteract and prevent any further attempts at a Mongolian alliance by Japan, M. de Giers began to urge upon the dowager empress to place herself under Russian protection. It was at this time that the dowager issued the remarkable edict to the various viceroys commanding them to collect armies and to resist by force of arms any further encroachment upon Chinese territory. It is certainly an odd coincidence that, almost simultaneously, the Boxer disturbances, so favorable

to Russia's scheme, began to attract attention in the capital.

It is apparent now that the Chinese people throughout the realm are participating in the movement against foreigners. Perhaps at this time, if it were possible, it would be in the best interests of progress and civilization for the Caucasian to withdraw temporarily, save at some vital points, such as Shanghai, and to return after the Chinese themselves have restored order out of chaos. This, however, is out of the question. Neither Russia nor Japan would acquiesce, and the designs of these two countries are equally dangerous to the rest of the world.

THREE DANGERS TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

It is well known that Russia, in its attitude toward Europe, claims to be a buffer state against the Yellow Scourge, meaning the Mongolian race. In Asia, however, it claims to be Asiatic, and shows its origin by its remarkable faculty of assimilation. Russia does not colonize; she absorbs. The facts are in favor of Asiatic proclivities. Her despotic government, in form and constitution, is certainly not European, nor in accord with the sentiments of the people of Europe. Indeed, a despotism is wholly opposed to the spirit of this century.

The founder of the Russian empire bequeathed to his successors the desire for universal or world monarchy, and his policy has been adhered to by every czar and czarina. The size of Russian territory and the extent of the area in which the Czar holds absolute sway are sufficient proofs that the policy has been successfully carried out thus far. Ever since 1860 Russia has been nibbling at China. Her success in the absorption of China would portend serious danger to the liberty and progress of the world.

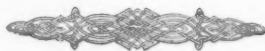
On the other hand, Japan has a well-defined policy, namely, "Asia for the Asiatics," *i. e.*, a federation of Asiatic nations, with Japan as leader, and with avowed hostility toward the Caucasian. The Island Empire has produced astounding proofs of pertinacity of purpose, and its oligarchic form of government permits concentration and consistency, and, what is more, an impenetrable secrecy. If Japan should secure a firm foothold in China,

the Caucasian race would indeed stand face to face with the Yellow Scourge.

Another danger threatens—one which deserves immediate and anxious consideration, because here there is no probability, but certainty. Whatever be the outcome of the present chaotic condition of China, the Manchu and Mandarin are doomed together with Confucianism; and modern progress, so far as it affects the physical sociology of China, must take their places. The morrow of the restoration of order will see the world face to face with the problem of competition from untold millions of industrious, thrifty, sober, enterprising, and deft-fingered people. The Western world is in need of statesmen now, and all indications point to the fact that the United States will be called upon to take the initiative, and be forced into the van in defense of Christian civilization.

THE MISSIONARIES NOT BLAMEWORTHY.

In searching for the causes of China's uprising, blame has been cast upon the missionaries. It is true that occasionally dignitaries of the French Roman Catholic Church have interposed between secular justice and their converts, and that, especially in cases of a civil nature, such intervention has led to jealousy on the part of the people, and resentment from the local magistrates. But the Protestant missionaries have conscientiously avoided the connection of secular and religious conditions. They have confined themselves almost exclusively to preparatory work as expressed in the establishment of hospitals, schools, and colleges. The writer made the vexed missionary question a special study after the appearance of Curzon's "Problems of the Far East." He failed to perceive any of that injudicious zeal condemned by Mr. Curzon, which is naturally offensive to a people as proud of their civilization as are the Chinese. When a new order appears out of the present chaos, it will be found that the seed sown during so many years of missionary labor has not fallen upon barren ground, and that whatever hope exists of preservation of the realm is due to the sentiments inspired less by the doctrine than by the actions of the missionaries.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

Responsibility of the Leaders of Labor.

THE labor troubles of the present year have been very severe at some points, notably at St. Louis, and the measures employed by those in charge of strikes have been of a kind to cause wide-spread apprehension; but thus far the actual disturbances have been local and not national. It is at once the duty and the interest of the labor leaders to prevent their extension. It may seem like a one-sided view of the situation to place the chief responsibility at this point; yet this is where the logic of events is sure to fix it, and it is better to do so in advance, while the evil consequences can be averted, than to wait until after the fact.

Not that there is any want of sympathy on the part of the general public with the laboring men in their contests with capital. The American people tends to take the laborer's side in doubtful cases. It is sufficiently democratic to support the poor man against the rich man. It is especially ready to do so at the present time, because the combination of capital into trusts and other forms of industrial monopoly has done harm in a few lines, and given cause for apprehension in a great many more. It is felt that these trusts may become antagonistic to the interests of the consumer, that they have made and are making large profits, and that the workman is deprived of the advantages of competition, which, under the old system of separately organized industry, would have enabled him speedily to obtain a share of those profits in the form of increased wages. On any system of organization which would enable the laborer to get his share in the profits due to modern economy in production more surely and quickly than he does at present, the American public, as a whole, would look with favor.

But this sympathy is a thing which may be forfeited, and which has in times past often been forfeited, by irresponsible conduct on the part of the workmen themselves. If a dispute between laborers and capitalists results in stoppage of public service, people will ask, not who was originally in the right, but who was to blame for the stoppage. The more wide-spread the strike, the more inevitable is this result. Where the public was served by a dozen different factories, a conflict in a single one of them was a matter which could be settled by those immediately concerned. Where a strike is simultaneous in them all, its effects are felt almost as severely by the consumers as by the original parties to the dispute. The service and industry of the community, as a whole, may be crippled, and its collective efficiency destroyed. Such destruction society

cannot tolerate. For the time being it lets the questions of distributive equity fall into the background. Just as in time of mutiny many army authorities are forced to take sides with the officers when they believe that the privates have had legitimate grievances, so in time of strikes many of those who most profoundly sympathize with the laborers in their aspirations for industrial advancement are compelled to range themselves with the employers. It is for this reason that the courts at these crises tend to make decisions of which the laborers complain so bitterly. Every presumption is against the man who blocks the public convenience. Acts which are otherwise perfectly legal may become illegal if combined in such manners and times as to produce this result. If one man or ten men walk down a street they are strictly within their rights. If a thousand men, by concerted action, walk up and down that street, with the intent to block ordinary traffic, what yesterday was perfectly proper conduct now becomes improper, and will be so regarded by the courts. That the workmen in time of labor troubles abstain from acts which would be illegal at other times shows a degree of prudence which may fairly count in their favor; but it does not show that they are keeping within their legal or their moral duty.

The quasi-revolutionary procedure of stopping the working of the industrial machinery can be justified only by the plea of extreme necessity, or by the assured prospect of permanent good for the body politic. Speaking broadly, we doubt whether the majority of wide-spread and general strikes can be justified on either of these grounds.

The competition of capitalists, both for the services of the laborer as a producer and for his custom as a consumer, has proved the surest reliance for keeping real wages high. It has had the effect in this century of greatly increasing the proportion of the national income which falls to the share of wage-receivers. Nor is there any proof that this process is at an end. Increase in the size of industrial establishments has not done away with competition; it has only modified the competitive process. The same thing is likely to remain true of the recent aggregations of capital in trusts. Those which attempt to monopolize their profits are likely to die; only those which share them with workmen as producers and consumers are likely to live.

Nor is it easy to find facts in support of the plea that permanent good is to be obtained from these conflicts. In the United States each successive wave of labor troubles as it has passed has left the industrial situation but slightly

affected—so slightly that few people remember how severe was the disturbance at the time. In England labor organizations have been more successful in obtaining permanent recognition and effectiveness; but it is not clear that the cause of the laborer has been advanced thereby. On the contrary, the difference in wages between the workmen in the United States and England, in manufacturing industries of the same kind, is very largely a result of trades-union rules, which limit the productivity of the workman in England, as compared with his competitor in the United States.

If the labor leaders of the country prove themselves conservative and responsible, there is a grand opportunity for the American workman in the immediate future. Increased efficiency of production gives the trusts power to pay higher wages. Public opinion demands that they shall do this. Most of their leaders are ready to conform to the dictates of public opinion. Those who are not ready could be compelled by the logic of events to fall in line. But all this advantage of position can be thrown away by ill-considered action at a few critical points. The apparent strength of labor organizations is so great that there is a temptation to use it irresponsibly. If they yield to this temptation, they obtain the show of power at the sacrifice of the substantial advantages which that power ought to yield them. If they resist this temptation, the gain in immediate public convenience will be great; the gain in permanent advantage to the laborers cannot fail to prove yet greater.

The Minor Beauties of Life.

THERE is that in the American autumn which suggests that the French say as to women making the most of themselves. Our American autumn certainly knows how to *se faire valoir*. One might declare that it had made a specialty for itself, like the Japanese season of blossoms. It presents, in wood and field, an intensification of every beauty that attends the change of the year elsewhere. You may live through autumn days in other countries without being particularly aware of the season, the landscape, and the weather; but the year at its fall is, with us, a salient time, full of personality, to which you cannot be indifferent, of the charms of which you must be aware. Normally, it is perfect, and it achieves to the full the effects of its perfection. That is what, in human beings, Frenchmen regard with enthusiasm. They are near to pronouncing it to be the whole duty of man—and here "man" means, more specifically, woman—to make every personal opportunity "tell."

It is a right view, too. Advantages should be so handled as to yield their utmost; a talent wrapped in a napkin is the sin against the spirit. And yet, while this is true, it is also true that much of the sum of all the greater beauties of this life is made up of the little hidden beauties that, being born to blush unseen, and not to be counted with, as individual factors, in the general reckoning, seem fated never to show for what they are worth. It is very well to feel that every

charm must tell, every grace so pose as to have all its "values," and every accomplishment stand where the light will fall on it properly. The fact, however, remains that not one of these things is, in many cases, within the possibilities. Nature herself proves this plainly enough. After all, what constitutes the spell in our gorgeous autumn—to return to that—which so pulls our heartstrings? The obvious beauty of the season comes from splendid sunsets, maybe, and the spectacular tints of the dying leaf. But a thousand influences and touches which the closer observer alone takes note of—a gauze of blue haze in the distance of the thinning branches, the odor of fallen seed-vessels like incense in the air—are subtly working toward the magic of the whole, as an orchestra's obscurer instruments, which only the trained musician hears, swell its harmonies and enrich entrancingly its tone-color. A great work of art is the total of many small, separate, beautiful acts of patience, will, devotion, self-abnegation, on the artist's part—small acts for which scant popular credit, or none, is given, and of which there is no record save, perhaps, in the Great Book. All the sovereign effects of beauty in this world are indebted, in endlessly mysterious fashions, to the enveloping contributions of minor lovelinesses, each of which is discharging its obligations without hope of personal reward.

This leads one to look more carefully at that injunction as to women making the most of themselves. *Se faire valoir* is a phrase open to misconception, evidently. If a woman can render it visible to all her world that she is charming, so much the better. Indeed, if she be charming and fail entirely to have it perceived, by articulate and intelligible demonstration, one must allow that a Frenchman would not be wrong in qualifying the failure as a little stupid. But in so far as it may breed an abstract notion that beauty and charm must *infallibly* be demonstrated, turned to practical purposes,—might as well not be at all if they be not clearly seen, appraised, and acknowledged,—the advice as to showing to advantage is fallacious and self-destructive. The whole existence of women is, happily, a lesson that teaches the profound unintelligence of such utilitarian conceptions of the beautiful. A home that is a home really is a consensus of all sorts of little sacrifices and self-restraints that only the homemaker knows anything about; a perfect household means household duties that are proverbially thankless, taken by the piece; and the becoming gown is put on so many times when "the hour and the lover" will not meet, wonderfully to justify the choice! Men know, by theory, that it is one of nature's baffling ways to waste, apparently, good things and fair every hour in the day. Women know it by something that comes closer to the bone than theory.

Intelligent women and good women have the wisdom to understand that it is their business to contribute to the unpraised beauties of life to a degree in which it is not the business of men to do so; and they rarely shirk the task. But they

may at times take it sadly. The feminine complaint as to the unending nature of feminine work comes, not from dislike of the work, but from despair at its inconclusiveness. Any labor is easy when you can see results. But the results of such minor lovelinesses as an orderly domestic mechanism, and an unruffled temper and beautifully "done" hair when no visitors are expected, are cumulative, and to be appreciated only in the perspective. Women are making, all the time, the atmosphere of living, but, although every one knows whether the ambient about him is gracious and beneficent, or the reverse, the processes of its manufacture are imponderable to the multitude.

This is depressing; yet shift the usual application of the counsel about having virtues and fascinations "count," and it ceases to be. Things that never count, that cannot count, to the world, count first, count above all others, to the seeing

spirits. Grant such spirits to be rare; their recognition, when it does cross the path, is exquisite in proportion to the rarity, and satisfying enough to be labored for in darkness all the rest of the years. It is worth "playing up" for, just on the chance of its coming. And if it do not come, still is it worth while to "play up" for the mere sake and pleasure of doing things well. If the minor beauties of the earth, in ocean deeps or buried minerals, seem to be doing their very best, although they have no "show," human beings need not trouble so much about the immediate show, either. The safest way to read the doctrine of making the most of one's self is, then, to take it to mean to make the most of every occasion for doing things beautifully, whether any one will ever know or not. That is a radiant gospel; and every woman who embraces it may be quite sure that she is missing nothing, whatever the appearances may be.



His "Special Correspondent" at the Fair.

DEAR NED:

From the meadows Elysian,

Where Fashion is tending her flocks,

Where life is served up to our vision

As a soufflé of follies and frocks,

From the laurels of laughter and learning

Which Paris displays as her due,

From her charms and vexations, I'm turning

To send a long letter to you.

Each day when I draw back my curtain,

I feel that a saint would complain,

For the weather is very uncertain,

Which means that it's certain to rain.

We've a sprinkling of various nations

At table; we've talents galore,

And, just to prevent conflagrations,

An occasional amiable bore.

There are tourists whose small tribulations

Are recounted in harrowing tales

Interspersed with such great lamentations

As might be termed princes of wails.

Kate says that they take the position,

Apropos of the prices they pay,

That there's no truth in ancient tradition—

Paris ne'er gave an apple away.

There's a youth who has been here a season

More brief than he proudly relates,

Who says that he can't see the reason

Why people go back to the States.

And he's placed, by a just dispensation,

Next a man who views France with a frown,

And who says "the U. S. is the nation,"

And he'd just like to show us *his* town.

Over beefsteakless breakfasts he's moaning,

Undeterred when they quote, "When in

Rome,"

And he tells how the tables are groaning

In that halcyon country called "home."

Mama revels most in art's treasures,

Kate dotes on her dear Rue la Paix,

While I take the idlest of pleasures

When we stroll on some sunny old *quai*.

And as for the students that pass us,

They're such a diversified class;

For some seek to scale Mount Parnassus,

And some only haunt Montparnasse.

But whatever their aims or ambitions,

For a season all people repair

To this greatest of all expositions,

This wondrous affair of the Fair.

It's a huge panorama of splendors,
A pageant of all of the arts;
A vision of *virtu* and venders,
A *mélange* of music and marts.

But you know, dear, it matters not whether
I go to the Fair or the Bois;
Be it stormy or sunshiny weather,
I'm thinking most fondly *à toi*.

And you, are you making quotations
That cause perturbation on 'change?
Are you deep in your mining flotations,
And talking of section and range?

Are you dwelling on drifts and on drilling,
Till pocket-books bore through men's coats?
When the mine-shaft with water is filling,
Are you watering stock till it floats?

Then I hold it were certainly proper,
Since poets have sung love and gold,
That a story of Cupid and copper
For once should be fittingly told.

So arrange in a fanciful fashion
Terms technical, tender, and terse,
And put your pursuits and your passion
In the frame of your versatile verse.

Mingle touches of sweet and satiric,
Play your words with a Hood's subtle art,
Make it dainty as Locker's best lyric,
Picturesque as the poems of Harte.

You must rival Præd's wittiest phrases
And Dobson's deft touch of romance
When you sing the perfections and praises
Of a certain young woman in France,

Whose new Paris gowns give their wearer
A quite irresistible air,
And who's told she is growing far fairer
Since she has been here at the Fair.

Write it soon. I shall read it and know it
By heart,—every word, every line,—
And rejoice o'er a new miner poet,
And most—that the poet is mine.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Anglo-Japanese Signs.

A CONSTANT source of amusement to the traveler in Japan are the Anglo-Japanese signs over the shop doors. In the larger cities many of the shopkeepers are not content with one language, and that their own, but evidently have applied to a sign-painter who has acquired that dangerous thing, a little knowledge of English, without drinking deep at the Pierian spring, for a "shingle" that shall express to the world in Western characters the nature of their business. The assurance of these sign-painters is not matched by their familiarity with English spelling, construction, moods, and tenses; and the result is often amusing

in the extreme. For instance, one is amazed to see in Tokio a sign that boldly announces

A TAILOR CUT TO ORDER.

Another one informs us

PHOTOGRAPHER EXECUTED HERE.

A hatter in Kobe announces that he sells

GENERAL SORT STRAW HAT,

and another informs the public that he is a

DEALAR NEWANDSTILISHSTRAWHAT
WILL MAKE TO ORDOR.

The new and remarkable word of twenty-one letters in his sign is a puzzle for the uninitiated. Still another sign in the same city covers the whole side of the shop with the information that the gentleman within is a

DELER IN COLLING BELS, SPEAKING TRUMPER;
SEARCHING RAMPS AND ELECTRIC TOOLS.

Another, who evidently believes that brevity is the soul of wit, has placed over his door

BISCUIT THE WINE.

Still more laconic is the merchant who announces himself as a

SHIRTTAILER.

Some of the signs really seem to suggest needed English words, like

BUTCHERY AND PROVISIONS.

Why not "butchery"? Another tells us that he deals in

SOFT GOODS.

He does not mean "soft drinks," either, but soft woolen goods. If "hardware," why not "soft ware" as well? A baker tells us that he keeps a

BAKETRY.

Is not that more mouth-filling and satisfying than our "bakery"?

The English article is a great stumbling-block to the Japanese sign-painter. It makes his patron seem conceited in his announcement, for often we see

THE BARBER,

THE TAILOR,

THE WASHERMAN,

while another sign which I daily passed for nearly a week told the world that within dwelt

THE INVENTOR OF KOBE,

though what he invented, or when, or why, deponent saith not. A merchant in Osaka has

hung out his shingle with superfluous articles, as follows:

PATENT THE CHARCOAL PATENT THE POCKET
STOVE.

The conjunctions are almost as difficult for the average sign-painter to master. Consequently he sometimes tells the world of a

HOUSE SHIP AND PAINTER,

or that within there is for sale

SHOTTINGAN POWDER AND.

A glance at the rifles, shot-guns, and powder-horns within makes the sign plain. Another tells us that

BYCICLE TO LEND, SEL, AND

are within. Undoubtedly the wheels within are for "lend" at a good round price per hour.

It is not strange that single letters should get out of place, as in

RESTAURAND,

MEALS AT ALL HOUSE,

SHOES MANUFACTUOARY,

CIGARAND AND CIGARETTED,

and the like. But it does seem as if a wag with a keen sense of humor had been at work when we read, as we do in a prominent street of Osaka:

ER—MAN—WASH.

Put the last syllable first, and you will catch the thought. A wag, too, must have prepared the label for a dealer in borax, who, after extolling the purity and value of his preparation, put in large letters at the bottom:

BEWARE OUR TRADEMARK.

Perhaps the same joker prepared the advertisement for a chocolate firm, which highly praised the excellence of its unrivaled chocolate, and then announced that it "was warranted to contain other ingredients."

Milk-dealers have suffered much at the hands of the sign-painter.

BUUER AND MILK

is a sign seen in Tokio, while another reads:

BUTTER MILK AND GYEAM.

This man also deals in

FOWI AND EGG.

Another milkman announces on his cart in bold letters:

MIRAKU.

This is the way in which "milk" would be pronounced in Japanese.

But perhaps the most startling milk signs in all Japan are:

COWS MILKED AND RETAILED,

and

OXEN MILK,

which, if I mistake not, are both found in Kioto.

Cloth-dealers also have had not a little difficulty in making known their wares. Here are some of their signs:

SILK MANUFACTUR AND SELERY,

SILK HEMP, COTTON AND SEVERAL HAIRS,

ALL KINDS COTTON CRAPE FRANNELS,

SEVERAL KINDS YARN.

REAL ESTATE LONE AND CORRECTING AGENCY

appears in Tokio, a place, perhaps, for bad boys and girls.

DRAW FOR WISH. OIL PAINTING PORTRAIT

also appears in the same city, as well as

FOREIGN LIKERS AT HOXTLE SALE.

Public signs and notices are often as amusing as the shop signs. For instance, this one that appears on the way up the famous Bluff at Yokohama:

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO THROW THE STONE

A MAN IS BEING WOUNDED.

Probably in some past year a stone thrown over the bank hit a passer-by, but the man is still being wounded.

At a temple door we read:

ALL VISITOR ARE NOT ALLOW TO ENTER THIS
TEMPLE PUTTING ON THEIR SHOE.

Hence of course we took off our shoe.

It will take a linguist to unravel this notice, which I copied from a poster on the side of a house in a little fishing-village on the shore of the Inland Sea:

TO LET GRAUND IN BEACH WHEN IF YOU LIKE I
WILL DID AWAY FROM STREET AND WILL

TAKEN DIRTY COTTAGE.

On mature deliberation of several savants it was decided that the owner meant to say that if we rented his lot on the beach he would move his house from the street, and also take away the "dirty cottage" that now encumbered his ground.

After all, a study of signs in Japan is not altogether productive of amusement. The enterprise of the nation is typified, and its eagerness to enter into the commercial arena with the best of the traders. Its self-confidence, too, that is not dazed by any little difficulty like a wrong letter or article, is admirably illustrated. It is also a significant fact that only English is attempted.

We see no German or French signs, and even all the railway-stations are named in English as well as in Japanese. All these straws show in which direction the trade-winds of Japan are blowing.

Francis E. Clark.

Lines to a Young Lady Who Knew the Indian for "I Love You More than Any."

You intend to cross the water and make conquests over there.

Well, read this sage advice of mine in order to prepare

For all the ardent declarations you are sure to hear

In languages perhaps not quite familiar to your ear.

"Ee-ó tong tchila kung," I know you clearly understand;

But that 's a tongue you 'll seldom hear outside your native land.

So let 's take up "Ich liebe Dich am meisten" and "Je t'aime,"

(Although I do not doubt you know the meaning of these same.)

"Ti adoro piu di tutti," will Italians say to you. The weird and wiry Slavs express it thus: "Ya vas lioubliou,"

And sometimes add a "bolsche vzech" to emphasize the thing.

"Te quiero mas de todas," is what Spanish lovers sing.

Perhaps you 'll travel on to hear in far-away Japan,

"Hokano yori aishimasu!" whispered by a man.

There, that 's enough to start on. If a Dutchman or Fiji

Or Swede or Moor makes love to you, why, simply cable me.

And when at last from foreign love-affairs you take a rest,

I 'd like to prove completely that plain English is the best.

J. K. Drake.

A Spiritual.

DE 'cession 's stahted on de gospel way,

De Captin' is a-drawin' nigh:

Bettah stop a-foolin' an' a-try to pray;

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, sinnah mou'nin' in de dusty road,

Hyeah 's de minute fu to dry yo' eye:

Dey 's a moughty One a-comin' fu to baih yo' load;

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, widder weepin' by yo' husban's grave,

Hit 's bettah fu to sing den sigh:

Hyeah come de Mastah wid de powah to save;

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, orphans a-weepin' lak de widder do,

An' I wish you 'd tell me why:

De Mastah is a mammy an' a pappy too;

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, Moses sot de sarpint in de wildahness

W'en de chillen had commenced to die:

Some 'efused to look, but hit cuohed de res';

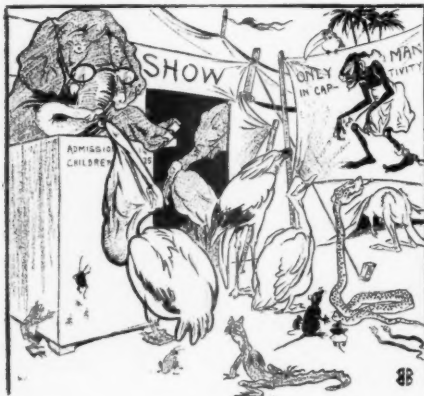
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Bow down, bow 'way down,

Bow down,

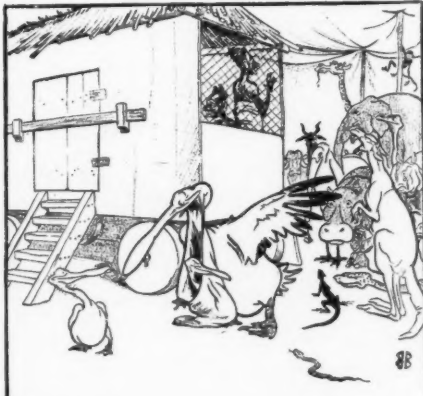
But lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.



MOTHER PELICAN AT THE SHOW.

Mother Pelican buys one ticket to the show, and uses that herself, from which it might be inferred that she is not the unselfish mother she is said to be.



Here we see exposed the little subterfuge by which Pelicanus, Jr., and his sister saw the show with Mother Pelican, even though the latter had only the price of one ticket.

